TOURISTS'

ILLUSTRATED GUIDE

TO THE CELEBRATED

SUMMER AND WINTER RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA

ADJACENT TO AND UPON THE LINES OF THE

Central and Southern Pacific Railroads.

With Compliments
of the author.
Ben C. Truman.

March 8. 1883

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of the author.
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NAPA SODA SPRINGS,

LOCATED EAST SIDE NAPA VALLEY, CALIFORNIA,

On the side of the Mountain, six miles from Napa City.

OPEN SUMMER AND WINTER. ACCOMMODATIONS FOR 200 GUESTS.

See description herein, Page 201.

Analysis of the Water from Napa Soda Springs:

Temperature, Fahrenheit	**68 deg.**
Residue from the Evaporation of a gallon	**68.76 grs.**
Bicarbonate of Soda	**13.12 grs.**
Carbonate of Magnesia	**26.12 grs.**
Carbonate of Lime	**10.83 grs.**
Chloride of Sodium	**5.20 grs.**
Subcarbonate of Iron	**7.84 grs.**
Sulphate of Soda	**1.84 grs.**
Silicious Acid	**0.62 grs.**
Alumina	**0.60 grs.**

TESTIMONIALS:

We, the undersigned Physicians practicing in the City of San Francisco, have examined the result of the analysis made by Dr. Lanszweert, Practical Chemist, of the water from the Napa Soda Springs of Napa. The water, according to this examination, possesses aperient, anti-acid and fine tonic properties, which cannot fail to be very beneficial in the treatment of chronic diseases; and affording a pleasant, healthful and invigorating beverage.

H. M GRAY, M. D. — ARTHUR B. STOUT, M. D. — CHAS. BERTODY, M. D. — J. P. WHITNEY, M. D.
A. F. SAWYER, M. D. — WM. O. AYERS, M. D. — F. A. HOLMAN, M. D. — J. FOURGEAUD, M. D.
JOHN F. MORSE, M. D. — H. GIBBONS, M. D. — A. J. BOWIE, M. D.

The above analysis and certificate of the eminent and honorable Physicians, who are perfectly familiar with the medical properties of these Springs, show at once the merit of this

NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

Having sole control and a continuous supply of this celebrated and **PURELY NATURAL MINERAL WATER** at all times on hand, prompt attention will be given to all orders from both city or country. As a table water, or beverage by itself, or mixed with liquor, it is **MOST PALATABLE AND POPULAR;**

Being Clear, Sparkling, and of a pleasant, grateful taste, as well as being a **Keen Appetizer!** Universally recommended by the Medical Faculty, and being, besides, a

PURE, HEALTHY DRINK,

REFRESHING BEVERAGE,

INVIGORATING TONIC!

It has been extensively used, and with universal success, as a cure for **HEART, LIVER and KIDNEY DISEASES, INDIGESTION, GENERAL DEBILITY and NERVOUS PROSTRATION.**

It is the greatest corrective ever discovered for EXCESSIVE EATING OR DRINKING.

In cases of Emaciation and Debility, an increased nutrition of the body is the result of the use of this water. Its components are so perfectly united by Nature, that, for a health-giving and grateful beverage, this Water surpasses any other Mineral Water in use.

A NAPA SODA LEMONADE

Is the perfection of LUXURIOUS DRINK, for Young or Old, Male or Female.

This water is bottled and sold just as it flows, pure and unadulterated from Nature's Laboratory, with all her sparkling freshness still upon it.

Steamers, Saloons, Hotels and Families promptly served on leaving orders at the office, or upon addressing the subscribers.

CUTLER & PEARSON, AGENTS,

159 New Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.

EL PASO DE ROBLES

HOT AND COLD

SULPHUR SPRINGS

AND THE

☞ ONLY NATURAL MUD BATHS IN THE WORLD. ☜

San Luis Obispo County, Cal.

BLACKBURN BROS. & JAMES, - - PROPRIETORS.

The Principal Spring is situated seventy-five yards from the Hotel. A stone basin or reservoir is built around it. The flow of water is about 4,500 gallons per hour, being an ample supply for all the requirements of the numerous bath-rooms which are located near at hand.

There are two Plunge Baths, through which the water is continually running, thus ensuring perfect cleanliness and equal temperature.

The bath-rooms are supplied with every convenience, and with water direct from the main Spring.

The temperature of the water is 110 degrees Fahrenheit.

Hopeless "Chronics"—men and women, prostrated and crippled by so-considered incurable diseases, have since the year 1797 journeyed to the "healing waters" of these life-giving Springs, and not only found relief, but a permanent cure for their ailments.

The diseases for which these waters are peculiarly adapted are: Rheumatism, Syphilis, Gout, Neuralgia, Paralysis, Erysipelas, Intermittent Fever, Eczema, Psoriasis, Affections of the Womb, and Diseases of the Liver and Kidneys.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE PRINCIPAL SPRING AT PASO ROBLES, as made by Professors Price and Hewston of San Francisco. Main Hot Sulphur Spring, temperature 110 degrees F. One Imperial Gallon, of 7,000 grains, contains:

Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas	**4.45**	**grains**	**per gal.**
Free Carbonic Acid Gas	**10.50**	"	"
Sulphate of Lime	**3.21**	"	"
Sulphate of Potassa	**.88**	"	"
Sulphate of Soda (Glauber's Salts)	**7.85**	"	"
Peroxide of Iron	**.36**	"	"
Alumina	**.22**	"	"
Silica	**.44**	"	"
Bicarbonate of Magnesia	**.92**	"	"
Bicarbonate of Soda	**50.74**	"	"
Chloride of Sodium (Common Salt)	**27.18**	"	"
Iodide and Bromides, traces only.			
Organic Matter	**1.64**	"	"
	93.44	"	"

The great and distinctive feature of Paso Robles, however, is the celebrated MUD BATH, which is the only one of the kind on this continent. It is six feet deep and eight feet square. From the bottom spring the waters, with a mean temperature of 140 degrees F.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF THE MUD SPRINGS. Mud Springs temperature, 140 degrees F. One Imperial Gallon, of 7,000 grains, contains:

Sulphureted Hydrogen Gas	**3.28**	**grains**	**per gal.**
Carbonic Acid Gas	**47.84**	"	"
Sulphate of Lime	**17.90**	"	"
Sulphate of Potassa, traces.			
Sulphate of Soda	**41.11**	"	"
Silica	**1.11**	"	"
Carbonate of Magnesia	**3.10**	"	"
Carbonate of Soda	**5.21**	"	"
Chloride of Sodium	**96.48**	"	"
Organic Matter	**3.47**	"	"
	168.30		

TREATMENT.—D. E. Barger, M. D., formerly of San Francisco, is now Resident Physician of the Springs and has full control of the medical department.

Routes to the Springs from San Francisco.

By Rail:—Tickets will be obtained at the Office of the S. P. R. R., *via* Soledad.

Round-trip Tickets at Reduced Rates.

By Steamer:—Tickets will be obtained at the P. C. S. S. Co's Office, *via* Port Harford and San Luis Obispo.

Round-trip Tickets at Reduced Rates.

See pages 213, 214, 215 and 216 for description and illustration.

A VISION OF THE GOLDEN COUNTRY.

BY THOMAS MORAN.

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TO THE

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OF

CALIFORNIA

ADJACENT TO AND UPON THE LINES OF THE

CENTRAL AND SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROADS.

By Major Ben C. Truman,

Author of "Campaigning in Tennessee," "The South After the War," "Semi-Tropical California," "Occidental Sketches," Etc., Etc.

YOSEMITE—HETCH-HETCHY—GEYSERS—BIG TREES—MOUNTS SHASTA, DIABLO, ST. HELENA AND HAMILTON—TAHOE, DONNER, WEBER, INDEPENDENCE, CLEAR AND BLUE LAKES—SACRAMENTO, SAN JOAQUIN, McCLOUD, PIT AND AMERICAN RIVERS—MONTEREY, PACIFIC GROVE, SANTA CRUZ, PESCADERO, SANTA MONICA AND OTHER SEA-SIDE RESORTS—EL PASO DE ROBLES, GILROY, PARAISO, BYRON, MARK WEST, HARBIN AND ÆTNA HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS—BARTLETT AND NAPA SODA SPRINGS—SAN FRANCISCO, OAKLAND, SAN JOSE, LOS ANGELES, SIERRA MADRE VILLA, RIVERSIDE, SAN GABRIEL, YUMA, ETC., ETC.

San Francisco:
H. S. Crocker & Co., Printers and Publishers.
1883.

CALAVERAS BIG TREES

—AND—

MAMMOTH GROVE HOTEL,

CALAVERAS COUNTY, CAL.

J. L. SPERRY, - - - - - - PROPRIETOR.

Post-Office, Telegraph Office and Express Office. Livery Stables for the Convenience of Guests, &c., &c.

Tourists can find at the Calaveras Group (the Mammoth and South Park Groves) larger, taller and a greater number of Big Trees than can be found in all other groves of California combined.

THE MAMMOTH GROVE HOTEL is situated right in the Calaveras Grove. This grove contains 93 of these giants of the forest.

THE SOUTH PARK GROVE is six miles distant, and contains 1,380 Big Trees of immense size. This grove has been inaccessible to visitors until quite recently. A good horseback road now connects the two groves.

There is the finest Trout Fishing and Hunting in the immediate vicinity.

Those seeking health or pleasure can find the very best Climate in California, and First-class Board.

Parties, and especially Families, wishing to spend a few weeks in the finest Climate on the Pacific Coast, can have Superior Accommodations at this Hotel.

Charges for Room and Board by the Day, **$3**; by the Week, **$12** to **$14**.

Church and Pavilion Built on the Stump of the Original Big Tree.

ROUTES

On and after April 1st, 1883, Overland Passengers and Tourists from San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton can reach the Calaveras Big Trees in ONE DAY by taking the Central Pacific R. R. and connecting at LODI with the San Joaquin and Sierra Nevada R. R. to San Andreas, thence by Stage Coach to the Trees, distance 30 miles.

Leave San Francisco at 8 a. m.; Sacramento, 11.40 a. m.; Stockton, 12.25 p. m. Stages arrive and depart daily for the Yosemite Valley.

☞ For a full description of the Calaveras and South Park Groves, see Pages 60 to 68 of this Guide. ☜

CONTENTS:

TRUMAN'S CALIFORNIA BOOKS.

NOTICES OF THE PRESS:

"SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA."

Published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., in 1874.

——*Sacramento Union:* "The author of this work, a volume of 204 pages, has traveled largely in Semi-Tropical California, and has carefully examined its agricultural and pomological limits and advantages. He is a practiced writer and correspondent, and has written largely of California."

——*Providence (R. I.) Press:* "We knew that California was one of the most remarkable countries which the sun shines upon; we knew that for soil, climate, and general productiveness it is unsurpassed; but our wildest fancy dreams hardly ever painted with such wealth of coloring as the facts here presented. We should be glad, if our space permitted, to give voluminous extracts from these bewitching, rose-colored pages. We thank the author for the real pleasure and profit experienced by us in the perusal of the volume."

——*San Francisco Evening Post:* "His facts are full and complete, and furnish overwhelming testimony of the great wealth which is comparatively undeveloped in the beautiful counties of which Los Angeles is the center. That his style sometimes partakes of the luxuriance of the soil, and is as ornate as one of the blossoming orange groves amidst which he lives, is not surprising. Ben C. Truman is a practiced and able newspaper man, and knows by experience that florid writing may relieve but will not stand in the place of dry facts."

——*New York Times:* "The book has a semi-tropical charm throughout. The author is a superior newspaper writer, and he has introduced a book that will be read with interest."

——*San Francisco Chronicle:* "After reading Major Truman's glowing account of Semi-Tropical California, it requires some self-control to prevent one from rushing off incontinently to the southern coast and forswearing San Francisco forever. The picture the author draws of the wealth, prosperity and fertility of the section of the country he adores so heartily is, in fact, almost without shadow."

——*Vallejo Chronicle:* "If this were the only, as it is the *best*, description of Los Angeles, the writer might be suspected of exaggeration, not to say wholesale fabrication; but he is confirmed in all essential points by others who have visited this rich Eden of the sunlands."

"OCCIDENTAL SKETCHES."

Published by San Francisco News Co., in 1881.

——*San Francisco Evening Post:* "The genial author of 'Semi-Tropical California' has again given us an example of his poetic temperament and graphic power of description in this collection of Western experiences. The sketches are told with such pungent phrase and startling antithesis as to be even dramatic. Each one is a romance itself, and the writer has shown that he knows well how to preserve the point of a story—be it humorous or severe."

——*Sacramento Record-Union:* "'Occidental Sketches,' by Major Ben C. Truman, is the title of a work from the press of the San Francisco News Company, San Francisco. It is a pleasing collection of tales and travel sketches by a well-known, graceful and original writer, who will always be widely remembered as having made his imprint upon the literature and journalism of the Pacific Coast in a manner to redound to his and its credit. Major Truman's sketches will be found pleasant reading, and to have that quiet vein of wit running through them which the cultured reader always approves."

——*Los Angeles Herald:* "Considered merely as a story, 'Hill Beechey's Dream' is the gem of the book. It is characterized by a fine dramatic perception, and a remarkably pronounced narrative power. The Major's interview with an 'Antediluvian' reveals a wealth of accomplishment in the line of the physical sciences which we had not previously credited him with possessing. He shows a minuteness of astronomical and other special knowledge which would not be out of place in a Draper. The 'Sketches' were designed to while away a weary hour or so in the cars, or at pleasure resorts, and they are admirably adapted for the purpose. The Major has increased his reputation as a *literateur* by the publication of this ingenious and interesting work."

——*Oakland Times:* "Major Ben C. Truman has just published one of the most entertaining books which has ever been issued from the California press, entitled 'Occidental Sketches.' These sketches are of thrilling interest, the style of the writer is faultless, and the reader will hardly be willing to lay down the book until he has perused every page. The first of the articles—'Hill Beechey's Dream'—is one of the most intensely interesting narratives we have ever read, and as it is in fact a historical paper, it will be regarded as an important contribution to the annals of California."

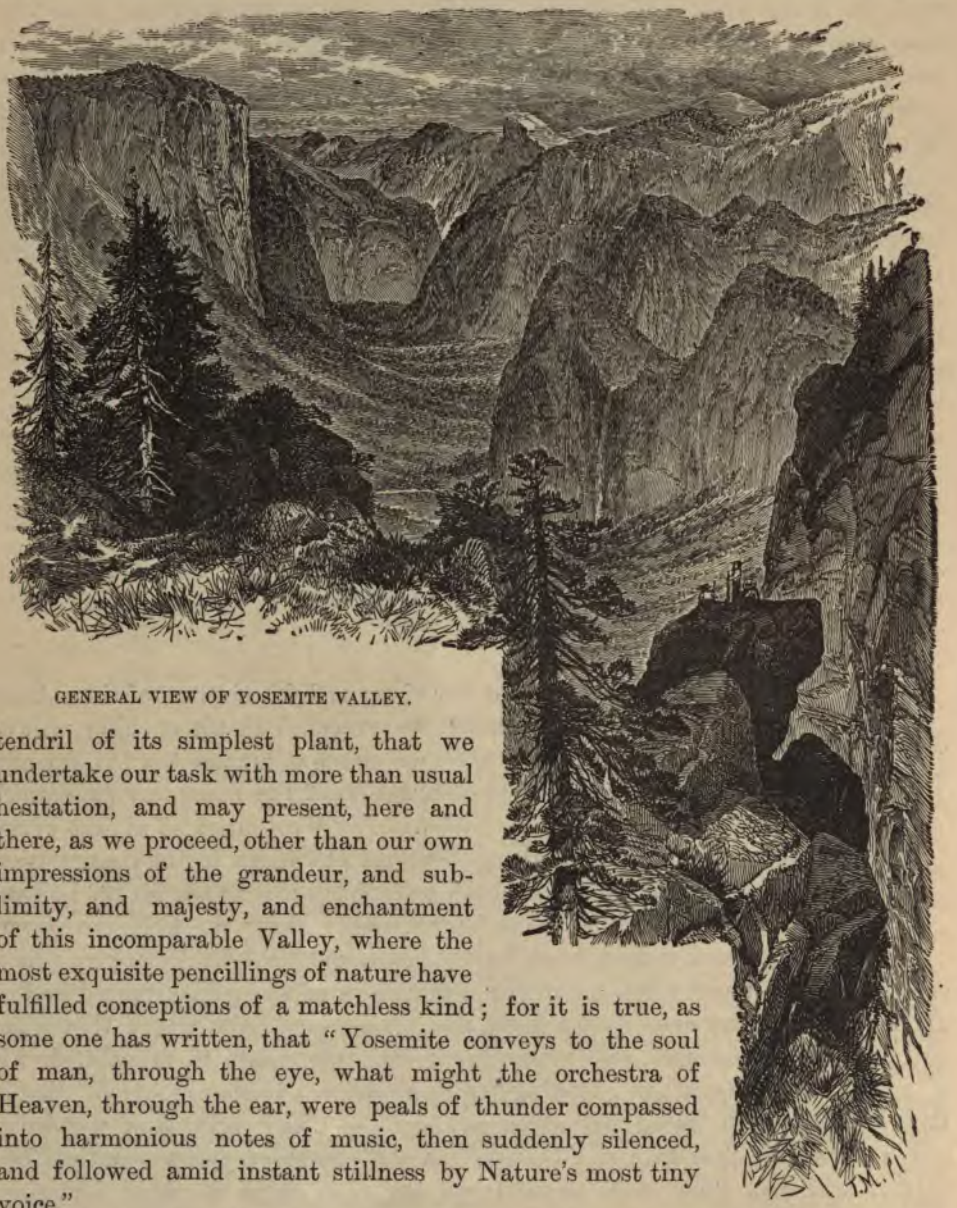
——*San Francisco News Letter:* "No more perfect gem of a book has been published for many a year than this realistic volume of stories. Unlike those of Bret Harte, they are founded on fact, and told with the peculiar charm that Major Truman's writings instinctively possess. 'Hill Beechey's Dream' is one of the most vividly told stories of mining life we ever remember to have read. It is true, emotional, free from all false coloring, and told with a grit that is worth a thousand maudlin tales. 'An Hour with an Antediluvian' possesses a peculiar humor of its own, and we know of no story similar to it in character or line of thought. 'Divorced on the Desert' is a touching story, where husband and wife left each other, out of self-will, in crossing the Plains, and after twenty-eight years were happily reunited. We commend Major Truman's 'Occidental Sketches' to the reading public, for, while much of his writing is humorous, it is always cheerful and pure in tone."

THE NATURAL WONDERS OF CALIFORNIA.

"Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

IT is eminently proper that our views and descriptions of the natural wonders of California should be presented in the opening part of our book; and we only wish we could command the "vision and the faculty divine" in our delineation of the matchless panoramas of natural scenery to be met with by the tourist at almost every turn, from the majestic proportions of Shasta to the continuation of castellated volcanic peaks sweeping away to the far-off horizon and disappearing in the hazy distance along the Colorado River. But cold, indeed, must be the heart, and unskillful the pen, which could not present something more than a faint idea of those unsurpassed scenes upon which so many eyes have turned, and upon which hundreds of thousands will yet gaze enraptured, and return again, and yet again, to drink their fill of nature's handiwork; and, looking "from nature up to nature's God," thank Him that He hath traced with Almighty hand so many pictures of wondrous and unspeakable grandeur and beauty. In the course of years, countless beholders will feel their souls expand "to the dimensions of their Almighty Architect," as they gaze upon the natural wonders of California; and, when generations yet unborn shall have become as the dust of forgotten races, those who come after them will catch inspiration from the glowing theme.

The Yosemite Valley.—So many famous writers have preceded us with their impressions of the irresistible power with which the Almighty has invested this wonderful spot, and have so amply and delightfully dwelt upon its ever-marvelous beauties, from its castellated battlements down to the tiniest



GENERAL VIEW OF YOSEMITE VALLEY.

tendril of its simplest plant, that we undertake our task with more than usual hesitation, and may present, here and there, as we proceed, other than our own impressions of the grandeur, and sublimity, and majesty, and enchantment of this incomparable Valley, where the most exquisite pencillings of nature have fulfilled conceptions of a matchless kind; for it is true, as some one has written, that "Yosemite conveys to the soul of man, through the eye, what might the orchestra of Heaven, through the ear, were peals of thunder compassed into harmonious notes of music, then suddenly silenced, and followed amid instant stillness by Nature's most tiny voice."

We once went into the Yosemite Valley with a gentleman who had written largely and felicitously of many of the loveliest sights to be met with in a trip around the world, and who exclaimed, as he reached "Inspiration Point,"

"My God! self-convicted as a spendthrift in words, the only terms applicable to this spot I have wasted on minor scenes." And it was, unfortunately, true, that language failed to give adequate utterance to the emotions of my friend upon that occasion, and his hitherto facile pen failed to perform its functions with its characteristic felicity and brilliancy. This has been the case with many, however, if not with all, others; and, thus, the pre-eminent grandeur and magnificence of the Yosemite remains, after all, untold. Indeed, its charms must really be seen and felt; for it is an absolute fact, that neither pencil nor brush, nor photographic process, can give them faithful portraiture.

Standing upon "Inspiration Point," the tourist obtains the first and most impressive view of the Valley, and one that will remain ineffaceably stamped upon his memory. After satisfying the senses with one rapid, general survey of the Valley, the eye rests involuntarily upon "El Capitan," the monarch of rocks, and the most matchless piece of masonry in the world; then the vision wanders to the opposite side, and takes in the beautiful waterfall known as the "Bridal Vail;" then the "Cathedral Rock;" then, back again, on the left, to the "Three Brothers;" and, in the distance, the "Dome," "Half Dome," and many other masses of perpendicular granite walls majestically lifting themselves to the sapphire heavens. The Valley, which is some six miles in length by less than a mile in average width, is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and is thickly wooded and scattered all over with floral offerings rich and varied, and abundant beyond the gardens of wealth and taste. And, amid the transcendent grandeur of the Valley, meanders a stream as cold and as crystal-like as the upper fields of imperishable snow and ice from which it takes its Alpine source. On the crest of the mountains, and at their base, says some writer, and along all the mountain trails, "gush frequent springs for the thirst of the traveler, shooting their sparkling rills across his path as soon as his lips are parched, and inviting him to stoop and drink of a nectar cool with dissolving snows." In 1867, the Rev. A. L. Stone, of San Francisco, visited the Yosemite Valley, and, upon his return, delivered a sermon upon the beauties and wonders thereof, from which we take the following paragraphs:

EL CAPITAN.

"The people of Belgium sought to commemorate the victory of Waterloo by erecting on the battle plain a colossal monument of the day. So the toil of many hands pushed a hill of earth into the air, on the spot where the Prince of Orange was wounded, and crowned it with the Belgic Lion, and called the work 'The Lion Mount.' The ambitious pinnacle is 200 feet from the base, and there it pauses, a little more than half the height of one of our thousand pines that nestle in the clefts of the great hills, not a stepping-stone to the lowest bench of that mountain wall over whose crest God's hand has poured the triple waterfall which bears the name of the far-famed Valley, that wall itself one of the lowest that shut in that scene of beauty and of grandeur.

"The hand of Michael Angelo wrought so wonderfully in the crowning of St. Peter's, that the dome is said not to be lifted from the ground and sustained from below, but to be hung out of Heaven. And, certainly, as you stand beneath it on the marble pave, and look up, or gaze upon it from without, when it dashes its splendors upon a Roman festal night, it seems more a thing of the sky than of the earth.

"But this triumph of the world's greatest architectural genius carries your eye only about 400 feet upward from the ground, just room beneath the span for one of our mountain pines, worn like a sprig of evergreen, or fastened like an emerald spray on the mountain's breast.

"The hand of Oriental despotism, without ruth for the dreadful cost, piled the pyramids 500 feet in air upon a hundred thousand wasted human lives; and the 'dizzy' apex would scarce serve for a level look upon the white forehead of the lowliest waterfall of the valley of wonders.

"But in that valley God has built—not beginning, as sometimes, from afar to prepare His superstructions, and rolling hill above hill, a stairway of gradual and easy ascent to the awful summits—but lifting up bodily, with sheer perpendicular rise of granite walls, the vast architecture of the scene. He has, indeed, prepared the mountains round about for this museum of His creative art, robing them in saintly snow, with bare feet in lustral waters, that they may fitly stand near and see Him working and holding the Valley itself as His hand cleared the ridge for this sequestered retreat, four thousand feet above the level of the sea. And there, from the green margin of the vale, He piled the granite upward, with smooth, seamless masonry or fluted columns, or castellated masses, flanked and pinnacled with towers, or majestic span of overhanging arches, or beetling crags bearded with pines, or bare, bald swelling crown of domed rock, on which, in that pure and cloudless air, the blue-pillared Heaven itself seems to rest.

"Look at God's Cathedral and at Rome's. For God's, the vast structure, carved solid and whole out of the mountain granite, and set forth in salient clearness from the southern wall of the Valley, near its western entrance, that men may prepare their hearts by worship ere they advance beyond towers upward three thousand feet, with broad front and vast receding length. On the East, looking toward the rising day and the Star of Bethlehem, with separate

foundation piers, rise the twin cathedral spires, two hundred feet in diameter from their buttressed supports, shooting eight hundred feet aloft, and overlooking the rocky roof. On the West from the high altar, floats, a thousand feet in air, all grace in changeful folds, all purity in whiteness, 'The Bridal Vail.'

CATHEDRAL ROCK.

"See where God's dome hangs and where the great Italian's. Out of one of the Eastern gorges, in which the valley expands itself, six thousand feet upward from the Sacramental Lake beneath that mirrors its sublimity, the 'South Dome' carries your look—not once, nor twice, nor thrice but fifteen—times the height of St. Peter's, straight toward the zenith. Rock, rock—everlasting rock—nothing but rock from base to brow. The loving and filial pines, indeed, here and there cling to its bosom, and draw mysterious life from its hidden veins, but even so, serving only to reveal the naked majesty that is too imperial for any earthly robing.

"And God's hand built it—not in masses of slow-mounting masonry, gaining adventurously and toilsomely, foot by foot, and pushing its scaffolding ever higher to keep command of the work, and straining its enginery to swing aloft the chiselled and ponderous blocks to their place—but with one lift, without break, or course, or any gradation of rising completeness, the Supreme Builder set the domed mountain in its place—foundation wall and top-stone—one sublime integral whole, unprofaned by craftsmen's tools, untrod by foot of man."

It may be well, before proceeding further, to state that the Yosemite Valley is about 150 miles, in an almost easterly direction, from San Francisco, and nearly midway of the State, between the northern and southern boundaries; that it was for many years the rendezvous, or permanent abiding place, of hostile Indians, who had a legend for every point of interest, whether water or rock; that the place was first seen

and that the tide of travel has increased every year since its discovery, from a score of adventurers in 1855 to over 13,000 ladies and gentlemen from all portions of the civilized world in 1882.

If the tourist will now accompany us as we drop down leisurely from "Inspiration Point" into the Valley—that Valley of Wonders of which Horace Greeley wrote—"Of all the grand sights I have enjoyed—Rome from the dome of St. Peter's the Alps from the Valley of Lake Como; Mount Blanc and the glaciers; Niagara and Yosemite—I judge the last named the most unique and stupendous. It is the grandest marvel that ever met my gaze"—we will point out, in regular order, the many points of interest which, all together, constitute the most ravishing and most magnificent panorama yet known on our globe. First and foremost, then, is—

EL CAPITAN—Which lifts itself up majestically to a height of 3,300 feet above the Valley, at its entrance on the left. It is appropriately named "The Captain,"—the Indians call it *Totokónula*, (Great Chief of the Valley,)—and may be seen on a clear day from the plains at a distance of fifty miles. It is a solid block of granite, thirty times higher than the Palace Hotel, and would cover an area of 160 acres if it could be tilted over upon its side. Professor Whitney says of it: "El Capitan imposes on us by its stupendous bulk, which seems as if hewed from the mountains on purpose to stand as the type of eternal massiveness. It is doubtful if anywhere else in the world there is presented so squarely cut, so lofty, and so imposing a face of rock." Mr. Charles B. Turrill, in his "California Notes," says of El Capitan: "One who has not seen this mass can have but a faint idea of its immensity. Riding through the Valley and looking up at the dwarfed trees on the crest of El Capitan, mere specks against the transparent blue of the sky beyond, or from that summit looking down into the narrow Valley, one cannot be unmoved. In New York the spire of Trinity Church is looked upon as almost piercing the clouds, yet it would require twelve such spires placed on the top of each other to equal in height El Capitan. The extremity of the cross of St. Peter's at Rome, is 448 feet above the pavement—El Capitan is nearly eight times as high. The spire of that masterpiece of Gothic architecture—the Strasburg Cathedral—is 468 feet high, and still the compound height of seven such structures would not equal the height of this granite mass." "Wipe out the beautiful Merced, with its snow-fed springs," wrote a correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin, in 1867; "let the fierce summer heat dry up its numerous waterfalls; blast as with a curse the varied leafage of its trees and its flowers, and you have only unveiled the charms of Phyrne to her judges; or, rather, the naked proportions of the Grecian athlete—El Capitan would still smite you with his austere silence." Over a recess of granite, near the lower corner of this matchless shaft, pours the "Ribbon Falls," or "Virgin's Tears," (in Indian, *Lung-yotuckoya*—Long and Slender—) 3,300 feet, with beautiful effect; and, although unimpressive amidst so much grandeur, it is claimed by Professor Whitney as "much superior to the celebrated Staubbach of Switzerland."

BRIDAL VAIL.—The first object of interest on the right is the "Bridal Vail Falls," one of the best known as well as one of the most beautiful objects in the Valley (called by the Indians *Pohōno*—Spirit of the Evil Wind—) and comes over the cliffs on the west side of Cathedral Rock and is precipitated 900 feet into the Valley below; it is divided into two sections, the first being an unbroken sheet of 630 feet, which strikes the *débris*, and then dashes down the rocks in cataracts 270 feet. Said a lady correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin,

THE SENTINEL.

writing to that paper in 1868: "Fancy a sheet of milk white foam, seventy feet across, falling with a slight outward curve one thousand feet sheer descent, shattered into spray near the foot and on the sides, which is blown about by the wind, and thrown back by the rebound till the base of the fall is quite hidden—then imagine the sun shining through this boiling mass of foam and mist, and watch the rainbows spanning the stream in concentric circles, as vivid as strips of brilliant ribbon, rainbows on each side, broken rainbows quivering down and others rising to meet them, every neighboring bush crowned with rainbows, and

even the turf, for rods around, glowing with the richest colors, and all these shifting, changing, blazing, fading and forming again, till, having exhausted every expression of delight, you remain in a kind of silent ecstacy for want of words. As the sun sinks below the cliffs these lovely illusions fade and depart. Is this why it is called the Bridal Vail?" Professor Whitney, in his "Yosemite Guide Book," says: "The effect of the fall, as everywhere seen from the Valley, is as if it were 900 feet in vertical height, its base being concealed by the trees which surround it. The quantity of water in the Bridal Vail Fall varies greatly with the season. In May and June the amount is generally at the maximum, and it gradually decreases as the summer advances. The effect, however, is finest when the body of water is not too heavy, since then the swaying from side to side, and the waving under the varying pressure of the wind as it strikes the long column of water, is more marked. As seen from a distance at such times, it seems to flutter like a white vail, producing an indescribably beautiful effect. The name 'Bridal Vail' is poetical, but fairly appropriate. The stream which supplies this fall heads low down in the Sierra, far below the region of eternal snow; hence, as summer advances, the supply of water is rapidly diminished, and by the middle or end of July there is only a small streamlet trickling down the vertical face of the rock, over which it is precipitated in a bold curve when the quantity of water is larger. At the highest stage, the stream divides into a dozen streamlets at the base of the fall, several of which are only just fordable on horseback."

CATHEDRAL ROCK.—The next object, on the right, is appropriately called "Cathedral Rock," a massive piece of granite sculpture 2,660 feet in height; and, with "The Spires," 500 feet higher, beyond, on the same side, forming proportions that can never be forgotten. Some tourist has written of this impressive pile (called *Posinaschucka*—Large Acorn Cache): "The Cathedral Rock from certain points of view resembles enough the facade of a minster to justify its title, which is more than can be said of fanciful names generally. Less in altitude by 1,000 feet than El Capitan, the Spires especially are the most graceful specimens of natural masonry and architecture to be found in the Valley. Under the solemn afternoon shadows the moaning wind soughs through the crevices of this fire-and-frost sculptured temple, till you seem to hear the diapason of some inner organ voicing the *Miserére* of lost souls."

THREE BROTHERS.—Now look again to the left, and take in *Pompompasus*—3,830 feet above the Valley—whose Indian signification is "Mountains playing leap-frog," but which somebody has changed to the prosaic "Three Brothers." A similar formation on the other side illustrates the ill-nomenclature of some of these cliffs, where the sweet *Wahwahlena* of the Mono dialect is Englished into the "Three Graces," 3,400 feet in height.

THE SENTINEL—(Called *Loya* by the Indians, and meaning Watch Tower, or Sentinel Station,) Divides the honors with El Capitan and the Half Dome, and is a matchless mass of perpendicular granite tapering off into a peak 3,043 feet above the level of the Valley, upon the right, and seemingly points its

summit into the very sky. On a partly obscured side of the Sentinel is a fall of water which descends in a series of cascades 3,000 feet; and, on account of its appearance, has been termed "Buttermilk Falls."

YOSEMITE FALLS.—Directly opposite the Sentinel is the most attractive and most beautiful object (from March until July) in the Valley, the "Yosemite Falls," the Indian signification being large grizzly bear. These falls are divided into three sections: First, there is a perpendicular descent of 1,500 feet, then

YOSEMITE FALLS.

600 feet of cataracts down a shelving ledge, and then a final leap of 400 feet into the *débris*, making a continuous fall of 2,526 feet. It is the impression of the writer of this book that these falls have no perfect companion picture in the world; and that one may sit longer, gazing at them, and watching the graceful vibrations of their upper waters, than upon any other object in nature or art. You may sit for hours, and for nights, if they are moon-lit ones, watching the darts of foam as they come streaming down the sides of the cataract, and listening

to the sounds that come like the distant din of a field of action, unless a gust of wind brings to you the indescribable crash of a park of artillery, while ever and anon the counterfeit explosion of a single gun booms upon the ear. Professor Whitney concludes a description of the Yosemite Falls as follows: "As the various portions of the falls are nearly in one vertical plane, the effect of the whole is nearly as grand, and perhaps even more picturesque, than it would be if the descent were made in one leap from the top of the cliff to the level of the Valley. Nor is the grandeur or beauty of the fall perceptibly diminished, by even a very considerable diminution of the quantity of water from its highest stage. One of the most striking features of the Yosemite Falls is the vibration of the upper portion from one side to the other, under the varying pressure of the wind, which acts with immense force on so long a column. The descending

MIRROR LAKE.

mass of water is too great to allow of its being entirely broken up into spray; but it widens out very much towards the bottom—probably as much as 300 feet, at high water, the space through which it moves being fully three times as wide. This vibratory motion of the Yosemite and Bridal Vail Falls is something peculiar, and not observed in any others, so far as we know; the effect of it is indescribably grand, especially under the magical illumination of the full moon." East of the Yosemite Fall is Indian Cañon, and below is Eagle Point. Opposite Indian Cañon, on the right side of the Valley, is Glacier Point, which will be alluded to again; and also Union Point, which is half-way between the base of the Sentinel and Glacier Point. All of the above-named objects are passed and distinctly seen as the stage is driven into and up the Valley to the doors of the

different hotels; and, straight ahead, may also be seen the "Dome" and "Royal Arches," "Washington Column," "Mount Watkins," and "Half Dome;" and, nestling in the embrace of the last-named elevations, but which cannot be seen from the hotels, is *Waiya*, the famous

MIRROR LAKE—The gem of the Valley, and which must be visited early in the day. So, the tourist will arise with the lark the next morning after his arrival, and proceed two and a half miles up the cañon of the Tenaya, either in carriage or on foot, for the purpose of seeing the reflections from Mirror Lake. We shall never forget the last time we visited this lovely spot. Neither the glowing harmony of Byron nor the exquisite pencil of Raphael could have adequately delineated the incomparable splendor of that radiant scene. The sapphire heavens were untouched by atmospheric speck, and there was an ineffable beatitude in the deliciousness of the air. The Half Dome, with its storm-written hieroglyphics, stood above us in the sky and beneath us in the water, and we watched impatiently for the appearance of the imperial orb which had really dazzled us from our comfortable beds two hours before. At half past six o'clock a marvellous maze of opalescent cirri came suddenly over the summit, and chased each other rapidly across the silent lake; then followed processions of cumuli in pink, purple, crimson, violet, emerald, orange and dun; and then came the king of day in gorgeous state; and we gazed at it for some time in the waters as it flung its way triumphantly across its magnificently-frescoed track.

"Soon did the portals of the east unclose,
Then all the waterfalls and mountain floods
Shouted with joy, and up the mountains rose
A solemn anthem from the bowing woods,
And morning's misty curtains rolled away;
The clouds in their superb apparel shone
As o'er the mountain tops the Jord of day
Rose like a gorgeous monarch from his throne,
And shed refulgence on the lake below."

A correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle, in 1880, wrote to that paper as follows of Mirror Lake: "To merely speak of a lake will awaken charming thought. The very word suggests repose, purity and beauty. From our childhood we fall into dreams over Killarney, and Scott's lochs, and Zurich's silver waters, and Como, 'bordered by fruits of gold and whispering myrtles.' When I had climbed through the electrifying air 14,000 feet up one of the highest peaks of the Sierra Nevada, with my hand almost reaching an eagle's eyrie, I stood hushed and trembling while gazing afar over those mighty highland tops, with dozens of lakes, blue as the heavens, nestling in the lap of the valleys between. The giant mountains freightened me with their oppressive silence, their awful sea of vastness, their terrible beauty and purple sublimity. I looked in the distance to the camp-smoke on the Mono Trail, and reached out my arms restlessly towards that signal of a bit of home-life on the highway among the eternal hills. And it was a relief from the strain on brain and nerve as my fancy tenderly led me down through the depths of gloomy ravines to bask on the blooming shores

of those placid waters. In the Yosemite, away up in the corner, we came upon Mirror Lake. How suggestively beautiful the name—its magnificent surrounding heights and elegant borders repeated in its sunlit and moonlit face. My delight was supreme. Killarney and Como and Lucerne were forgotten. This claimed me with an inexplicable fascination. Then, the superb journey to it. There is now a carriage-drive through the meadows and among the bowlders to its very borders. Until recently it was a three or four mile ride on horseback, and was usually made at a very early hour in order to obtain perfect reflections. This little pilgrimage is one of the most charming in the world. Leaving the gate-way of the Valley behind you, with the Cathedral Group and the Three Brothers in matchless grandeur merging into the heavens, you wheel along, in full view of the Great Fall, on a picturesque road at the foot of the Sentinel cliffs, shaded by towering trees. You pass the Hermit's Abode, a comfortable granite snuggery framed by rocks that have ages ago come crashing down from the height above. It is bespangled with ferns and beautiful lichens. There is a dog, as a matter of course, as man is not born to live alone, and there is a rude door with bobbin, and the smoke from a rocky chimney curls up in graceful circles, inspiring a sentiment of home cheer. The contented resident of this unique villa is very nearly related to one of the eminent men of the day. His ambition is of a different kind. He holds communion with these familiar peaks. To him they speak a various language. He stands in his doorway with his pipe, or walks abroad and socially calls them by their Indian names. 'Starr King keeps his white night-cap long on in the day,' says he: '*Tisayac* looks grander and prouder to-day than she ever did before,' and '*Tutokónula* has a storm cloud over his head,' he adds, and 'Pohono is brilliant in rainbows this afternoon, and swings her vail lively.' I warrant you if we, like Professor Denton, believe in the soul of things, they understand their friend. I am on social terms with these old tops myself, and feel that they must be conscious of their greatness, and of the constant homage done them, even though some might denominate his audience hardshells. Fifty yards back of the Hermitage is an ice-cool spring, with its linings of moss and elegant ferns, with enameled rocks for seats and pale-green shimmering branches overhead."

WASHINGTON COLUMN.—On the left of the Valley, and at the angle where it branches, is a rounded mass of granite which has been named the "Washington Column," or Tower, 1,875 feet in height. This elevation is called *Hunto* in the Mono tongue, and means the Watching Eye. Beyond is "Mount Watkins," 3,900 feet above the Valley.

THE DOME AND ROYAL ARCHES.—This is also called the "North Dome," in contradistinction to the "Half Dome," (which is sometimes called the "South Dome,") and is seen immediately to the left of Washington Column, and rises to an elevation of 3,568 feet above Mirror Lake. It is made up of prodigious concentric plates of granite, which suggests the designation of Royal Arches to the formations upon its side. Down these concentric slabs trickles a tiny streamlet 1,000 feet, called Royal Arch Falls—in Indian, *Tokoya*, which means shade to Indian baby basket.

THE HALF DOME.—Called in Indian *Tisayac*, and signifying Goddess of the Valley, if not more impressive than El Capitan, is more wonderful, and surprises or entrances all beholders. It is the most stupendous mass of granite in the Yosemite Valley proper; it is on the right side of the Valley, and uplifts itself to the majestic height of 4,737 feet above the surface of Mirror Lake, from which it is often reflected. What Professor Whitney, the eminent geologian, has to say of this noble structure is important as well as interesting: "The summit of the Half Dome runs in a northeast and southwest direction, parallel with the cañon; it rises on the southwest side with a grand, regular dome-like form, but falls off rapidly in a series of steps as it descends to the northeast. At right angles with this, or crosswise of the mass, the section is very peculiar. On the side fronting Tenaya Cañon, it is *absolutely vertical* for 1,500 feet or more from the summit, and then falls off with a very steep slope, of probably 60 or 70 degrees, to the bottom of the cañon. This slope, however, is not, as one would suppose, a *talus* of fragments fallen from above it is a mass of granite rock, part

NORTH DOME AND ROYAL ARCHES.

and parcel of the solid structure of the Dome; the real *débris* pile at the bottom is absolutely insignificant in dimensions compared with the Dome itself. On the opposite face the Half Dome is not absolutely vertical; it has a rounded form at the top, and grows more and more steep at the bottom. The whole appearance of the mass is that of an originally dome-shaped elevation, with an exceedingly steep curve, of which the western half has been split off and become ingulfed. This geological theory of its formation appears to have forced itself upon those who gave it the name 'Half Dome,' which is one that seems to suggest itself, at the first sight of this truly marvellous crest of rock. From the upper part of the Valley, and from all the heights about it, the Half Dome presents itself as an object of the most imposing grandeur. It has not the massiveness of El Capitan, but is more astonishing; and probably there are few visitors to the Valley who would not concede to it the first place among all the wonders of the region. Even the most casual observer must recognize in it a new revelation of mountain

gradeur. Those who have not seen it could never comprehend its extraordinary form and proportions, not even with the aid of photographs. It is entirely unique in the Sierra Nevada; and, so far as we know, in the world. The only possible rival would be the Matterhorn. Each is unique in its way; but the forms of the two are so different that they will hardly bear comparison."

A correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin has wondered and written: "Turning the angle of the Valley you stand in full view of the two Domes or rather the dome and a half, which are the crowning wonders of this wonderful region. No guide is needed to tell you this is what you came to see. Like Archimedes over his long-sought solution, the soul shouts Eureka, and is satisfied.

HALF (OR SOUTH) DOME.

The Yosemite here narrows to its minimum. I think a man armed with a Minnie rifle, and standing on the South or Half Dome, might kill a deer on the summit of the North Dome. The latter rises to an altitude of 3,568 feet, capped with a semi-sphere whose sky line is as perfect an arch as ever builder devised. Far below its apex a necklace of trees and shrubs is seen as if in some paleozoic persecution a crown of thorns had slipped down and taken root on its shoulders, but on its hoary head no substance is offered for vegetation, and it stands sombre and bare as a monumental memory of the seething fire-time. The Half Dome is, I believe, a perfectly unique formation. Rising in altitude nearly 9,000 feet above the sea, and nearly 5,000 feet above the Valley level, it has, when viewed in front, the symmetrical sky line of the North Dome, but in some great cataclysm of nature it has been split directly through its vertical axis and the western half has disappeared. Where this hemisphere of rock is gone is a problem in geological science. The State Survey believes that it sank in the granitic ooze. Certainly there are no visible remains of it. For a distance of 2,000 feet from the summit, the surface is as clear as a plummet line, and the talus the rest of the way is remarkably thin and steep."

CLOUD'S REST.—Beyond the Half Dome is Cloud's Rest, 6,150 feet above the Valley, and 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. This is the last mountain in that part of the Valley.

VERNAL AND NEVADA FALLS.—We now retrace our steps, get breakfast, saddle up, and go up the cañon of the main Merced, which has a number of

magnificent pictures to disclose, among which are the "Vernal Falls," (called by the Indians *Peiwayak*—Sparkling Water—) 400 feet in height, and four and a half miles from the hotels; these waters are very pretty, and flow over a perfectly-square-cut rock at least a hundred feet in width; there is a natural railing of granite, or parapet, at the summit of Vernal Falls, from which the tourist can look down into the turbulent waters, and during sunlight see myriads of rainbows float off fantastically into the cascades below. The "Nevada Falls" is one and a half miles higher up the trail, alongside of which the river falls in a succession of beautiful dashing cascades and rapids. Professor Whitney says that the

VERNAL FALLS.

Nevada Falls is, in every respect, "one of the grandest cataracts in the world, whether we consider its vertical height, the purity and volume of the river which forms it, or the stupendous scenery by which it is environed." This cataract is 600 feet in height, and is "not quite perpendicular, as there is a lip of granite which receives a portion of the water and throws it off with a peculiar twist, adding considerably to the general picturesque effect." In the Mono language this fall is called *Yowiye*, which means twisted, or squirming. In the Illilouette there is a very beautiful fall called the South Fork Falls; or, in Indian, *Tululowe-häck*—Rushing Water. During the ascent a fine view of the south side of the

Half Dome is obtained, and also views of "Mount Broderick," 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, and the "Cap of Liberty," between 7,000 and 7,500 There is a good hotel kept at Nevada Falls by Mr. and Mrs. Snow, who can accommodate twenty-five people with bed and board.

GLACIER POINT.—This is the grandest lookout in the Valley, except some points which are exceedingly difficult, not to say dangerous, to reach. It is 3,200 feet, and is accessible by a trail five miles long. A close view of the Agassiz Column and a splendid view of the lower part of the Valley may be had at Union Point, 2,200 feet up. From Glacier Point all of the mountains and falls not seen from Union Point are presented to the view, and also the "Little Yosemite," and many of the higher peaks of the Sierra. There is a good house of entertainment kept at Glacier Point by Mr. and Mrs. McCauley.

SENTINEL DOME.—At a distance of one and a half miles above Glacier Point is Sentinel Dome, 4,150 feet above the Valley, which seems almost like the pinnacle of the earth. There is an easy trail to the edge of the rock which constitutes the Dome, where the tourist may dismount and climb up the rock without much difficulty. From this point you may behold all the objects heretofore seen from Union and Glacier Points, and many more, comprising Mounts Starr King, Conness, Hoffman, Lyell, Maclure, Clark, Cathedral Peak, Dana, the Merced group, Obelisk group and many other peaks and groups ranging from 10,000 to 13,000 feet in height, and a large portion of the whole mountain tops covered with fields of everlasting snows. On the other side the San Joaquin valley and the Coast range, nearly 100 miles away, may be seen distinctly with the naked eye.

OTHER POINTS.—"Eagle Point," seven and a half miles up a difficult trail, is 4,200 feet above the Valley. From this point the tourist may stand over and look down into the Yosemite Falls, while the view of the Sentinel, the Three Graces and Cathedral Rock is very fine, and also the view of the Half Dome and Cloud's Rest. Cloud's Rest is fifteen miles by a difficult trail, and can be made in a day. It is customary for parties making this ascent to take two days, however, sleeping the first night at Snow's, at Nevada Falls. The Half Dome, also, may be reached by a trail of eleven miles, which takes the tourist to the base of the Dome; then there is a climb of three-quarters of a mile on foot, and then a perilous and difficult ascent of 900 feet by means of a rope. But, after all, there is very little more to be seen of the Yosemite from either the Half Dome or Cloud's Rest than from Union and Glacier Points and Sentinel Dome; and only a few additional peaks of the higher Sierra, which, unmarked and unnamed, have little or no interest to any but the scientific, or to those who make the study of the mountain tops a professional one; and the latter, we may remark, can never tell us what has become of one-half of the South Dome.

THE MERCED RIVER.—Meandering through the Yosemite is as pretty a stream as there is on the continent—the Merced River—which takes its source from the snows and lakes of the high Sierra, and dashes down into the Valley from innumerable cascades and waterfalls, where its volume is further fed by a

number of kindred streams as cold as ice and as clear as crystal. Its banks are adorned by pine, fir, alder, spruce, poplar, and manzanita, and during the spring and summer months with myriads of flowering plants and shrubs. During the months of May, June, and July, in particular, the California lilac, mariposa, azalea and an infinite variety of smaller wild flowers are in full bloom and perfection, displaying all the rich colors of an Axminster; and which, interwoven with the emerald groves which enliven the banks of the Merced, constitutes a piece of mosaic unrivaled in nature or art. The balsamic odors which escape the pines and firs add spice to the fragrance of the azalea and lilac, which freight the atmosphere with their aromatic sweets. Indeed, the lovely spot realizes in all its fancied gorgeousness the bewitching vision of the fabled Rasselas, and presents all the blooming freshness and beauty of flowers that adorn the bosom of a young bride.

NEVADA FALLS.

WHAT DID IT?—*Quien Sabe?* Many men, eminent in the pursuits of science, have made careful geological studies and examinations of the Valley, and have arrived at different theories regarding its formation. There are some who pretend to trace its formation to glacial disturbances; there are others who claim that it is the result of erosion; there are still others who adopt the theory that the Valley is the result of a vast rent, or fissure. But, with the exception of one or two small moraines, and many glacier-polished peaks of the high Sierra, the glacial theory is not a strong one; the evidences of erosion are less numerous, even, than those that sustain the theory of glacial action, while the adoption of the fissure theory is only slightly sustained. The most natural, as well as the most popular explanation of the formation seems to us to be that, during some convulsion of nature, or something else of that kind, *its bottom gave out!* On the whole, the theory advanced by Professor J. D. Whitney, for many years State Geologist of California, seems to be the most acceptable and the most harmonious, and we will present it:

"All will recognize in the Yosemite a peculiar and unique type of scenery. Cliffs absolutely vertical, like the upper portions of the Half Dome and El Capitan, and of such immense height as these, are, so far as we know, to be seen nowhere

else. The dome form of mountains is exhibited on a grand scale in other parts of the Sierra Nevada; but there is no Half Dome, even among the stupendous precipices at the head of the King's River. No one can avoid asking, What is the origin of this peculiar type of scenery? How has this unique valley been formed, and what are the geological causes which have produced its wonderful cliffs, and all the other features which combine to make this locality so remarkable? These questions we will endeavor to answer, as well as our ability to pry into what went on in the deep-seated regions of the earth, in former geological ages, will permit.

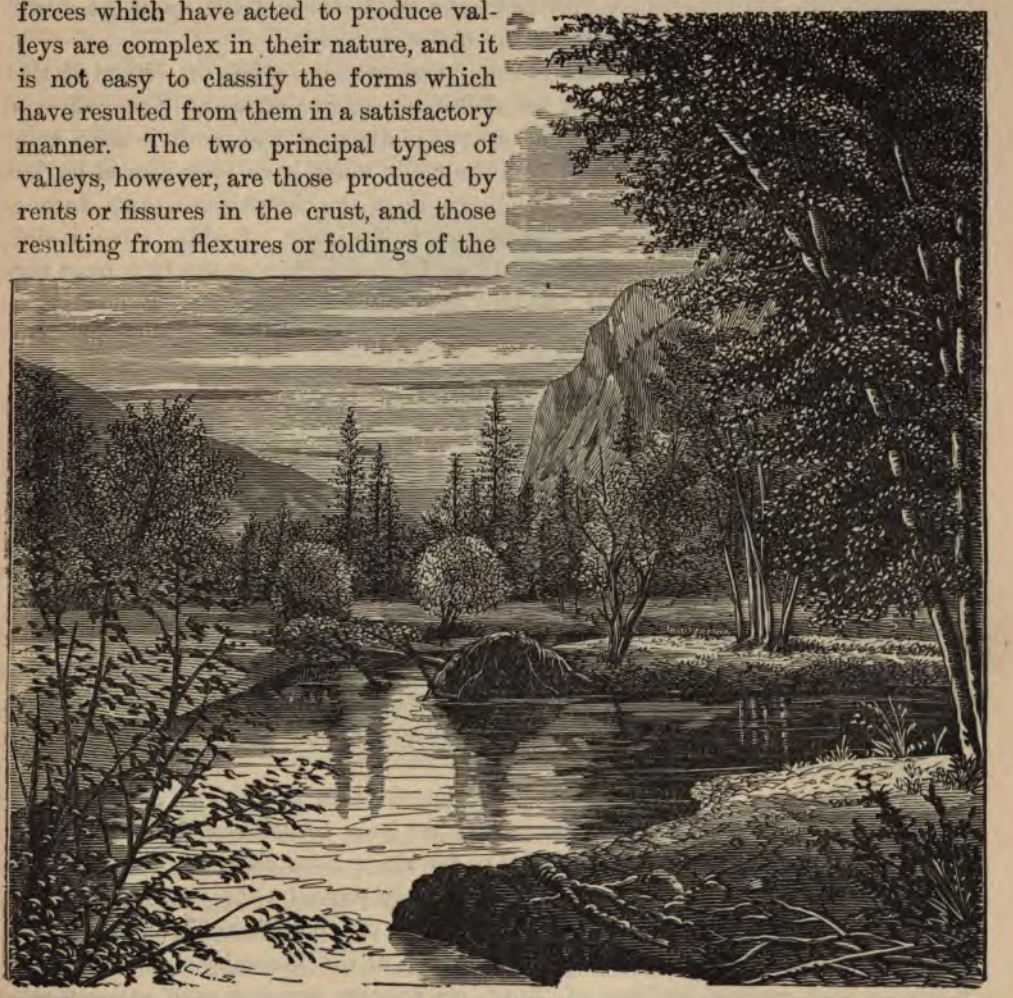
"Most of the great cañons and valleys of the Sierra Nevada have resulted from aqueous denudation, and in no part of the world has this kind of work been done on a larger scale. The long-continued action of tremendous torrents of water, rushing with impetuous velocity down the slopes of the mountains, has excavated those immense gorges by which the chain of the Sierra Nevada is furrowed, on its western slope, to the depth of thousands of feet. This erosion, great as it is, has been done within a comparatively recent period, geologically speaking, as is conclusively demonstrated in numerous localities. At the Abbey's Ferry crossing of the Stanislaus, for instance, a portion of the mass of Table Mountain is seen on each side of the river, in such a position as to demonstrate that the current of the lava which forms the summit of this mountain once flowed continuously across what is now a cañon over 2,000 feet deep, showing that the erosion of that immense gorge has all been effected since the lava flowed down from the higher portion of the Sierra. This event took place, as we know from the fossil bones and plants embedded under the volcanic mass, at a very recent geological period, or in the latter part of the Tertiary epoch, and after the appearance of man on the earth.

"The eroded cañons of the Sierra, however, whose formation is due to the action of water, never have vertical walls, nor do their sides present the peculiar angular forms which are seen in the Yosemite, as for instance, in El Capitan, where two perpendicular surfaces of smooth granite, more than 3,000 feet high, meet each other at a right angle. It is sufficient to look for a moment at the vertical faces of El Capitan and the Bridal Vail Rock, turned down the Valley, or away from the direction in which the eroding forces must have acted, to be able to say that aqueous erosion could not have been the agent employed to do any such work. The squarely cut re-entering angles, like those below El Capitan, and between Cathedral Rock and the Sentinel, or in the Illilouette cañon were never produced by ordinary erosion. Much less could any such cause be called in to account for the peculiar formation of the Half Dome, the vertical portion of which is all above the ordinary level of the walls of the Valley, rising 2,000 feet, in sublime isolation, above any point which could have been reached by denuding agencies, even supposing the current of water to have filled the whole Valley.

"Much less can it be supposed that the peculiar form of the Yosemite is due to the erosive action of ice. A more absurd theory was never advanced than that by which it was sought to ascribe to glaciers the sawing out of these vertical

walls, and the rounding of the domes. Nothing more unlike the real work of ice, as exhibited in the Alps, could be found. Besides, there is no reason to suppose, or at least no proof, that glaciers have ever occupied the Valley or any portion of it.

"The theory of erosion not being admissible to account for the formation of the Yosemite Valley, we have to fall back on some one of those movements of the earth's crust to which the primal forms of mountain valleys are due. The forces which have acted to produce valleys are complex in their nature, and it is not easy to classify the forms which have resulted from them in a satisfactory manner. The two principal types of valleys, however, are those produced by rents or fissures in the crust, and those resulting from flexures or foldings of the



GLACIER POINT.

strata. The former are usually transverse to the mountain chain in which they occur; the latter are more frequently parallel to them, and parallel to the general strike of the strata of which the mountains are made up. Valleys which have originated in cross fractures are usually very narrow defiles, enclosed within steep walls of rocks, the steepness of the walls increasing with the hardness of the rock. It would be difficult to point to a good example of this kind of valley in

California; the famous defile of the Via Mala in Switzerland is one of the best which could be cited. Valleys formed by foldings of the strata are very common in many mountain chains, especially in those typical ones the Jura and Appalachian. Many of the valleys of the Coast Ranges are of this order. A valley formed in either one of the ways suggested above may be modified afterwards by forces pertaining to either of the others; thus, a valley originating in a transverse fissure may afterwards become much modified by an erosive agency, or a longitudinal flexure valley may have one of its sides raised up or let down by a 'fault' or line of fissure running through or across it.

"If we examine the Yosemite to see if traces of an origin in either of the above ways can be detected there, we obtain a negative answer. The valley is too wide to have been formed by a fissure; it is about as wide as it is deep, and, if it had been originally a simple crack, the walls must have been moved bodily away from each other, carrying the whole chain of the Sierra with them, to one side or the other, or both, for the distance of half a mile. Besides, when a cliff has been thus formed, there will be no difficulty in recognizing the fact, from the correspondence of the outlines of the two sides; just as, when we break a stone in two, the pieces must necessarily admit of being fitted together again. No correspondence of the two sides of the Yosemite can be detected, nor will the most ingenious contriving, or lateral moving, suffice to bring them into anything like adaptation to each other. A square recess on one side is met on the other, not by a corresponding projection, but by a plain wall or even another cavity. These facts are sufficient to make the adoption of the theory of a rent or fissure impossible. There is much the same difficulty in conceiving of the formation of the Valley by any flexure or folding process. The forms and outlines of the masses of rock limiting it are too angular, and have too little development in any one direction; they are cut off squarely at the upper end, where the ascent to the general level of the country is by gigantic steps, and not by a gradual rise. The direction of the Valley, too, is transverse to the general line of elevation of the mountains, and not parallel with it, as it should be, roughly at least, were it the result of folding or upheaval.

"In short, we are led irresistibly to the adoption of a theory of the origin of the Yosemite in a way which has hardly yet been recognized as one of those in which valleys may be formed, probably for the reason that there are so few cases in which such an event can be absolutely proved to have occurred. We conceive that, during the process of upheaval of the Sierra, or, possibly, at some time after that had taken place, there was at the Yosemite a subsidence of a limited area, marked by lines of 'fault' or fissures crossing each other somewhat nearly at right angles. In other and more simple language, the bottom of the Valley sank down to an unknown depth, owing to its support being withdrawn from underneath during some of those convulsive movements which must have attended the upheaval of so extensive and elevated a chain, no matter how slow we may imagine the process to have been. Subsidence, over extensive areas, of portions of the earth's crust, is not at all a new idea in geology, and there is

nothing in this peculiar application of it which need excite surprise. It is the great amount of vertical displacement for the small area implicated which makes this a peculiar case; but it would not be easy to give any good reason why such an exceptional result should not be brought about, amid the complicated play of forces which the elevation of a great mountain chain must set in motion.

"By the adoption of the subsidence theory for the formation of the Yosemite, we are able to get over one difficulty which appears insurmountable with any other. This is, the very small amount of *débris* at the base of the cliffs, and even, at a few points, its entire absence, as previously noticed in our description of the Valley. We see that fragments of rock are loosened by rain, frost, gravity, and other natural causes, along the walls, and probably not a winter elapses that some great mass of detritus does not come thundering down from above, adding, as it is easy to see from actual inspection of those slides which have occurred

LIBERTY CAP.

within the past few years, no inconsiderable amount to the *talus*. Several of these great rock-avalanches have taken place since the Valley was inhabited. One which fell near Cathedral Rock is said to have shaken the Valley like an earthquake. This abrasion of the edges of the Valley has unquestionably been going on during a vast period of time; what has become of the detrital material? Some masses of granite now lying in the Valley—one in particular near the base of the Yosemite Fall—are as large as houses. Such masses as these could never have been removed from the Valley by currents of water; in fact, there is no evidence of any considerable amount of aqueous erosion, for the cañon of the Merced below the Yosemite is nearly free from detritus, all the way down to the plain. The falling masses have not been carried out by a glacier, for there are below the Valley no remains of moraines.

"It appears to us that there is no way of disposing of the vast mass of detritus, which must have fallen from the walls of the Yosemite since the formation of the Valley, except by assuming that it has gone down to fill the abyss, which was opened by the subsidence which our theory supposes to have taken place. What the depth of the chasm may have been we have no data for computing; but that it must have been very great is proved by the fact that it has been able to receive the accumulations of so long a period of time. The cavity was, undoubtedly, occupied by water, forming a lake of unsurpassed

MERCED RIVER.

beauty and grandeur, until quite a recent epoch. The gradual desiccation of the whole country, the disappearance of the glaciers, and the filling up of the abyss to nearly a level with the present outlet, where the Valley passes into a cañon of the usual form, have converted the lake into a valley with a river meandering through it. The process of filling up still continues, and the *talus* will accumulate perceptibly fast, although a long time must elapse before the general appearance of the Valley will be much altered by this cause, so stupendous is the height of its walls, and so slow their crumbling away."

ROUTES OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION FOR TOURISTS.—*Route No. 1:* Leave San Francisco (foot of Market street) at 4 P. M. *via* Oakland, for Madera, distance 185 miles by cars; arrive at Madera at 11:45 P. M., and remain over in sleeping car; next morning leave Madera at 7 o'clock for Clark's, (near Mariposa Big Tree Grove,) distance 66 miles (lunch at Coarse Mine Gulch) by stage; stay over at Clark's, (arriving at 7 P. M.,) which is one of the most beautiful places in the Sierra Nevada Mountains; leave Clark's next morning at 7, and arrive at your hotel in the Yosemite Valley, *via* "Inspiration Point," about noon, distance 24 miles, over one of the most magnificent mountain roads in the world. *Route No. 2:* Leave San Francisco at 4 P. M., *via* Oakland, for Merced, distance 141 miles by cars, arriving at that place at 10:20 P. M.; stop over night at El Capitan Hotel, and leave next morning at 6 o'clock for Clark's, distance 78 miles by stage; (lunch at Mariposa;) then to the Valley, as by *Route No. 1. Route No. 3:* Leave San Francisco at 4 P. M., *via* Oakland, for Stockton, distance 103 miles by cars, arriving at that point at 8:25 P. M.; remain over there until next morning, and take train for Milton at 8 A. M., distance 30 miles, and then stage for Priest's, (lunch at Sonora,) distance 38 miles, where the tourist arrives at 7:30 P. M., and stays over night; leave Priest's next morning at 6 o'clock and arrive at Mrs. Crocker's for lunch, and at the Valley, distance 50 miles, at 5 in the evening. *Route No. 4:*—To take in the Calaveras Grove:—Same as *Route No. 3* to Milton; then by stage to the Grove, distance 48 miles, arriving at Gibson's for lunch at 1, and at the Grove at 8 in the evening; then from the Grove to Murphys, leaving former place at 2 P. M., and arriving at latter place at 5, (16 miles,) and stay over all night, and next day take stage at 7 in the morning, for Priest's, 42 miles, (lunch at Sonora,) and next day to the Valley, as in *Route No. 3.* Tourists making round trips, including or not including the Calaveras Grove, can take the above routes and distances and make their traveling arrangements therefrom. For further information, see advertisements in this book. Yosemite is pronounced Yoe-sem-ie-ty, with the accent on the second syllable; Stanislaus is pronounced Stan-ish-low, with accent on first syllable; Sierra is pronounced See-ay-rar, accent on second syllable; Nevada, Nay-vah-dah, accent on second syllable; San Joaquin, San Ho-ah-keen, accent on third syllable; Calaveras, Karl-ah-vay-ras, accent on third syllable; Merced, Mair-thaid, accent on second syllable; Placer, Plair-thier, accent on second syllable; cañon, can-yon, accent on first syllable; Tuolumne, Tu-oll-ah-mie, accent on second syllable; Tenaya, Tain-ah-yah, accent on second syllable. Yosemite is Indian. Sierra is Spanish, and means mountain chain, and is both singular and plural; Nevada means snowy; Calaveras, skulls; Merced, mercy; Mariposa, butterfly; Placer, gold diggings. Clark's was named after a frontiersman; Murphy's, Angel's, etc., after miners; Sonora was so called because its first miners were from Sonora, Mexico; Stockton, in honor of Commodore Stockton; Modesto was named by the late William Ralston; Lathrop was so called in honor of Mrs. Leland Stanford, that having been her maiden name; Oakland, after its oaks, and Chinese Camp after the Mongol. Tourists will take along wraps and overcoats, as the mornings and evenings are sometimes very cold, even during the hottest days. A great part of the way over either of the above routes is through the forests of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, through perfect shade, and where the water is as cold as ice. The Madera turnpike is a trotting road all the way from Madera to Clark's. The Merced road presents the grandest view of the Sierra, as they stand up before one like

ramparts. By the Big Oak Flat route the tourist may see the old mining regions of Sonora, Chinese Camp and Big Oak Flat, where the precious gold was taken out by cart loads; and he is also driven through a lovely forest, and also through one of the big trees of the Tuolumne Grove. The road *via* the Calaveras Grove not only presents many scenes of the same character, but also the still greater remains of the operations at Murphy's, Angel's, Columbia and Shaw's Flat, the latter being the most extensive extinct gold field in California. The tourist will behold with wonder these vast areas of deep-cut gulches and unsightly trenches and scars upon either side of meandering streams, picturesquely dotted at intervals with vineyards and orchards and farm-houses erected and ornamented by the very hands that thirty years ago made a blushing landscape desolate in their explorations for those precious particles of metal polished and hidden away in cenozoic times; and the same waters that hitherto gashed and impoverished a slender soil now gurgle sweetly across inviting sections of cultivated plats, in the midst of which the curling smoke ascends from many a domestic altar, telling, in vapory hieroglyphics, of the perfect peace and contentment which exists within. By all of the above routes supper is taken on the first day from San Francisco at Lathrop, 94 miles from San Francisco. There is good trout fishing at the Yosemite, with fly or real bait—fly is best. Near Glacier Point and Nevada Falls there is an abundance of deer, plenty of mountain grouse, and a few mountain quail; also plenty of cinnamon bear and a few grizzlies. There are three hotels, post office and express office, bath houses, variety store, drug store, etc., in the Valley. Elaborate descriptions of the Yosemite may be found in "Hutchings' Guide," "Whitney's Guide," "Bancroft's New Guide," "Doxey's California Guide," "Resources of California," "Turrill's Notes," and in Powell's, Nordhoff's, Greeley's, Bowles', Richardson's, and other works. Mount Watkins is named after the eminent photographer of California scenery; Mount Starr King, after an eloquent divine, who died in San Francisco in 1864; Broderick, in honor of U. S. Senator Broderick, of California, who was slain in a duel near San Francisco in 1859; Conness after a former U. S. Senator from California; Dana, after Dana, the eminent American geologist; Lyell, after Sir Charles Lyell, the great English geologist; Maclure, after the pioneer of American geology; Ritter, after the eminent German geographer and founder of the science of modern comparative geography; Mounts Brewer and Hoffman, after members of Professor Whitney's geological party, and Mount Clark after Galen Clark, a frontiersman.

The Hetch-Hetchy Valley.—Situated on the Tuolumne River, some fifteen or sixteen miles in an air line from the Yosemite, is Hetch-Hetchy Valley; which, if it does not, indeed, rival the Yosemite, is entitled to a place among the natural wonders of California as a companion picture. Mr. T. P. Madden, of San Francisco, who has visited the Yosemite fourteen times, (and who was for a number of years one of the Commissioners of the Valley,) and who has also visited the Hetch-Hetchy at favorable times and examined its salient points carefully, (having camped more than a month there at one time with Albert Bierstadt,) once informed the writer that, while the Hetch-Hetchy was smaller than the Yosemite, it very much resembled the latter in many ways, and has many majestic elevations and cataracts which compare favorably to El Capitan, Cathedral Rock, the Sentinel, Yosemite Falls, the Bridal Vail, and others. "It is much

smaller than the Yosemite," said Mr. Madden, "and, therefore, many of its objects are grouped together very grandly and very beautifully, and at once entrance the beholder; but Hetch-Hetchy lacks many of the imposing features of the Yosemite. Still, if there had been no Yosemite, Hetch-Hetchy would command the admiration of all who visit it, and would probably rank as the grandest and most beautiful aggregation of rock and water in the world—in fact, it would be Yosemite."

Many of those who have visited Hetch-Hetchy have presented vivid reports of this companion picture; and, while carried away with its charms, have declared that it exceeded the Yosemite in the heighths of its mountains and waterfalls. But, in 1866, a portion of Professor Whitney's Surveying Party visited the Hetch-Hetchy, as well as the Yosemite, and prepared a map and a description of it, which may be found in "Whitney's Guide Book," some few paragraphs of which we will quote from said authority presently. In 1873 John Muir published a description of the Hetch-Hetchy in the Overland Magazine, which makes Yosemite first, but Hetch-Hetchy a good second. In the month of June, 1882, a correspondent of the San Francisco Chronicle (W. P B.) visited Hetch-Hetchy, and dedicated to its charms a glowing description, some portions of which we present, as follows:

"Volumes have been written descriptive of Yosemite, but of her sister valley, equally beautiful, and in some respects even more remarkable, our public prints, our books of travel, and with one exception, even our guide-books are silent. Here is a valley, which, were it in Europe, Americans would cross the ocean by thousands to see. Yet, lying as it does, at our very doors, we doubt if one Californian in a hundred knows of its existence.

"From a rocky bluff, a half-mile down the cañon, Hetch-Hetchy comes first into open view. It is a surprise. The panorama is a noble one, embracing in one vast amphitheater all the most notable objects of interest of the Valley. Yosemite cannot produce its equal. It is as if El Capitan, the South Dome, Sentinel Rock and the Yosemite and Nevada Falls were brought together into one picture. And then we must borrow Hetch-Hetchy's broad green meadows to equal the panorama presented from the rock on which I now sit. The meadows, level as a floor, traversed by the river, now swollen by melted snows, but smooth and placid, as if its waters had never known tumult and battle, and fringed by noble trees, form the foreground of the picture. Now imagine this scene inclosed on three sides by nearly vertical walls of solid granite, rising from 2,000 feet, on the extreme left and right, to a grand culminating dome in the center of the picture, springing 3,200 feet above the level of the Valley. Paint these cliffs a velvety gray, relieved by patches of white, red, yellow, brown and vertical bands of jet black. Then throw over the foreground of these cliffs two of Yosemite's best falls. Add California sunlight and sky, and the remembrance that you are miles away from the principal objects which form this gigantic amphitheater of Nature, and you have in your mind's eye the first view of Hetch-Hetchy. The Valley is about four miles in length, and varies in width from 150 yards, in the center, to about half a mile midway of either end. It is irregular in

shape, though its general form is that of a crescent. The trend of the valley is east and west. The Tuolumne River at this point is a stream about 200 feet in width. The surface of the lower half of the valley is meadow, and the soil extremely rich. This becomes in the winter and early spring a lake of several hundred acres extent, caused by the extreme narrowness of the rocky gateway by which the river leaves the valley. The upper half is sandy and heavily wooded, the soil being poor and producing but little grass. The two sections are divided by a low wall of rock stretching from the main south wall to the river, and confining the stream to a narrow channel. In general shape and contour of the cliffs it greatly resembles Yosemite, yet has still a decided character of its own. It is much smaller than Yosemite, and, unlike that valley, its attractions are so grouped that nearly all may be seen in one panorama. You need to spend at least a week in Yosemite to see all its wonders. Hetch-Hetchy may be more fully seen and explored in three days. Yet one may profitably spend a month in either valley.

"The majestic cliffs of the upper valley are the highest, yet less remarkable than those of the lower, being more slanting and less peculiar in shape. The highest presents a remarkable resemblance to a mammoth ocean steamship in full sail. Its height above the valley is upwards of 4,000 feet. Just below is another cliff of nearly equal height, known as 'Chimney Rock.' Directly opposite is another cliff of fully equal height, but without distinctive features.

"We have now approached the central and narrow portion of the valley. Here, with bases but 150 yards apart and heads separating by scarcely more than a quarter of a mile of air, tower two cliffs. On the south, and pushing its almost vertical front boldly out into the valley, rises a monument of solid granite 2,400 feet in height. It springs directly from the valley, without *débris* worthy the name, and impresses the beholder as does no other cliff about the valley. This is known by the Indians as Ko-lo-nah Rock, and is the most prominent and wonderful feature of Hetch-Hetchy. It slightly resembles in position and contour the Sentinel, in Yosemite, but is a far more wonderful formation. The view from Ko-lo-nah is a grand one. It is easily climbed from a point on the trail leading into the valley. Opposite Ko-lo-nah a sloping cliff rises 2,000 feet, from the summit of which springs upward a smooth granite dome, lifting its hoary head 3,200 feet above the meadow and river below. The grand old pines which ornament the dome-crest shrink to mere shrubs in the distance. This dome, though inferior in size and shape to the South Dome, in Yosemite, presents from the valley level a more imposing appearance than does even that magnificent rock when similarly viewed. It is only when seen from Glacier Point that the South Dome assumes its true grandeur. This dome has never received a name. I leave the christening to abler hands.

"Just west of the last described dome is a cliff, which might be called the Hetch-Hetchy El Capitan, its face and clear-cut corner bearing a close resemblance to that famous rock. It is, according to Gardiner, 1,800 feet in height, and on a large portion of its face absolutely vertical. From this point the cliffs

decrease in height and become more sloping, till they nearly meet at the narrow river-pass at the foot of the valley.

"Its waterfalls are three in number, besides numerous ephemeral torrents which slide and leap down the cliffs in the early spring or after heavy showers. At the upper end of the valley the cañon divides, as in Yosemite, the Tuolumne coming down the right fork. Here enters what is known as Rancheree creek. Both river and creek are crossed by narrow sheep bridges, and we set out on a half-mile scramble up the rocks overlooking the Rancheree Cascades. Any one wishing to gain a clear and perfect idea of pandemonium should visit these falls. The Rancheree creek, a stream forty feet in width, enters a narrow gorge, with vertical walls from 75 to 175 feet in height. Down this gorge it plunges for nearly half a mile, making five distinct falls, its entire descent being nearly 600 feet. In this passage the stream everywhere fills its narrow cañon, which, with its straight cut, smooth granite walls, would appear to have been rent asunder by some terrific action of Nature. Such another battle of the waters against rock can, perhaps, be nowhere witnessed from so good a vantage-ground. The cliff sides being perfectly upright, with clean-cut edges, allow one to walk with safety along the very verge and look down into the foam-lashed waters which fill the gorge below and roar like a lion in maddening pain. At the foot of every fall clouds of smoke-like spray fill the gorge, in which form miniature rainbows wherever the sunlight finds an entrance to the scene. The wild beauty of these walled cascades I have never seen equalled anywhere in the Sierra, and the ease with which they may be viewed, even by ladies unused to fatigue, is not the least of their attractions. Below the gorge the creek spreads out upon a broad table of granite and takes its final spring into the valley in a broad, fanlike cascade, in which may be seen spray effects of great beauty.

"From the summit of the great cliff, about midway of the north side of the valley, leaps Tu-ee-u-la-lah, one of the most beautiful waterfalls to be found in the entire range of the Sierra. It is at the lip about thirty feet in width, and makes a clear jump of from 800 to 1,000 feet. Here it strikes the cliff, and dividing into smaller streams, finds its way down the sloping *débris* pile to the valley below. As it leaves the cliff it is clean-cut, and darts downward a few hundred feet completely intact—a snow-white ribbon of foam. Then it separates into watery rockets, which run a mad race, as if in haste to dash against the rocks below. These, in turn, are resolved into a beautiful lace-like drapery of mist and spray—the buffet of every passing breeze. In a fresh wind it sways back and forth a hundred feet across the face of the cliff. Tu-ee-u-la-lah is higher than Bridal Vail, possesses more than the beauty of that fall and far more of grandeur. Between a third and a half of a mile east of Tu-ee-u-la-lah, is Hetch-Hetchy or Wapama fall, both being in plain view from all parts of the central portion of the valley. Hetch-Hetchy can scarcely be called a waterfall, being little more than a grand cascade or water chute. But as a cascade it exceeds anything of the kind I ever saw. Its height has been variously estimated at from 1,000 to 1,800 feet. Its position renders calculation by triangulation

extremely difficult. My computations by that method and observations with the aneroid barometer place the fall to the *débris* pile at 1,500 feet. There are two nearly vertical falls, the rapids between deflecting at an angle of about thirty degrees. The fall is walled on one side by the vertical face of a noble cliff, but on the east is open, thus affording a view of its full length from the upper end of the valley. The stream forming Hetch-Hetchy is fully seventy-five feet in width, and carries nearly double as much water as Yosemite creek. Its descent is ponderous, grand, awe-inspiring, and in marked contrast to that of Tu-ee-u-la-lah, which is lightness and fairy-like grace itself. Hetch-Hetchy fills its gorge-like confines with smoke-like spray, and its roar is heard for miles up and down the valley. It is a milk-white mass of foam, showing no color, as do some of the Yosemite falls. Viewed from a central point in the valley Hetch-Hetchy has the appearance of one unbroken vertical fall, and from that standpoint is a grand spectacle. Thus viewed it exceeds all other Sierra waterfalls, except Yosemite, in height, and even that fall in amount of water. No greater contrast in waterfalls can well be imagined than is presented in Tu ee-u-la-lah and Hetch-Hetchy, and we doubt if such another is anywhere else presented on one granite wall."

INDIAN STOREHOUSES.

Professor Whitney, in his official report on Hetch-Hetchy, says: "The Hetch-Hetchy is 3,650 feet above the sea-level, or 300 feet below the Yosemite; it is three miles long east and west, but is divided into two parts by a spur of granite, which nearly closes it up in the center. The portion of the Valley below this spur is a large open meadow, a mile in length, and from an eighth to half a mile in width, with excellent grass, timbered only along the edge. The meadow terminates below in an extremely narrow cañon, through which the river has not sufficient room to flow at the time of the spring freshets, so that the Valley is then inundated, giving rise to a fine lake. The upper part of the Valley east of the spur is a mile and three quarters long, and from an eighth to a third of a mile wide, well timbered and grassed. The walls of this Valley are not quite so high as those of the Yosemite; but still, anywhere else than in California, they would be considered as wonderfully grand. On the north side of the Hetch-Hetchy is a perpendicular bluff, the edge of which is 1,800 feet above the Valley, and having a remarkable resemblance to El Capitan. In the spring, when the snows are melting, a large stream is precipitated over this cliff, falling at least 1,000 feet perpendicular. The volume of water is very large, and the whole of the lower part of the Valley is said to be filled with its spray.

"A little farther east is the Hetch-Hetchy Fall, the counterpart of the Yosemite. The height is 1,700 feet. It is not quite perpendicular, but it comes down in a series of beautiful cascades, over a steeply inclined face of rock. The volume of water is much larger than that of the Yosemite Fall, and, in the spring, its noise can be heard for miles. The position of this fall in relation to the Valley is exactly like that of the Yosemite Fall in its Valley, and opposite to it is a rock much resembling the Cathedral Rock, and 2,270 feet high.

"It has been stated, in print, that there was, in the Hetch-Hetchy, a rock similar in position and form to the Half Dome in the Yosemite. This statement has no basis in fact. Very exaggerated accounts of the Tuolumne Cañon, as to the height of its cliffs and waterfalls, have been widely circulated, and it has even been stated that a 'new and greater Yosemite' had been found. This is quite untrue; the Tuolumne Cañon is grand and interesting, but not to be compared with the Yosemite, either in respect of the elevation of its walls, the attractiveness of its waterfalls, or in the general impression of grandeur which it makes on the visitor.

"There is no doubt that the great glacier, which originated near Mount Dana and Mount Lyell, found its way down the Tuolumne Cañon, and passed through the Hetch-Hetchy Valley. How far beyond this it reached we are unable to say, for we have made no explorations in the cañon below. Within the Valley, the rocks are beautifully polished, up to at least 800 feet above the river. Indeed, it is probable that the glacier was much thicker than this; for, along the trail, near the south end of the Hetch-Hetchy, a moraine was observed at the elevation of fully 1,200 feet above the bottom of the Valley. The great size and elevation of the amphitheater in which the Tuolumne glacier headed caused such an immense mass of ice to be formed that it descended far below the line of perpetual snow before it melted away. The plateau, or amphitheater, at the head of the Merced, was not high enough to allow a glacier to be formed of sufficient thickness to descend down as far as into the Yosemite Valley; at least, we have obtained no positive evidence that such was the case."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION.—Leave San Francisco, as if departing for the Yosemite *via* Big Oak Flat Route; and at Colfax Springs on the above-named route, take the saddle (or carriage) and a guide. Half a mile west of Colfax Springs the road winds along the cañon 2,000 feet above the Tuolumne River, and in view of cascades on the South Fork, and a vertical fall on the Middle Fork. At the Hog Ranch, fifteen miles from Colfax Springs, the wagon road ends, a trail leading from thence into the valley, a distance of ten miles. Hog Ranch is the property of C. C. Smith, a wealthy sheep-owner of Merced, who has also a possessory claim to a large portion of Hetch-Hetchy. Smith's major-domo, Joseph Screech, has resided in the Valley every summer for fifteen years, and besides his Chinese sheep-herders is the only resident. From Hog Ranch the trail rises rapidly, attaining, however, at its highest point, an altitude of but 4,850 feet, as against 7,400 feet on the Big Oak Flat road to Yosemite. The descent into the Valley is by a good zig-zag trail, rocky in places, but nowhere dangerous, Hetch-Hetchy being easily accessible to ladies accustomed to horseback riding. Snow falls heavily

in winter, and no one has ever passed the entire year there. There is a large variety of timber—oak, pine, cedar and soft maple being the predominant growths. The flora is varied, flowers and grasses growing on the north side of the river to the height of a man's shoulders. The game consists principally of ducks, doves, gray squirrels and bears. Bears abound among the adjacent cliffs in large numbers, and descend to the Valley, where they are often seen. They will molest no one, however, unless first attacked, and need not be feared. They are of the black, brown and cinnamon varieties, no grizzlies ever entering the Valley. Other game, such as mountain quail, grouse and deer are numerous on the mountains surrounding the Valley. The river was stocked with trout a couple of years since, and angling will be superior in a short time, say in 1883-4. Provisions for the trip must be taken along from Colfax Springs—that is, canned goods and bread, as one fair marksman can keep a small party supplied with game. "W. P. B.," the correspondent, says: "The road and trail to Hetch-Hetchy are free to all. Feed is abundant. Parties can drive to Hog Ranch, but ten miles from the Valley, where there are excellent facilities for camping, and ride in on horseback next day. There is a small store at Colfax Springs, twenty-five miles distant, and larger ones at Garrote, thirteen miles farther away. All provisions but meat should be brought. Mutton can be bought in the Valley, and game is plenty. For a cheap, enjoyable trip, particularly to those averse to trail-riding, and parties limited as to time, I would recommend Hetch-Hetchy. Lesser than the famous Yosemite, it has yet its own distinctive charms, which grow upon one with every day he lingers within its granite-walled depths."

The Geysers (or Geyser Springs.)—Perhaps the "Geysers"—situated in Sonoma county, 100 miles from San Francisco—are, partly owing to their accessibility, and partly on account of their fame as objects of wonder and admiration, more generally visited by Eastern and European tourists than any other Pacific coast attraction—the Yosemite and the Hotel del Monte excepted. They are situated on the Little Pluton River, which empties into the Russian River, about 1,700 feet above the sea, and were discovered in April, 1847, by a farmer named William B. Elliott, who came upon the steaming cañon while hunting for bear. They were reached for many years by conveyances to within sixteen miles, and then by trail up and over the mountain; but there have since been stage roads all the way for twenty odd years, during which time 100,000 people have visited them. From the largest to the smallest—from the Steamboat and the Witches' Caldron down to the infinitesimal bubbles to be seen in every direction, from the mouth of the seething, boiling, trembling cañon to its head, there are at least a hundred springs, of all shapes, colors, conditions and temperatures.

The tourist can hardly form conclusions from a description of this Plutonian realm—this branch of Hades nestling among umbrageous oaks and firs—this prodigious laboratory in the midst of sylvan surroundings—this olla podrida of liquids and salts, sulphur and iron, alum and ammonia, magnesia and other solutions; while here and there the haughty sunflower lifts itself gorgeously above the iridescent solfatara. The reader will excuse our seeming felicity if we declare that it is a Devil of a place; and that, with its "Devil's Kitchen," its

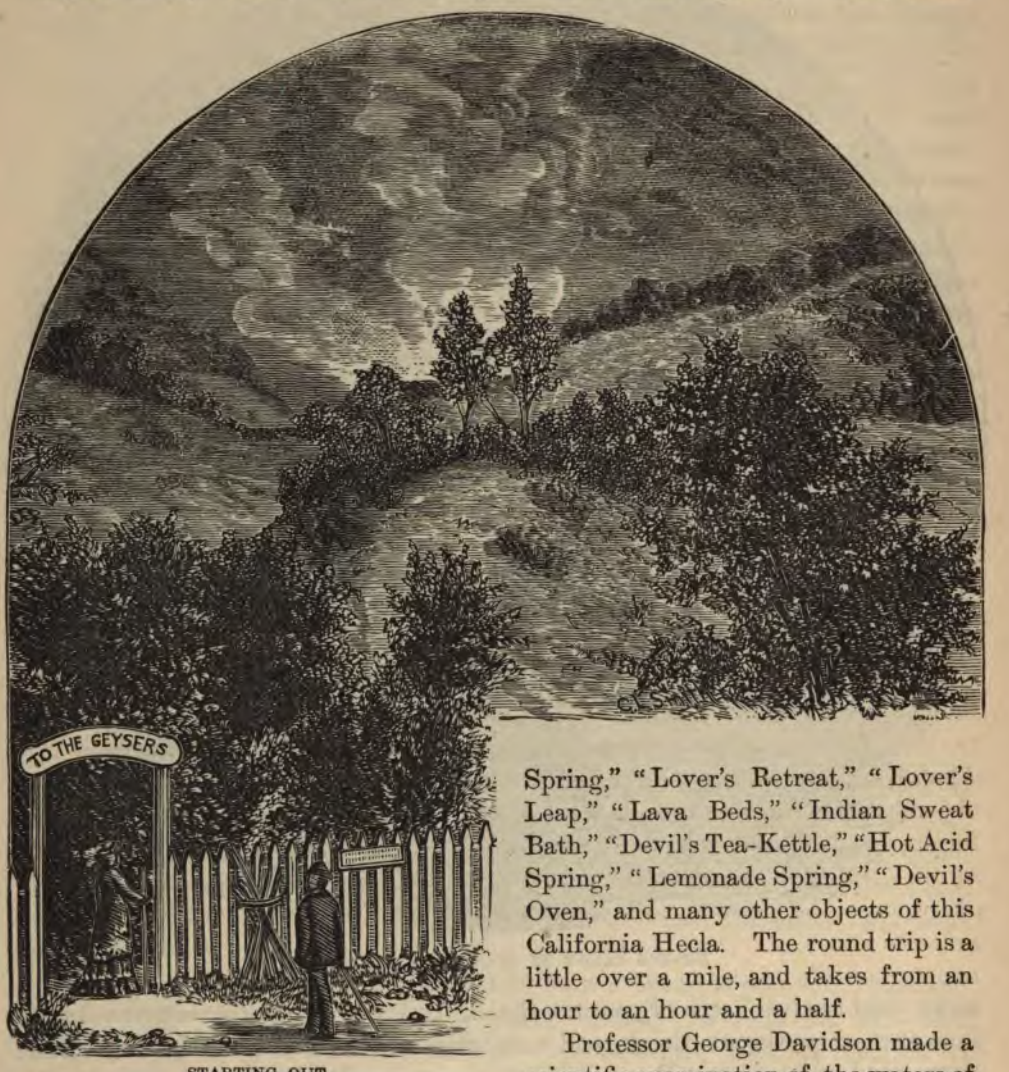
"Devil's Inkstand," its "Devil's Arm Chair," its "Devil's Machine-shop," and its Devil knows what, this "Devil's Cañon" is a Devil of an object and the injunction of "Don't you forget it" is unnecessary.

THE TRIP UP THE CAÑON.—The first object of interest after passing through the gate ("To the Geysers") is the "Iron Spring," the waters of which are cold and possess curative powers. You then cross the river singing "There's one

GEYSER CAÑON AS SEEN FROM THE HOTEL.

more river to cross," and "Eyewater Spring" meets you with its colored liquid. You then cross Geyser Creek, and soon after ascend the steaming, sulphurous gorge, and come upon "Proserpine's Grotto," the "Devil's Arm-chair," "Devil's Kitchen," and "Devil's Inkstand;" here is an opportunity to write the meanest kind of letters to those who don't love you, and address them in incarnate fluid while reclining in his Satanic Majesty's arm-chair. You then pass the "Hot

Alum Spring," and soon after come upon "Pluto's Punch-bowl," the contents of which no one but a salamander would touch, and the very opposite of those ineffable midnight decoctions compounded by a delightful fellow named Forsyth. Then follow, in rapid succession, the "Geyser Smokestack," "Cold Alum Spring," and then the "Witches' Caldron," (the most appropriately-named object in the cañon, and a wonder among wonders,) with its black, bubbling waters, 195° Fahrenheit, and of unfathomable depth. Further on are the "Devil's Canopy," "Geyser Safety Valve," "Devil's Pulpit," "Steamboat Spring," "Temperance Spring," "Lover's Retreat," "Lover's Leap," "Lava Beds," "Indian Sweat Bath," "Devil's Tea-Kettle," "Hot Acid Spring," "Lemonade Spring," "Devil's Oven," and many other objects of this California Hecla. The round trip is a little over a mile, and takes from an hour to an hour and a half.



STARTING OUT.

Professor George Davidson made a scientific examination of the waters of Geyser Cañon several years ago, as follows: "Descending from the hotel about 75 feet, we first meet the spring of iron, sulphur, and soda, temperature 73°. The first spring going up the Geyser Gulch is the tepid alum and iron incrusted,

temperature 97°, and with a very heavy iridescent incrustation of iron, which forms in a single night. Twenty feet from this, we pass the medicated geyser bath, temperature 88°, and containing ammonia, epsom salts, magnesia, sulphur, iron, etc. We collected crystals of epsom salts two inches in length. Higher up, the spring of boiling alum and sulphur has a temperature of 156°; so, also, the black sulphur, quite near it. The epsom salt spring has a temperature of 146°, and within six feet of it is a spring of iron, sulphur and salts, at the boiling point. Soon we came upon the Boiling Black Sulphur Spring, roaring and tearing continually. As we wander over rock, heated ground and thick deposits of sulphur, salts, ammonia, tartaric acid, magnesia, etc., we try our thermometer in the geyser stream, a combination of every kind of medicated water, and find it rises up to 102°. The Witches' Caldron is over seven feet in diameter, of unknown depth. The contents are thrown up about two or three feet high, in a state of great ebullition, semi-liquid, blacker than ink, and contrast with the volumes of vapor arising; temperature, 195°. Opposite is a boiling alum spring, very strongly impregnated, temperature, 176°. Within twelve feet is an intermittent scalding spring, from which issue streams and jets of boiling water. We have seen them ejected over fifteen feet. But the glory of all is the Steamboat Geyser, resounding like a high pressure seven-boiler boat, blowing off steam, so heated as to be invisible until it is six feet from the mouth. Just above this, the gulch divides; up the left or western side are many hot springs, but the scalding steam iron bath is the most important, temperature, 183°. One hundred and fifty feet above all apparent action we found a smooth, tenacious, plastic, beautiful clay; temperature, 167°. From this point you stand and overlook the ceaseless action, the roar, steam, groans, and bubbling of a hundred boiling medicated springs, while the steam ascends 100 feet above them all. Following the usually traveled path, we pass over the mountain of fire, with its hundred orifices, thence through the alkali lake; then we pass caldrons of black, sulphurous, boiling water, some moving and spluttering with violent ebullition. One white sulphur spring we found quite clear, and up to the boiling point. On every foot of ground we had trodden, the crystalline products of this unceasing chemical action abounded. Alum, magnesia, tartaric acid, epsom salts, ammonia, nitre, iron and sulphur abounded. At thousands of orifices you find hot, scalding steam escaping and forming beautiful deposits of arrowy sulphur crystals. Our next visit carried us up the Pluton, on the north bank, past the ovens, hot with escaping steam, to the eye-water boiling spring, celebrated for its remedial effects upon all manner of inflamed and weak eyes. Quite close to it is a very concentrated alum spring, temperature, 73°. Higher up is a sweetish iron and soda spring, fifteen feet by eight; and twelve feet above are the cold soda and iron spring, incrusted with iron, with a deposit of soda, strong, tonic and inviting; temperature, 56°. It is twelve feet by five, and affords a large supply. The Pluton in the shade was 61°, with many fine pools for bathing, and above for trout-fishing. The Indian Springs are nearly a mile down the cañon. The boiling water comes out clear as ice. This is the old medicated spring, where many a poor aborigine has been

carried over the mountains to have the disease driven out of him by these powerful waters. On its outer wall runs a cold stream of pure water, temperature, 66°, and another water impregnated with iron and alum; temperature, 68°. It is beautifully and romantically situated. Chalybeate and sulphur waters have completely taken away our rheumatism."

NATURAL HOT SULPHUR WATER AND STEAM BATHS.—During the past four or five years immense crowds of people have been going to the Geysers either to indulge in the Natural Hot Sulphur Water and Steam Baths or to "lay off" in the sunshine—or both; and at present the place is as great a summer resort as there is in the State, and during the months of May, June, July and August, the accommodations are unequal to the patronage urged. During May, 1880, Fred. Somers, a well-known writer; Charlie Stoddard, the poet; Julian Rix, the artist, and another *trio* of valetudinarians, one day shook the San Francisco dust from their sandals, and hied themselves to the Geysers for recreation and recuperation, which emancipation they must have abundantly enjoyed, according to Somers' account of their little "racket," which appeared in the San Francisco Argonaut on May 15, 1880, a portion of which we reproduce, as follows:

"Inside, the house is partitioned off into male and female departments, with similar accommodations for each. Under the bath-house is a jet of steam, that bursts out of the ground just reeking with sulphur and iron and all the sweet-smelling minerals in the bowels of the earth. Over this jet a half-hogshead has been placed, and, by means of a wooden spout, the steam is conveyed to what may be called the 'perspiration parlor.' Shedding our clothes, we investigated this apartment. It was a sulphur-stained room, with a settee against the wall, and a few chairs with raw-hide bottoms. Forsyth showed us the steam spout, and the adjustable valve, and how, when the valve was pushed in the steam would crawl under the floor, and climb over the back of the innocent-looking settee, and flay you alive. Then, having explained things, and invited us to take seats without cushions or anything, he proceeded to give us a practical illustration. He pushed the valve, and while the conversation went on the steam began to transact business. It came up the spout, and crawled in under the floor, and came out under and over the back of the settee just as has been described, and it made things very tropical. In less than five minutes that little room looked, and felt, and smelt, like a miniature Hades, with Forsyth in the box office. Hardened and accustomed to this temperature, he smiled through the vapor, while the six of us smothered in the sulphur. The skin rolled off in flakes as we frantically caressed our ribs. Every pore was open and howling with the heat. Finally, when the perspiration was pouring beautifully, and we were yelling for forks to try ourselves and see if we were not done, Stoddard broke up the *séance* by fainting. We dragged him under the tepid shower in the next room, and he recovered. Then, red as lobsters, we went through the rest of the performance—with a slight suspicion, however, that we were getting more than the regulation dose. The tepid showers were delightful. The water

came direct from the warm springs in the bank, and, tempered with minerals, was as soft and soothing as oil. From the warm showers we filed down a steep flight of stairs and took a plunge into a large tank of sulphur water as clear as crystal, and also toned by the hot springs to a degree suited to the steaming body of the plunger. Here we lay off to cool, as it were, and then, passing under the cool showers, were ready for the divans, or lounges, arranged after the manner of the Turkish baths. Amid the curling smoke of cigarettes we pronounced this natural bath very good. Fresh from God's Hammam, we felt like boiled angels. The skin was as soft as silk; the liver fluttered with joy; there was a tingling sensation along the spine; and, finally, there succeeded a sleep that tangled up the whole splendid sensation."

THE SWIMMING POOL.—Besides these steam baths, direct from nature's laboratory, and tempered to a nicety—beyond the cunning hand of man to imitate—there has been built on the creek, a few hundred yards below the steam baths, a dam, that forms a swimming pool of gradually-deepening water, and where, on summer afternoons, men and women and children, under the shade of the oaks and the madronas, can literally soak their souls away. The water is deep enough for the expert swimmer, shallow enough for a four-year-old child, and safe for all. Every summer this feature of the Geysers is a great attraction, and the hotel was so full during June, July and August, 1882, that people were compelled to sleep in bath-houses and on billiard tables. The hotel building is not at all modern in its structure, but is roomy and airy. There are broad piazzas on which the room doors all open; and Mrs. Sherwood, the jewel of a housekeeper, sees that everything is as neat and clean and sweet as a daisy. The table is as good as the market can make it; and, in their season, there is fish, and bear meat, and venison. So, for a country retreat, away out of sight and out of mind of everybody, where one can lounge about in comfortable clothes, and swing in a hammock 'neath the sheltered piazzas' shade, and listen to the soothing evening song of the water from the bank of the ever-murmuring stream, and be steamed into health and happiness and a clear complexion, and float about on a sultry afternoon in a pool as healthful and refreshing as that of Siloam's, with an equally "shady rill," we could recommend no better place for reasonable recreation, absolute *re*-creation, and perfect rest, than the Geysers. Instead of fashion, there is freedom; instead of expense, economy; instead of watering-place luxury, country comfort. During the day you can drone and dream, and at night sit in an easy-chair and gossip, or watch on the great silhouette of the mountain across the cañon the wind weaving steam embroidery from out the Witches' Caldron, and even see the old girls themselves shaking their skirts in the sky as the trees on the sharply outlined crest show for an instant through the fleecy, drifting, ghostly white. These steam jets and clouds are a fascinating study. They are as capricious as the material of which they are composed. In the early morning they roll and tumble and hand-spring all over the neighboring gulches, and in solid columns shoot up high from the sputtering and fretful ravine. As the sun comes up they gradually writhe and retreat within themselves, as the

warm atmosphere dries the vapor into nothingness. Moonlight nights there are regular revels on the steep hill-side—which, by the way, stands almost straight up like a picture on the wall, or a flat of painted scenery. Over this troop through the white lunar light all the big and little witches; and the large and small imps, and, in fact, the whole devilish population of this Plutonian paradise. The white-capped cooks from the Devil's Kitchen waltz with the invisible but gay young girls from Proserpine's Grotto, near the Steamboat Springs, to the music of the Safety Valve; the clerks from the Devil's Office are holding "high jinks" around the Devil's Punch-bowl, and rolling loose rock into the Devil's Inkstand. there is a grand walk round of mythical mothers-in-law and spirituelle old maids about the Caldron; the hoodlums from the Lava Beds have knocked the lid off of the Devil's Teakettle; there is a ghostly row in front of the Devil's Post-office; goblins damned are punching each other's heads under the Devil's Canopy, in a dispute over the possession of the Devil's Arm-chair; and in the Devil's Pulpit stands the old man, himself, wrapped in his sulphurous cloak, calmly contemplative of the scene, and asking himself that oft-recurring question: "When will the rest of this world be mine?"

TWO JEHUS.—For twenty years Clark Foss, who is a lineal descendant of the Son of Nimshi—who drove furiously down the grades of Samaria—has been recognized as the crack whip of California; and the Geysers, indeed, are not better known than the road to them from Calistoga and its famous driver. And there is still another Foss—one Charlie—a chip off the old block, and regarded by many as a greater whip even than the elder Jehu—who at the present divides the honors with his illustrious sire. Foss, Senior holds the reins from Calistoga to Fossville, six miles, over a diversified country, and Foss, Junior, handles the ribbons between Fossville and the Geysers, nineteen miles. This drive is over one of the most excellent and one of the most picturesque turnpikes in California; the time is nowhere surpassed, and the scenery is irresistibly charming all the way. In 1877, Laura De Force Gordon, a correspondent of the San Francisco Evening Post, rode over the Calistoga and Geyser road with the elder Foss, and presented her impressions of the trip to the above-named journal, as follows:

"Seated in the easy-riding, open stage, we speed along over a splendid road through Knight's Valley. Passing the hotel of that name, with its beautiful grounds and gardens, we soon begin to ascend the mountains. The grade up the mountain is pretty heavy and the ascent rapid, bringing the beautiful Sonoma and Russian River valleys into full view, spread out like a magnificent piece of mosaic, at the base of this grand range of mountains. The most interesting and romantic landmark along the route is an immense, isolated, cone-like peak, rising abruptly seven hundred feet above us to the left of the road, which is designated Lover's Leap. The road is tortuous in the extreme, some of the curves being so short that the leaders are out of sight on one side while the coach is rounding the other. It is here that the wonderful dexterity of the driver is best displayed. There is something quite remarkable about this man's management of horses;

he seems to guide and direct them almost entirely by the voice. Holding the reins of his six horses with a firm grip, he gives an occasional twirl to the long lash of his whip, which echoes through the mountain defiles like a pistol. He calls to his team and they obey him with wonderful alacrity. When a favorable stretch of the road is reached the driver calls out, 'Shake—shake one,' and before the last word dies away the horses are flying along at a run; the next instant he says in a gentle tone, 'Down,' and the running gait is changed to a

FOSS AT THE GEYSERS.

slow trot, when 'Way down' is sounded, and the horses come to a dead stop as suddenly as if each one were paralyzed. The next instant, without a movement of the reins, brake, or whip, at the single word 'Shake,' they fly off like the wind. Away we go, up into the beautiful blue of this glorious mountain world, while the very atmosphere, rarified and aromatic from the breath of fragrant pines, fir, and laurel, stimulates the senses like ancient wine, and not a single object of interest or feature of beauty in all this magnificent vision of embroidered earth and

transparent sky, with their thousand charming effects of light and shade, escape observation, and each moment one wonders how the prospect can possibly be improved. We pass Pine Flat, an almost deserted village, which had birth during the great quicksilver mining excitement of two or three years ago, and which contained nearly two thousand inhabitants in a few months' time. The mines proved profitless in the main, and her disappointed population fled, leaving their dwellings to the undisputed occupancy of rats and birds. For two miles we continue to ascend the mountains toward the famous 'Hog's Back' road, which we do not travel, however; but the extent and magnificence of the lower world increases with every curve we round, until the summit is reached and we behold a glorious vision of beautiful landscape, which no pen-painting, however gorgeous, could possibly depict. From this point most of Sonoma County is visible, beside part of Napa Valley, and the vast Pacific Ocean, distinctly discernible, far beyond the Coast Range, to the westward. From the summit we descend rapidly for several miles, the road rounding sharp curves, as usual, the scenery always beautiful, but narrowed to a meager limit compared to the view on the other side. This is by far the pleasanter route to the far-famed Geysers."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION.—Leave San Francisco for the Geysers *via* Oakland Ferry, foot of Market street, at 8 o'clock A. M.; thence by ferry and railroad to Calistoga, 68 miles, arriving at latter place at 11:20 A. M. Then by Foss's stages to the Geysers, 25 miles, (lunch at Fossville,) arriving at place of destination about 5 in the evening. The trip from San Francisco to the Geysers is pronounced by many the most enchanting and diversified on the Pacific Coast, and embraces a sail across the bay of San Francisco to Oakland; then a railway ride, which has no superior, along the bay, from which may be seen Oakland, and Berkeley, and a variety of mountain and landscape scenery, on the right; and Angel Island, Alcatraz, Goat Island, the Golden Gate, Mount Tamalpais, the Navy Yard at Mare Island, and San Pablo Bay on the left; then a sail by ferry across San Pablo Bay; then by rail to Calistoga, *via* Vallejo, Napa, St. Helena, and other less important places. This trip takes the tourist through Napa Valley, with its stretches of vineyard, orchard and grain lands, walled in by spurs of the Coast Range, called the Napa Mountains on the right, and the Sonoma Mountains on the left. On the hills at the right of Vallejo (pronounced Vall-yay-ho, with accent on second syllable, and named in honor of an eminent Mexican general now living at Sonoma,) may be seen the Good Templars' Home for Orphans; on the right of the road, near Napa, the Napa Insane Asylum; and on the mountain side, on the right, about six miles from Napa, the Napa Soda Springs. Near Calistoga, on the right, is Mount St. Helena, 4,343 feet above the sea. At St. Helena there is a U. S. Bonded Warehouse on the right. Two miles and a half from St. Helena is the White Sulphur Springs, and 16 miles away is Ætna Springs, descriptions of which may be found under the proper head. The tourist is particularly requested to observe the scenery at this point, and also that between St. Helena and Calistoga. The road from Calistoga to the Geysers has been alluded to. Calistoga Springs is on the right of the road, at its terminus, and the town of Calistoga is on the left. Stages leave Calistoga for Clear Lake, Soda Bay, Harbin Springs, Mark West Springs, Petrified Forest, Kellogg, Anderson's Springs, Siegler's Springs, Highland Springs, Bartlett's

Springs, and other noted places of resort. The weather is very warm in all of the above-named places from June until October, except during the night-time, which is always cool. There is superior trout-fishing in all the creeks and rivers between Calistoga and the Geysers, (bait is used chiefly) although the fish are not large. Deer, quail, and smaller game are always to be had in their season. There is a good hotel at the Geysers kept by William Forsyth, who sets a first-rate table, and can accommodate from 100 to 150 people. There is a post-office and telephonic communication with the telegraph office at Calistoga. The best time to visit the cañon containing the springs is from six to seven in the morning, at which hours the atmosphere is cool and pleasant, and the steam effects are the most showy and imposing. The tourist must not forget to take a guide and a staff; gentlemen should turn up the bottoms of their pants a few inches, and ladies should wear short (indifferent if they have them along) suits and heavy shoes. The hot sulphur water and steam baths will relieve gout, cure rheumatism, purify the blood, and generally extend to prostrated human nature a new lease. Besides, the whole thing is jolly—the drive with Foss the father and Foss the son; the steam baths, the fresh water swimming baths, and a variety of other cheerful things "too-too" numerous to mention.

Other Natural Wonders.—There are many other objects which may be enumerated under the head of "Natural Wonders," the most conspicuous among which is the *Petrified Forest*, six miles from Calistoga, or one hour's drive off of the regular Calistoga and Geyser road, in Sonoma County. There are about 100 trees and traces of trees—extending over an area of twenty acres, all lying in the same general direction, having been thrown down from north to south—the largest of which is called the "Pride of the Forest," and is 67 feet in length and nearly 12 feet in diameter. Between Fossville and the Geysers, a short distance from the road on the left, going, are the *Little Geysers*, Sonoma County, which resemble, but on a smaller scale, the Geysers proper. Seven miles north of Murphy's, in Calaveras County, is the *Mammoth Cave of Calaveras*, which was discovered by some miners in 1850. This cave contains an apartment (and a rock shaped like a goat) which is called "Odd Fellows' Hall;" also one called the "Music Hall;" also a "Bridal Chamber," "Cataract," "Cathedral," &c. This place may be reached by saddle, seven miles from Murphy's, or fourteen miles west of the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees. Situated on Kidd's Ravine, eight miles south-east from Auburn, Placer County, is *Alabaster Cave*, which, among other things, contains large rooms, crystal waters, and innumerable stalactites, stalagmites, &c. It is distant from San Francisco by rail 176 miles, over the Central Pacific Railroad, and eight miles by saddle. Some twelve miles north-east from Coulterville, Mariposa County, on the old Yosemite road, is *Bower Cave*, which, while it is quite a curiosity, is hardly entitled to classification as such. It is 288 miles from San Francisco—230 by rail and 58 by carriage. Five miles north of Columbia, Tuolumne County, is *Crystal Palace Cave*, discovered in 1879, and containing a number of attractive subterranean apartments, the most conspicuous of which is the "Bridal Chamber," "Crystal Palace" and "Music Hall." There is a hotel at the cave, which can be reached in an hour's drive from Columbia, which is on the road from Murphy's to Sonora. A short distance from this same

road, just after crossing the Tuolumne River, are two *Natural Bridges*, respectively 240 and 180 feet in length. The upper, or larger, bridge is quite a curiosity, and is less than a mile from a point on the regular road, and should not be missed by the tourist, who can get to it and return in half an hour to point of departure. Then there are the so-called *Mud Volcanoes* on the Colorado desert, which we have visited, and which are only eruptions or basins of boiling mud, and hardly worth a visit, unless they could be seen from the railroad, which they cannot. Near Clear Lake and Lassen's Peak there are many curious things in Nature, which will be grouped, in due time, with their more important neighbors, where they more properly belong.

THE MAMMOTH TREES

OF CALIFORNIA.

"Upreared within the azure sky,
Like temples leaf-crowned, vast and high
They firmly stand;
No breeze can sway their massive strength,
Or shake their mighty breadth and length,
By tempests fanned;
Their first of life what man shall know,
That sprung two thousand years ago?

"Two thousand years! two thousand years!
Of human sufferings, joys and tears,
In ceaseless chase;
When these great structures had their birth,
Our Saviour had not walked the earth
To save our race;
Yet then, amid their boughs on high,
Time's diapasons swept them by."

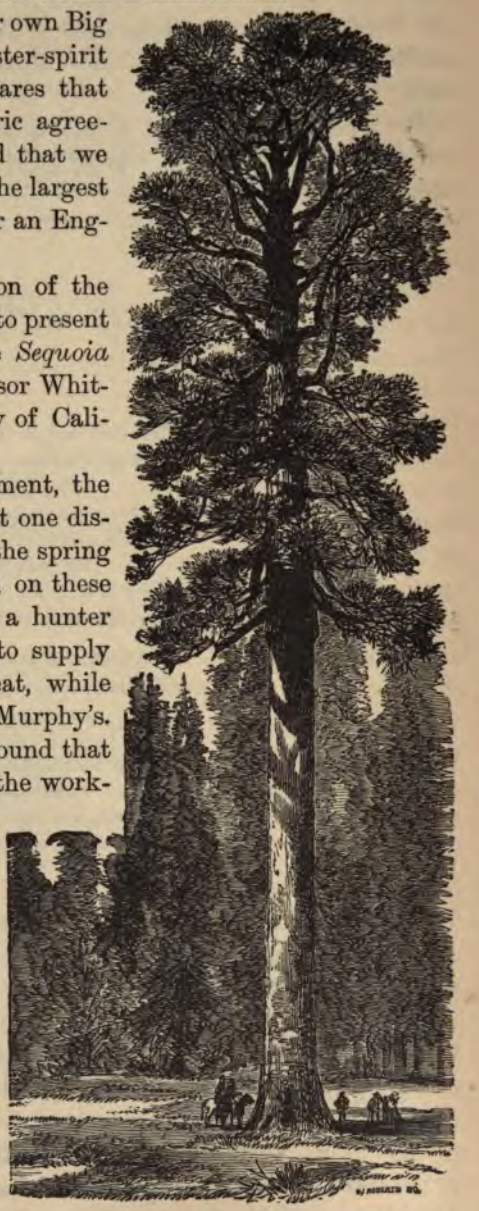
THE Yosemite, with its multitudinous marvels of cataracts and cliffs, and its matchless rivers and lakes and magnificent views, impresses the beholder as no other object in Nature can, and engraves upon the mind a picture as lasting and unchangeable as it is majestic and beautiful. Still, there are other mountains and other waters than those delineated in the masterpiece; and there are the woods, too! those "plantations of God," as Emerson terms them, within which a decorum and a sanctity forever reign, and where a perennial festival is spread for those who gather, like Anlæus, to gain additional strength for the wrestlings of life. All the poets have sung of forests, and more particularly Emerson and Bryant and Tennyson and Keats; and most countries throughout the world point with pride to their trees—and especially do the English point to their oaks—one of which, near Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Forest, is over four hundred years old, and measures thirty odd feet

round—with greater exultation than we Americans point to our *Sequoia gigantea*, or "Big Trees," hundreds of which are supposed to be half as many centuries of age, and whose diameters are as great as the British circumference.

And this permits us to reflect that our own Big Trees came near being called after the master-spirit of Waterloo; and Whitney, himself, declares that "it is to the happy accident of the generic agreement of the Big Tree with the Redwood that we owe it that we are not now obliged to call the largest and most interesting tree in America after an English military hero."

Before proceeding with our description of the Calaveras and Mariposa Groves, we prefer to present our readers with a general history of the *Sequoia gigantea*, as officially prepared by Professor Whitney for his work on the Geological Survey of California, thus:

"According to Mr. Hutchings' statement, the Calaveras Grove of Big Trees was the first one discovered by white men, and the date was the spring of 1852. The person who first stumbled on these vegetable monsters was Mr. A. T. Dowd, a hunter employed by the Union Water Company to supply the men in their employ with fresh meat, while digging a canal to bring the water down to Murphy's. According to the accounts, the discoverer found that his story gained so little credence among the workmen that he was obliged to resort to a ruse to get them to where the trees were.



THE MONARCH OF THE SIERRA

"The wonderful tale of the Big Trees soon found its way into the papers, and appears to have been first published in the Sonora Herald, the nearest periodical to the locality. The account was republished, among other papers, in the Echo du Pacific of San Francisco, then copied into the London Athenæum of July 23d, 1853 (page 892), which is believed to be the first notice published in Europe, and from there again into Gardener's Chronicle of London, where it appeared July 30th, 1853 (p. 488). In the last-named journal, for December 24th, page 819, Dr. Lindley published the first scientific description of the Big Tree. Overlooking its close affinity with the already described Redwood, he

regarded it as a type of a new genus, which he called *Wellingtonia*, adding the specific name of *gigantea*. His specimens were received from Mr. William Lobb, through Messrs. Veitch & Sons, well-known nurserymen. The tree had been previously brought to the notice of scientific men in San Francisco, and specimens had been sent to Dr. Torrey in New York considerably earlier than to Dr. Lindley, but the specimens were lost in transmission; and, no description having been published in San Francisco, although Drs. Kellogg and Behr had brought it to the notice of the California Academy early that year as a new species, the honor and opportunity of naming it was lost to American botanists. The closely allied species of the same genus, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, the Redwood, had been named and described by Endlicher in 1847, and was well known to botanists all over the world in 1852.

"At the meeting of the Société Botanique de France, held June 28th, 1854, the eminent botanist Decaisne presented specimens of the two species, the Big Tree and the Redwood, with those of other Californian *coniferæ*, recently received from the Consular Agent of France at San Francisco. At this meeting M. Decaisne gave his reasons, at some length, for considering the Redwood and the more recently discovered Big Tree to belong to the same genus, *Sequoia*, and, in accordance with the rules of botanical nomenclature, called the new species *Sequoia gigantea*. The report of these proceedings is to be found in the Bulletin de la Société Botanique de France Vol. 1, p. 70, which was issued in July (probably) of 1854.

"In the meantime specimens had been received by Dr. Torrey at New York, and in September of the same year (1854) Professor Gray, of Cambridge, published in the American Journal of Science, appended to a notice of the age of the Redwood, a statement on his own authority, that a comparison of the cones of that tree and those of the so-called *Wellingtonia* of Lindley, did not bring to view any differences adequate to the establishment of a new genus. To this Professor Gray adds: 'The so-called *Wellingtonia* will hereafter bear the name imposed by Dr. Torrey, namely, *Sequoia gigantea*. It does not appear, however, on examination, that Dr. Torrey had himself published any description of the Big Tree, or of the fact that he considered it generically identical with the Redwood, and priority seems to have been secured by Decaisne, so that the name must now stand as *Sequoia gigantea*, Decaisne.

"No other plant ever attracted so much attention or attained such a celebrity within so short a period. The references to it in scientific works and journals already number between one and two hundred, and it has been the theme of innumerable articles in popular periodicals and books of travel, in various languages; probably there is hardly a newspaper in Christendom that has not published some item on the subject.

"The genus was named in honor of Sequoia or Sequoyah, a Cherokee Indian of mixed blood, better known by his English name of George Guess, who is supposed to have been born about 1770, and who lived in Will's Valley, in the extreme northeastern corner of Alabama, among the Cherokees. Endlicher, who named

the genus, was not only a learned botanist, but was eminent in ethnological research, and was undoubtedly well acquainted with Sequoia's career. The name is also, and more generally spelt 'Sequoyah,' which is the English way of writing it, while the other is what it would naturally and properly be in Latin. Sequoyah became known to the world by his invention of an alphabet and written language of his tribe. This alphabet, which was constructed with wonderful ingenuity, consisted of eighty-six characters, each representing a syllable; and it had already come into use, to a considerable extent, before the whites had heard anything of it. After a time the missionaries took up Sequoyah's idea, and had types cast and a printing-press supplied to the Cherokee nation, and a newspaper was started in 1828, partly in this character. Driven with the rest of his tribe beyond the Mississippi, he died in New Mexico, in 1843. His remarkable alphabet is still in use, although destined to pass away with his nation, but not in oblivion, for his name, attached to one of the grandest and most impressive productions of the vegetable kingdom, will forever keep his memory green.

"The Big Tree is extremely limited in its range, even more so than its twin brother, the Redwood. The latter is strictly a Coast Range or sea-board tree; the other inland, or exclusively limited to the Sierra. Both trees are, also, peculiarly Californian. A very few of the Redwood may be found just across the border in Oregon, but the Big Tree has never been found outside of California, and probably never will be.

"The Big Tree occurs exclusively in groves, or scattered over limited areas, never forming groups by themselves, but always disseminated among a much larger number of trees of other kinds. These patches on which the Big Tree stands do not equal in area a hundredth part of that which the Redwoods cover exclusively. We are quite unable to state the number of square miles or acres on which the Big Trees grow, except for two of the groves, the Calaveras and Mariposa, both of which have been carefully surveyed by our parties. It may be roughly stated, however, that this area does not, so far as yet known, exceed fifty square miles, and that most of this is in one path, between King's and Kaweah Rivers, as will be noticed further on.

"The groves of the Big Trees are limited in latitude between 36° and 38° 15′ nearly, at least so far as we now know. The Calaveras Grove is the most northerly, and the one on the south fork of the Tule is the farthest south of any yet known to us. They are also quite limited in vertical range, since they nowhere descend much below 5,000 or rise above 7,000 feet. They follow the other trees of California, in this respect, that they occur lower down on the Sierra as we go northwards; the most northerly grove, that of Calaveras, is the lowest in elevation above the sea-level.

"There are eight distinct patches or groves of the Big Trees,—or nine, if we should consider the Mariposa trees as belonging to two different groups, which is hardly necessary, inasmuch as there is only a ridge half a mile in width separating the upper grove from the lower. The eight groves are, in the geographical order from north to south: first, the Calaveras; second, the Stanislaus; third,

Crane Flat; fourth, Mariposa; fifth, Fresno; sixth, King's and Kaweah Rivers; seventh, North Fork Tule River; eighth, South Fork Tule River.

"The Calaveras Grove is situated in the county of that name, about sixteen miles from Murphy's Camp, and near the Stanislaus River. It is on, or near, the road crossing the Sierra by the Silver Mountain Pass. This being the first grove of Big Trees discovered, and the most accessible, it has come more into notice and been much more visited than any of the others; indeed, this and the Mariposa Grove are the only ones which have become a resort for travelers. The Calaveras

TWINS. THE TWO SEQUOIAS. SUCKERS.

Grove has also the great advantage over the others, that a good hotel is kept there, and that it is accessible on wheels, all the others being a greater or less distance from any road. This grove occupies a belt 3,200 feet long by 700 feet broad, extending in a northwest and southeast direction, in a depression between two slopes, through which meanders a small brook which dries up in the summer. There are between 90 and 100 trees of large size in the grove, and a considerable number of small ones, chiefly on the outskirts. Several have fallen since the grove was discovered; one has been cut down; and one has had the bark stripped

from it up to the height of 116 feet above the ground. The bark thus removed was exhibited in different places, and finally found a resting-place in the Sydenham Crystal Palace, where it was unfortunately burned in the fire which consumed a part of that building several years ago. The two trees thus destroyed were perhaps the finest in the grove. The tallest now standing is the one called the Starr King; the largest and finest is known as the Empire State. The height of this grove above the sea-level is 4,759 feet.

"The next grove south of the one just noticed is south of the Stanislaus River, near the borders of Calaveras and Tuolumne Counties. It is on the east side of Beaver Creek, about five miles in a southeasterly direction from the Calaveras Grove. The number of trees is large, there being some seven or eight hundred in all, it is said; several of them are very fine specimens and in excellent condition. This locality is frequently visited by tourists who ride over from the hotel in the other grove, where horses and guides are furnished, the excursion pleasantly occupying a day. This is usually called the South Park Grove.

"The group of Big Trees next in order to the one last mentioned is over forty miles distant from it in a southeasterly direction. This grove appears to consist of two groups of trees with a few straggling ones between. One group is about a mile northwest of Crane Flat, on the Coulterville trail to the Yosemite; the other is three miles southwest of this on the new road lately built by the Coulterville Turnpike Company. The trees in the Crane Flat group stand mostly on the north slope of a hill, rather sheltered from the wind; and, so far as observed, are rather smaller than those of the Calaveras Grove. The largest sound tree measured was 57 feet in circumference, at three feet from the ground. A stump, so burned that only one half remained, was 23 feet in diameter inside the bark at three feet from the ground.

"The Mariposa Grove is situated about sixteen miles directly south of the Lower Hotel in the Yosemite Valley, and between three and four miles southeast of Clark's Ranch, and at an elevation of about 2,500 feet above the last-named place, or of 6,500 feet above the sea-level. It lies in a little valley, occupying a depression on the back of a ridge, which runs along in an easterly direction between Big Creek and the South Merced. One of the branches of the creek heads in the grove.

"The trail approaches the Upper Grove from the west side, and passes through and around it, in such a manner as to take the visitor very near to almost all the largest trees; to accomplish this, it ascends one branch of the creek and then crosses over and descends the other, showing that the size of the trees depends somewhat on their position in regard to water. Still, there are several very large ones on the side-hill south of the creek, quite high above the stream.

"Several of the trees in this grove have been named, some of them, indeed, half a dozen times; there are no names, however, which seem to have become current, as is the case in the Calaveras Grove. A plan has been drawn for the Commissioners, however, showing each tree, with its exact position and size, a

A SCENE IN THE MARIPOSA GROVE.

number being attached to each. The circumference of every tree in the grove was also carefully measured, and the height of such as could be conveniently got at for this purpose.

"By riding a little further up on the ridge above the Mariposa Grove, a fine view of the surrounding country, and especially of the Merced Group, can be had. A lunch-house has lately been built at a convenient point for those who wish to tarry and breathe the cool air in this higher region.

"The next grove south of the Mariposa is one in Fresno County, about fourteen miles southeast of Clark's, and not far from a conspicuous point called Wammelo Rock. Mr. Clark has described this grove, which we have not visited, as extending for above two and a half miles in length by from one to two in breadth. He has counted 500 trees in it, and believes the whole number to be not far from 600. The largest measured 81 feet in circumference, at three feet from the ground.

"No other grove of Big Trees has been discovered to the southeast of this, along the slope of the Sierra, until we reach a point more than fifty miles distant from the Fresno Grove. Here, between the King's and Kaweah Rivers, is by far the most extensive collection of trees of this species which has yet been discovered in the State.

"This belt of trees, for grove it can hardly be called, occurs about thirty miles north-northeast of Visalia, on the tributaries of the King's and Kaweah Rivers, and on the divide between. They are scattered over the slopes and on the valley, but are larger in the depressions, where the soil is more moist. Along the trail which runs from Visalia to the Big Meadows, the belt is four or five miles wide, and it extends over a vertical range of about 2,500 feet; its total length is as much as eight or ten miles, and may be more. The trees are not collected together into groves, but are scattered through the forests, and associated with the other species usually occurring at this altitude in the Sierra; they are most abundant at from 6,000 to 7,000 feet elevation above the sea-level. Their number is great; probably thousands might be counted. Their size, however, is not great, the average being from ten to twelve feet in diameter, and but few exceeding twenty feet; but smaller trees are very numerous. One tree, which had been cut, had a diameter of eight feet, exclusive of the bark, and was 377 years old. The largest one seen was near Thomas' mill; this had a circumference of 106 feet near the ground, no allowance being made for a portion which was burned away at the base. When entire the tree may have been ten or twelve feet more in circumference. At about twelve feet from the ground, the circumference was 75 feet. Its height was 276 feet. The top was dead, however, and, although the tree was symmetrical and in good growth, it had passed its prime.

"Another tree, which had fallen, and had been burned hollow, was so large that three horsemen could ride abreast into the cavity for a distance of 30 feet, its height and width being about 11 feet. At a distance of 70 feet the diameter of the cavity was still as much as eight feet. The base of this tree could not be easily measured; but the trunk was burned through at 120 feet from the ground,

and at that point had a diameter (exclusive of the bark) of 13 feet 2 inches; and, at 169 feet from its base the tree was nine feet in diameter. The Indians stated that a still larger tree existed to the north of King's River. This tree should be looked up and carefully measured; unfortunately, it was not in the power of our party to do this.

"All through these forests there are numerous young Big Trees, of all sizes, from the seedling upwards, and at Thomas' mill they are cut up for lumber, in a manner quite at variance with the oft-repeated story of the exceptional character of the species. Prostrate trunks of old trees are also numerous; some of them must have lain for ages, as they were nearly gone, while the wood is very durable.

HOW IS THIS FOR A BACK LOG!

"The only other groves yet discovered are those on the Tule River, of which there are two, one on the north and the other on the south branch of that stream. They are fifteen miles apart, and the most northerly of the two is about thirty miles from the grove last described. As the intervening region has been but little explored, it is not at all unlikely that more of the Big Trees may be found along the fork of the Kaweah which intersects this region with its numerous branches. We are not aware that these two Tule groves were known previous to their discovery by Mr. D'Heureuse, one of the topographers of the Geological Survey, in 1867; at least no notice of them had ever appeared in

print. The number of trees in these groves is quite large, as they are scattered over several square miles of area. The largest of them were said by Mr. D'Heureuse to be about the size of the largest in the other groves.

"Not one of the Big Trees has ever been found south of the grove on the South Fork of the Tule. The region has not, however, been so thoroughly explored that it would be safe to say that none exist there. Judging from the extent of the area over which this species is scattered, between King's and Kaweah Rivers, it would seem that here was its most congenial habitat, and it may eventually be found that this tree forms pretty nearly a continuous belt, for some fifty or sixty miles."

The Calaveras Grove of Big Trees.—If there is a spot in the world where there may be found perfect bliss and repose, that spot is the "Calaveras Grove," with its excellent hotel right in the midst of the monarchs of the forest, and surrounded by mountains whose extreme ramifications lose themselves in the skies, and where the atmosphere is as magical to the spirit as is sunshine to birds and flowers.

"Here aged trees cathedral walks compose,
And mount the hill in venerable rows."

Here in this lovely, peaceful grove—

"The giant trees, in silent majesty,
Like pillars stand 'neath Heaven's mighty dome.
'Twould seem that, perched upon their topmost branch,
With outstretched finger, man might touch the stars—"

——those worlds above us, though larger than our own, in appearance no larger than the glittering jewels upon a lady's finger.

If the reader will accompany us, we will take a stroll through this grove, which contains ten trees thirty feet in diameter, and seventy odd that are between fifteen and thirty feet. The first cluster, on our left, is just 120 yards from the hotel, and were named, respectively, in 1865, "U. S. Grant," "W. T. Sherman," and "J. B. McPherson," after three leading generals in the Union army. To the right and southward thirty yards from these is a group of three trees named, respectively, "Phil Kearny," "John F. Reynolds," and "Commodore Vanderbilt." Sixty yards east of "Grant" and "Sherman" is the "Pride of the Forest," originally named the "Eagle." It is twenty-three feet in diameter, and three hundred feet high, and altogether one of the healthiest and noblest trees of the forest. Near by stands "Phil Sheridan," a stout, graceful tree, three hundred feet high; and near this lies the "Miner's Cabin," which was blown down by a terrific gale November, 1860. It is three hundred and nineteen feet long, and twenty-one and a half feet in diameter. Seventy yards east of the "Miner's Cabin" brings us to the "Three Graces," a group of three trees, close together in a straight line, regarded by many as the most beautiful cluster in the grove. Fifteen yards north of the "Three Graces" stands "Andrew Johnson," so named early in the summer of 1865. Making this tree a central point of observation, to the west twenty paces is "Florence Nightingale," originally "Nightingale," to

which the Florence was added in 1865, by an admiring nephew of the philanthropic English lady, whose name the tree now bears. Thirty paces eastward (of "Andrew Johnson") is the "Bay State," and forty yards north "W. C. Bryant," so named in 1865 by a lady admirer of that distinguished American poet. To the left of "Bryant" twenty feet is "Wm. H. Seward." After passing "Seward" is the "Pioneer's Cabin" (so named from the cabin like chamber and chimney, its hollow trunk exhibits), one of the largest of the trees. To the west forty yards are two beautiful Sequoias, say seventy-five years old, of beautiful and vigorous growth, two feet in diameter, and one hundred and forty feet high. South of the "Pioneer's Cabin," seventy yards, in the center of the Grove is a tree two hundred and eighty feet high, seventeen feet in diameter, singularly hollowed out on

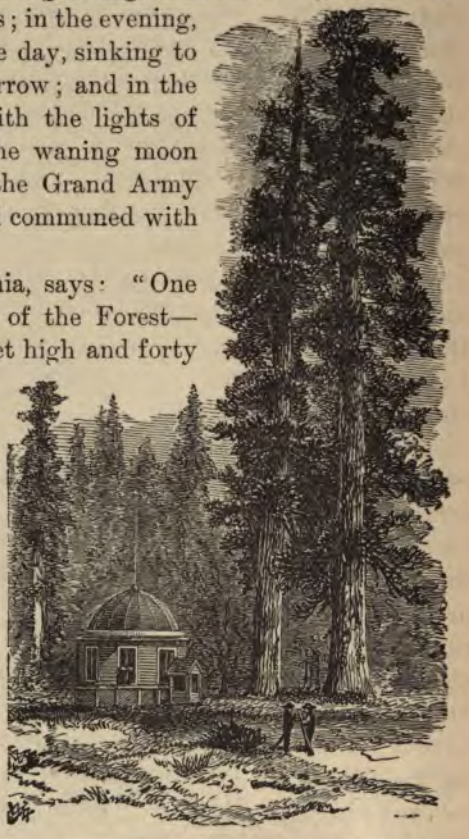
ROOM FOR NINETEEN HORSEMEN INSIDE.

one side by fire, and named "Pluto's Chimney." The "Chimney" made by the fire is on the north side, and extends from the ground ninety feet upward. A hundred feet north of the "Pioneer's Cabin," stands the "Quartette" cluster, the highest of which is two hundred and twenty feet; and fifty yards east of this is a healthy young tree thirteen feet in diameter, two hundred and fifty feet high, named in 1865 by a San Francisco lady, "America." It has been well-named. Eighty yards east of the "Pioneer's Cabin," the one on the right, the other on the left of the path, are "California" and "Broderick," so named in 1865. Originally they were called "Ada" and "Mary." The next tree is "Henry Ward Beecher," two hundred and eighty feet high and fourteen feet in diameter. A few steps further brings us to the "Fallen Monarch," the base section of a huge

trunk, which has to all appearance been down for centuries. It is still eighteen feet in diameter, though all the bark and much of the wood have been wasted away by time. What is left is perfectly sound; but the upper half or two-thirds, which struck the earth with greatest force in its fall, has all disappeared, and trees nearly a century old are growing where it struck. This tree must have been over three hundred feet high and twenty-five feet in diameter. Fifty paces east of this is "Abraham Lincoln." It is eighteen feet in diameter and three hundred and twenty feet high—sound from root to top. One hundred yards north of this is a tree which has been called "Elihu Burritt." The next tree, twenty paces to the right of the path is "Uncle Sam." Near it stands "Alta (Upper) California," and fifteen steps north of this is "Union." Next and right on the trail comes "General Wadsworth," named in honor of the noble soldier who was slain in Grant's campaign against Richmond. Then "Gen. E. D. Baker," slain at Ball's Bluff, and "Gen. George G. Meade," the victorious commander at Gettysburg. This cluster contains twelve trees—in size of the second class—averaging fifteen feet in diameter, and two hundred and sixty feet in height. "The Mother of the Forest" ends the northward course of our walk, and here the path turns toward the hotel. This tree has been stripped of its bark for one hundred and sixteen feet upward from the ground. It is, of course, dead, and the top limbs are beginning to fall. The "Mother" is three hundred and twenty-seven feet high, and without the bark, seventy-eight feet in circumference. North of the "Mother," and outside of the enclosure, are "The Twins," and a nameless tree sixteen feet in diameter and three hundred feet high. Fifty yards on the trail, after it turns southward, is "General Sutter," which, dividing thirty feet from the ground, forms two distinct trees, each two hundred and eighty feet high. "Salem Witch," "Longfellow," "Prof. Asa Gray," and "Dr. John Torrey," (the last two named in honor of distinguished American botanists,) are next, close together, and are all fine trees. Fifty feet to the west of these stand "The Trinity," three trees growing from one trunk. The circumference below the point of divergence is sixty feet. One hundred feet from "Longfellow" we are amidst the family group. Standing near the uprooted base of "The Father of the Forest," the scene is grand and beautiful beyond description: The "Father" long since bowed his head in the dust, yet how stupendous even in his ruin! He measures one hundred and twelve feet in circumference at the base, and can be traced three hundred feet where the trunk was broken by falling against another tree; it here measures sixteen feet in diameter, and according to the average taper of the other trees this venerable giant must have been four hundred and fifty feet in height when standing. A hollow chamber or burnt cavity extends through the trunk two hundred feet, large enough for a person to ride through; near its base a never-failing spring of water is found. Walking upon the trunk and looking from its uprooted base, the mind can scarce conceive its prodigious dimensions, while on the other hand tower his giant sons and daughters, forming the most impressive scene in the forest. Ninety yards east of this, and the same distance from the road, is a cluster of three trees, named "Starr King," "Richard

Cobden" and "John Bright." Starr King is the highest standing tree in the group—three hundred and sixty-six feet. "Daniel O'Connell" and "Edward Everett" stand next south of this trio. They are young trees—say eight hundred years old—and quite vigorous. Midway of the trunk of the "Father" are "James King of William" and "Keystone State." "Sir John Franklin" and "Dr. Kane" are close north of the "Father." They were so named in 1862 by Lady Franklin. Near "Dr. Kane" is the "Century," named in 1865 in honor of the notable Century Club of New York, of which the deceased poet Bryant was at that time president. Ten feet from "The Keystone" close together, stand "Lafayette" and "John LeConte." "Hercules" stretches his huge body across the path next. This was the largest tree standing in the Grove, until 1862, when during a heavy storm it fell. It is three hundred and twenty-five feet long, and ninety-seven in circumference. When standing, "Hercules" leaned about sixty feet from perpendicular. A few paces north of the roots of "Hercules" are the "Sequoia Queen," and her "Maids of Honor,"—one on each side of the "Queen." "Sir Joseph Hooker," "John Lindley,"—English botanists—and "Humboldt," stand together on the hill near the shattered top of "Hercules." Near these are two young Sequoias, say sixty years old. "The Mother and Son" are directly on our path to the right approaching the hotel. South of these, twenty yards, is an ancient fallen trunk, very large; and near to the east on the hillside, is an unnamed tree three hundred feet high, sixteen feet in diameter. Thirty yards north of "The Mother and Son" is "General Scott," three hundred and twenty-five feet high. The "Old Maid," sixty feet in circumference, which fell toward her friend, the "Old Bachelor," January, 1865, lies along the hill all broken to pieces. The "Old Bachelor" still lives. Near this, on the hillside, stands "Kentucky." "The Siamese Twins," "Daniel Webster," and "Granite State" are in a cluster right on the trail. They are first-class trees in size, with an average diameter of twenty feet, and three hundred and five feet in height. "The Old Republican," "Henry Clay," "Andrew Jackson," and "Vermont" greet us next. They are of the second class. Then come the "Empire State" and "Old Dominion," first-class. The former is ninety-four feet in circumference. The latter was thrown down during the winter of 1882, taking with it, for a distance of more than three hundred feet, giant pines and firs, and grinding them into dust. This prostrate tree is even great and grand in its fallen greatness. We next reach "George Washington." "Uncle Tom's Cabin," a tree of the second class, stands between "George Washington" and the "Empire State." Emerging into the open space near the carriage road we reach "The Beauty of the Forest," "The Two Sentinels," and "Old Dowd." These are of the first and second class. One of the "Sentinels" measures three hundred and fifteen feet in height. In this part of the Grove close observation will detect a number of young trees—say from ten to three hundred years old—and from forty to two hundred feet high. They are all growing finely, and promise—barring accidents of wind or fire, to be well brought up, middle-aged trees of their kind in about one thousand years.

In a minute more we are back at the hotel, having been absent about an hour and a half or two hours. In 1867 Mr. M. D. Boruck visited this delightful spot, and prepared for his paper, the San Francisco Spirit of the Times, an article from which we make the following extract: "There is a sublimity about this spot which our humble abilities are vainly endeavoring to give descriptive form to, that entrances the eye, enchains the thought, and holds the heart captive. It is grand beyond description, and the mind is disturbed, the hand grows weak, and the pen falls listless from the grasp when the glorious panorama passes before the imagination. We visited the grove in the morning, when the rising sun tipped their dizzy heights with the warm greeting of another day; at noon, when sparkling bright in his golden showers; in the evening, when having performed his mission of the day, sinking to rest, leaving a bright promise for the morrow; and in the depths of night, in its fearful silence, with the lights of heaven jeweled in the firmament, and the waning moon struggling through the serried ranks of the Grand Army of the Forest; we reposed, wondered and communed with ourself and our strange companions."



"SENTINELS"—CALAVERAS GROVE.

Hittell, in his Resources of California, says: "One of the trees which is down—The Father of the Forest—must have been four hundred and fifty feet high and forty feet in diameter. In 1853, one of the largest trees, ninety-two feet in circumference and over three hundred feet high, was cut down. Five men worked twenty-five days in felling it, using large augers. The stump of this tree has been smoothed off, and now easily accommodates thirty-two dancers. Theatrical performances have been held upon it, and in 1858 a newspaper—the Big Tree Bulletin—was printed there. Near the stump lies a section of the trunk; this is twenty-five feet in diameter and twenty feet long; beyond lies the immense trunk as it fell, measuring three hundred and two feet from the base of the stump to its extremity. Upon this was situated a reception room and ten pin alley, stretching along its upper surface for a distance of eighty-one feet, affording ample space for two alley-beds side by side."

THE SOUTH GROVE.—This grove, six miles distant from the hotel, and connected by a good trail with the Mammoth Grove, where good horses and guides are furnished to such as wish to visit it, contains 1,380 of these trees, many of them of immense size; one, still standing and growing, has the interior

portion at the base so burned out as to make a room large enough to contain sixteen men on horseback at the same time, and yet enough of the outer rim of the tree is left to support the colossal proportions above.

One very pleasant morning in June, 1882, in company with Mr. and Mrs. Horace Davis, we left the Mammoth Grove Hotel at 8 o'clock, for a day amidst the largest trees in the world. Once in the saddle we followed the well-known mountain guide, Andrew Jackson Smith. A short distance from the hotel we ascended and stood on the dividing ridge between the Big Tree Creek and the Stanislaus River. Here a remarkably fine view was obtained of the near and distant mountains. Far away the Dardanelles or summit of the Sierra towered aloft 12,500 feet. Many of the distant peaks were snow-capped. Descending into the valley we reached Squaw Hollow, two miles from the hotel. A mile beyond we crossed the north fork of the Stanislaus River, on whose classic shores (according to Bret Harte) the Society of Truthful James came to grief. Here a bridge spans the pretty mountain stream; above the bridge are a series of rapids, caused by the immense boulders that have rolled into the bed of the river. In places its banks were vine-clad—they are also wooded to the edge. It is a gem of mountain scenery. Ascending the Stanislaus Hill, a fine view was obtained of the valley, as well as of the basaltic cliffs opposite. Further on, the trail passed over several small natural bridges, under which a swift brook runs. Onward and we reached the divide between Beaver Creek and the Stanislaus River. This creek is a famous locality for trout-fishing. Still we wended our way through vast pine trees, of various kinds, many of them ten feet and upward in diameter, and from two hundred to two hundred and seventy feet high, and the South Grove was reached. Mr. J. M. Hutchings, the well-known California writer on the Big Trees, Yosemite, etc., was its first possessor. It is now the property of Mr. Sperry, who has over one thousand acres there alone, apart from the Calaveras Grove. It extends three and a half miles, and, as we have stated above, contains 1,380 large trees. Any tree there under eighteen feet in circumference is not considered a large tree. The Sequoias, on first acquaintance, are awe-inspiring. Their vastness almost appalls the beholder. At the entrance to the grove are three Sequoias. One is named "Correspondent," in honor of many hard-working knights of the quill, who are constantly trying to

SECTION OF BIG TREE—CALAVERAS GROVE.

amuse and instruct the public. Next are "Fred" and "Electra;" they form a remarkably fine row as they stand side by side, the outposts of the vast army within. They have an average circumference of forty-five feet, or a diameter of fifteen feet, their average height being two hundred and fifty feet. Our party next reached the "General Custer," an immense tree, having a circumference of eighty feet, and a height of three hundred and twenty feet. Proceeding, two celebrated Canadians are met, namely, the "Sir Francis Hincks," measuring sixty feet six inches in circumference at its base, and three hundred feet high. On the opposite side of our path stands the "Dr. J. W. Dawson," measuring fifty feet at its base, and of a similar height. These splendid trees have no limbs for fully one hundred feet above the ground. Like many of the other trees of the Sequoia family, they show marks of the great fire that raged upwards of one thousand years ago. The "Dawson" has a large cavity burnt out at its base, capable of holding many persons. Following the path the "Dr. Eugene Nelson" is seen on the tourist's right hand, measuring at the base sixty-one feet in circumference, height three hundred feet. These trees form an isosceles triangle. Further on are the "Two Lovers," named by a lady, a stately pair of trees; next a huge tree named "Massachusetts," one hundred feet in circumference at the base, thus having a diameter of thirty-three feet and one-third, and a height of three hundred and eighty feet. The "Ohio" measures one hundred and four feet in circumference and towers aloft three hundred and twenty-eight feet, then "Connecticut," having a circumference of ninety-six feet and a height of three hundred; the "General Garfield," recently named by an admirer, is three hundred and forty feet high, and has a circumference of ninety feet. "Hancock," opposite, is a splendid tree. "New York" measures one hundred and six feet in circumference, and is also three hundred and forty feet high. Words fail to convey an idea of the exact magnitude of these gigantic denizens of the forest. Twenty yards east of "New York" stands "Beaconsfield," with a circumference of sixty-eight feet, and a height of three hundred and twenty-five; "Cyclops," a live tree, has an immense cavity at its base, which has actually held sixteen men on horseback. Next, the "Palace Hotel," one hundred feet in circumference, and three hundred feet high. The tree is so named on account of its spacious interior, after the "Palace" at San Francisco—the largest hotel in the world. The "Palace" has a burnt-out cavity extending upward ninety feet, and fifteen feet across. "The Knight of the Forest" measures seventy-two feet in circumference at the base, and is three hundred feet high. Near by, on a gentle slope, is a group of five unnamed Sequoias; they average twenty feet in diameter and are three hundred feet high. They are followed by a host of trees of equal magnitude, and the "Three Graces" of this grove are well and fitly named. "Noah's Ark" is a monster; it has a large and long cavity, caused by the action of fire, in which two horsemen could ride side by side, as it lay on the ground. Recently the upper part of the shell was broken in by a heavy snow-deposit. "Old Goliah" is the largest fallen tree in the grove; it measures as it lies one hundred and five feet in circumference, and has a present length intact of two

hundred and sixty-one feet. A limb alone measures twelve feet in circumference. "Smith's Cabin," so named after a hunter and guide, who lived in its burnt-out base for two years, is alive and flourishing, despite its injuries. We measured the interior carefully, and fancy our astonishment in finding it to be sixteen feet by twenty-one and a half. Its height is three hundred and forty feet. Here Smith, our guide, weathered the terrible gale that was the downfall of "Old Goliah," his neighbor. During the progress of the hurricane he did not dare to venture out, as limbs and trees were constantly coming down. The fall of "Old Goliah" he compared to an earthquake. The grove extends half a mile beyond the "Cabin," in a northerly direction. Having come in by the east side, we turned and left the grove by the west. Many young Sequoias are seen, having an

HOTEL AT CALAVERAS GROVE.

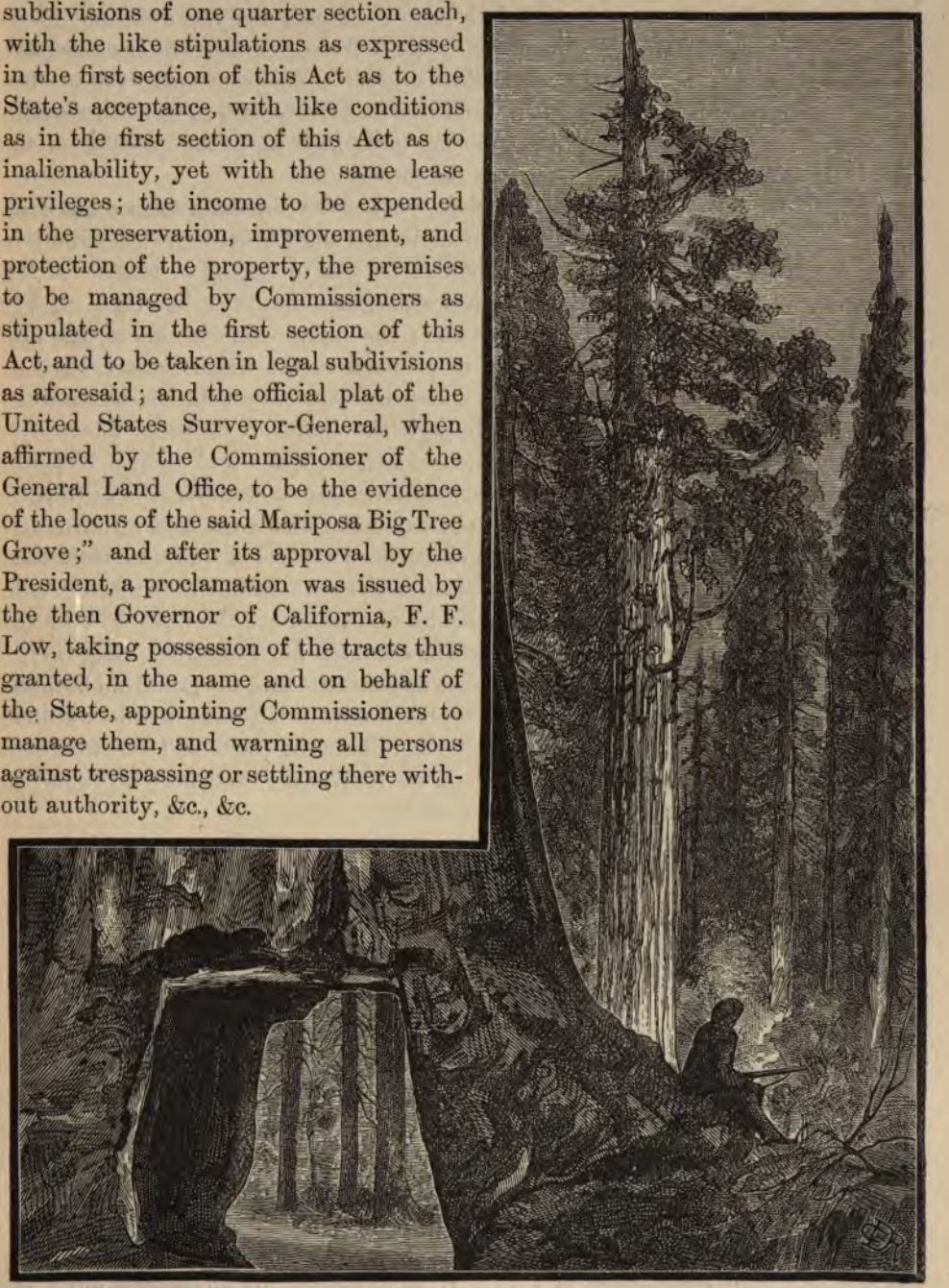
average circumference of fifteen feet, with a height of two hundred. Infants of the family also appear in various stages of growth intermediate between these and mere saplings. We paced the surface of "Old Goliah," the largest fallen tree; it was two hundred and sixty-one feet long. It required no stretch of the imagination to make it the deck of some long ship. Sitting upon the upper part of the base of the tree we were twenty-three feet above ground. At two hundred and sixty-one feet, where it is broken off, it measures forty-five feet in circumference. It has also suffered from fire. Its base has been put to a highly practical use, being no less than a stable for horses. Scientific men of note

pronounce the trees to be from two to four thousand years old, their age being judged by the number of their concentric rings. That fire of one thousand years ago raged among the Sequoias alone. Nor does this seem incredible, when vast sugar pines thirty and thirty-six feet in circumference and two hundred and fifty feet high, now growing side by side with these trees, show no signs of fire, proving conclusively that they had no existence at the time. The trip to the South Grove and return takes about a day, the guide always taking along luncheon for the party making it.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION.—Leave San Francisco (foot of Market street) at 4 P. M. for Stockton, 103 miles, by cars, arriving at Stockton at 8:25 same evening; next morning take train for Milton, 28 miles, and then stage for the Mammoth Grove, 44 miles, arriving at 8 in the evening (lunch at Gibson's). The Mammoth Grove Hotel is owned and kept by James L. Sperry, (who also owns both of the groves just described,) and has lately been enlarged, and can now accommodate one hundred guests. It has a laundry, hot and cold baths, a billiard table, bar, verandas, parlor, ball-room, pleasant sleeping apartments, and furnishes the best of fare at the table. There is a post-office, express and telegraph office at the hotel. It faces the grove, having the greater number of trees to the left, looking from the veranda, and the Two Sentinels immediately in the front, about two hundred yards to the eastward. The valley in which the hotel is situated contains of the Sequoia trees, ninety-three, not including those of from one to ten years' growth. There are also hundreds of sugar and pitch pines of astonishing proportions, ranging to the height of two hundred and seventy-five feet, and having not unfrequently a diameter of ten to eleven and a-half feet. Anywhere else these pines would be regarded as wonders; but here, by the side of the Sequoias, their size is dwarfed. During the summer and spring months this valley is exempt from the heat of the lower country and from the cold of the snow-range. Vegetation blooms early in May, remaining fresh and green until the middle of October. The water is always pure and cold, and the hotel is furnished with ice all through the summer and autumn. Snow falls usually about the middle of December, and disappears from the grove entirely by the middle of April. There is splendid hunting ground in the vicinity—mountain quail are abundant near by, and on the Stanislaus, and three miles distant, grouse and deer abound. The San Antonio contains trout of fine size. Delightful horseback or buggy rides conduct the visitor to many interesting points of scenery, or objects of curiosity, among which, besides the Falls of San Antonio, may be mentioned the Basaltic Cliff, on the north fork of the Stanislaus River, and the Cave at Cave City, fourteen miles to the west, and which has been heretofore alluded to under the head of "Natural Wonders." Among these noble trees may be had the most delicious baths of mountain air, which impart elasticity to the body and serenity to the mind; and if our pleasures become less ardent and our passions more moderate, our meditations acquire a degree of sublimity from the grandeur of the objects around us, and give us a new lease of mental and physical vigor, and hang up pictures in our memories that can never be forgotten or effaced.

The Mariposa Grove of Big Trees.—The tourist will now accompany us to the Mariposa Grove, which, like the Yosemite Valley, was granted to the State of California in 1864, by an act of Congress, the second section of

which declared "That there shall likewise be, and there is hereby, granted to the said State of California, the tracts embracing what is known as the 'Mariposa Big Tree Grove,' not to exceed the area of four sections, and to be taken in legal subdivisions of one quarter section each, with the like stipulations as expressed in the first section of this Act as to the State's acceptance, with like conditions as in the first section of this Act as to inalienability, yet with the same lease privileges; the income to be expended in the preservation, improvement, and protection of the property, the premises to be managed by Commissioners as stipulated in the first section of this Act, and to be taken in legal subdivisions as aforesaid; and the official plat of the United States Surveyor-General, when affirmed by the Commissioner of the General Land Office, to be the evidence of the locus of the said Mariposa Big Tree Grove;" and after its approval by the President, a proclamation was issued by the then Governor of California, F. F. Low, taking possession of the tracts thus granted, in the name and on behalf of the State, appointing Commissioners to manage them, and warning all persons against trespassing or settling there without authority, &c., &c.



"WAWONA"—MARIPOSA GROVE.

It will be seen by the foregoing that the grant made by Congress is two miles square, and embraces, in reality, two distinct, or nearly distinct groves; that is to say, two collections of Big Trees, between which there is an intervening space without any. The Upper Grove is in a pretty compact body, containing on an area of 3,700 by 2,300 feet in dimensions, just 365 trees of the *Sequoia gigantea*, of a diameter of one foot and over, besides a great number of small ones. The Lower Grove, which is smaller in size and more scattered, lies in a southwesterly direction from the other, some trees growing quite high up in the gulches on the south side of the ridge which separates the two groves.

Mr. C. D. Robinson, of San Francisco, visited the Mariposa Grove not long since and subsequently contributed an article to the Californian (magazine), in which he truthfully said: "It is impossible for pen to convey or tongue to tell the feeling of shadowy mystery that invites the gazer into the solemn and mighty forests to enter and explore. Little by little the light before begins to pale and dim, and the trunks to grow grander in proportion, the height vaster, until at last one stands in reverence before the silent and ancient monarchs themselves. It is twilight. No breeze whispers through the branches of these forest gods that climb seemingly to the zenith in their search for space and light. Nothing but the occasional and distant cry of some solitary jay or heron breaks the death-like stillness of the evening air, as we silently stand and gaze, first upward, and then into these forest depths. All the eloquence that has stirred and electrified the civilized world, from the days of the calm and patient and all-suffering man of Nazareth, fails utterly to hold spell-bound and attentive the *man*, as does the mute appeal of these monsters to the truth, *I am the Lord thy God.* Here is the real sanctuary that visited, in confused but majestic dreams, the grand old builders of the Gothic age, who gave to the world, not a new order, but all orders united, subdued, and overwhelmed in this one." Mr. Robinson concluded his beautiful article as follows, which is entitled "The Two Redwoods," and may be found in the (San Francisco) Californian of June, 1882:

"And now, gazing heavenward among the giant shafts that rise like the pipes of God's organ, and roar a monotonous and solemn bass of praise, as the breath of their Almighty Maker sways their mighty tops; and as the glad sunshine of that lamp of orbs, his gift to man to divide the day from the night, sends its pallid beams to faintly illumine the pale green, cobweb tracery of this matchless forest; as the faint and upward cry of the startled jay echoes through the vaulted recesses of the far-off tops; as all the delight of wandering at will in this greatest of all cathedrals unfolds itself to the serious and fervent mind—one asks, What greater gift of natural grandeur can man desire? As we have enjoyed, come all and enjoy also, from far-away and other lands. As we find the great spirit through these, the grandest of all His natural works, so shall they who seek find and admire and revere them also. Yosemite is grand, terrific, beautiful, but is stone. These—the trees—*live*. Their tops, as the ocean breeze wafts through them, sigh a mournful requiem of the ages they have witnessed, of the suffering, the toil, and little recompense of man. Have they seen, voiceless and mute, the

rise and downfall, the glory and decay, of the long-past, almost forgotten empires of vanished men? What stories could they tell of nations, people, cities, born and decayed on this our continent before Columbus came from the rising sun to people with a new race a long-lost world! Do they hold the future of our nation, the destiny of our children, in the grasp of their knowledge, and look mute and pityingly down upon a pride, a glory, that, like all other prides and glories, pomps and circumstances, whether of nations or of men, shall surely fade?"

Professor Whitney, in his Yosemite Guide Book, presents the following table of measurements of height and circumference of a number of the trees in the Mariposa Grove:

No.	Height.	Circumference at Ground.	Circumference at 6 feet above the Ground.	Remarks.
12	244	62.	....	Very fine symmetrical tree.
15	272	....	....	Fine sound tree.
16	...	86.5	....	31 feet in diameter. Hollow.
20	...	72.5	55.	Fine tree.
21	...	....	44.	Very fine tree, not swollen at base.
27	250	48.		
29	...	89.8		
31	186	35.7	29.6	Very straight and symmetrical.
35	...	65.	50.8	
38	226	27.		
49	194			
51	218	56.	39.	Very fine tree.
52	249	....	40.	Fine tree.
60	...	81.6	59.	Very fine tree, but burned at base.
64	...	82.4	50.	Very fine tree.
66	221	39.8		
69	219	35.7		
70	225	43.9		
77	197	....	27.8	
102	255	....	50.	Very fine tree.
158	223			
164	243	....	27.6	
169	...	79.6	....	Much burned at base.
171	...	82.7	....	Badly burned on one side.
174	268	....	40.8	
194	192	....	46.	Two trees, united at the base.
205	229	87.8	....	Much burned on one side, formerly over 100 feet in circumference.
206	235	70.4		
216	...	....	63.2	Very large tree, much burned at base.
226	219	....	48.	Fine tree.
236	256	....	46.	
238	...	....	57.	26 feet in diameter, burned on one side.
239	187	....	26.6	
245	270	81.6	67.2	Burned on one side.
253	...	74.3	60	
262	...	56.	....	Half burned away at base.
275	...	68.		
286	...	76.	....	Burned on one side nearly to center.
290	...	....	46.	
301	...	....	51.	
304	260	93.7	....	Largest tree in the Grove, 27 feet in diameter, but all burned away on one side.
330	...	91.6	....	Splendid tree, over 100 feet in circumference originally, but much burned at base.
348	227	....	51.	

Professor Whitney also says: "The southern division of the Mariposa Grove, or Lower Grove, as it is usually called, is said to contain about half as many trees as the one just described. They are much scattered among other trees, and do not, therefore, present as imposing an appearance as those in the other grove, where quite a large number can often be seen from one point. The largest tree in the Lower Grove is the one known as the 'Grizzly Giant,' which is ninety-three feet seven inches in circumference at the ground, and sixty-four feet three inches at eleven feet above. Its two diameters at the base, as near as we could measure, were thirty and thirty-one feet. The calculated diameter, at eleven feet above the ground, is twenty feet nearly. The tree is very much injured and decreased in size by burning, for which no allowance has been made in the above measurements. Some of the branches of this tree are fully six feet in diameter, or as large as the trunks of the largest elms of the Connecticut Valley, of which Dr. Holmes has so pleasantly discoursed in the Atlantic Monthly. This tree, however, has long since passed its prime, and has the battered and war-worn appearance conveyed by the name."

LOG CABIN IN MARIPOSA GROVE.

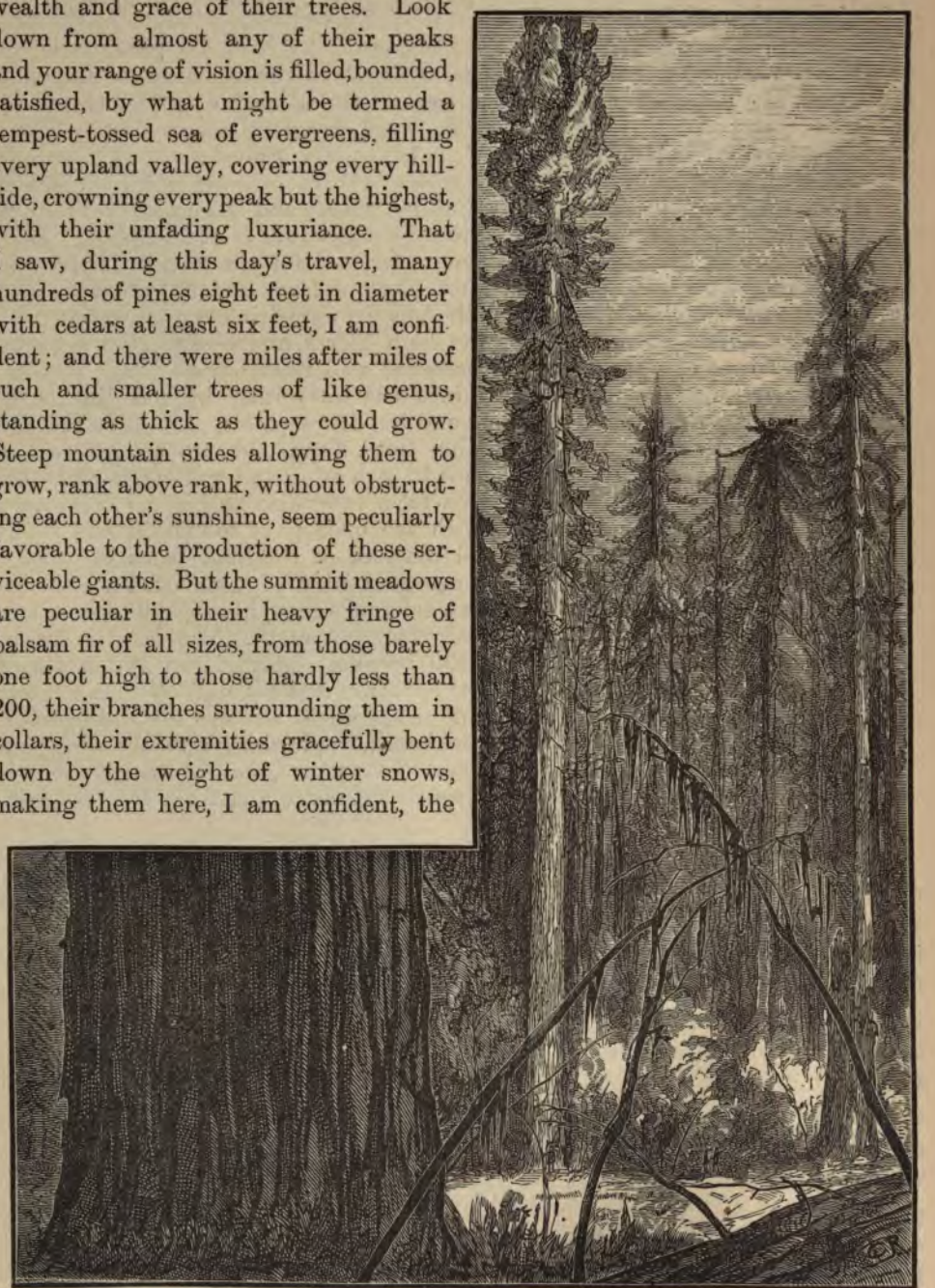
In our conclusion of this delightful subject, we must invite the attention of our readers to the fact—which many of them are knowing to—that the great mountain ranges of the Old World are mostly bald and bare; if their lower slopes are covered with vegetation, it is a growth deformed with a meagre, dwarfish and stunted life, and soon the climbing foot leaves all greenness and shade behind, and pursues its upward way over absolute and unrelieved desolation. But it is not so with our Sierra—*they* are crowned with the most magnificent woodland monarchs; not scattered here and there, mere local freaks of Nature, but in her large and liberal custom—vernal robing for the loftiest heights, finished above with white, ermined collars. Nothing surprises a mountain traveler more than this wealth of forest magnificence. Up they tower, these patriarchs of vegetable life, as though they would emulate the altitudes of the mountains themselves. It is hard to say whether they are mere creatures of earth or air. They are rooted in the earth, and you go round about their vast trunks guessing at the centuries that must have expended the ministry of their seasons upon such a colossal and stalwart growth; and then your eye travels upward—upward—upward—higher, still higher, while here and there the vision rests on a silvery

cascade, or a laughing rivulet, unfolded along your ascent like successive scrolls, and which impart animation to the otherwise impressive scene.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION.—*Route No. 1:* Leave San Francisco (foot of Market street) at 4 P. M. *via* Oakland, for Madera, distance 185 miles by cars; arrive at Madera at 11:45 P. M., and remain over in sleeping car; next morning leave Madera at 7 o'clock for Clark's, (which is about six miles from the Mariposa Big Tree Grove,) distance 66 miles (lunch at Coarse Mine Gulch) by stage (arriving at 7 P. M.), which, as we have stated elsewhere, is one of the most beautiful places in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. *Route No. 2:* Leave San Francisco at 4 P. M., *via* Oakland, for Merced, distance 141 miles by cars, arriving at that place at 10:20 P. M.; stop over night at El Capitan Hotel, and leave next morning at 6 o'clock for Clark's, distance 78 miles by stage (lunch at Mariposa). Both of these roads are kept in excellent order, and for six months in the year are bordered on each side by an embroidery of ferns and flowers, with here and there a bubbling spring, where the traveler may drink crystal waters fresh from the snows and glaciers of the high Sierra, and observe the adjacent cottage whose occupants enjoy a contented and unambitious life. The last twenty miles of the drive down into Clark's—either by the Madera or Merced turnpike—has no superiors and but few equals. You dash through avenues of fir and spruce and pine trees, from eight to twelve feet in diameter, which nod their lofty heads to each other and waft a grateful odor, which intermingles with the sweets from interminable carpets of flowers. Earth, air and sky are instinct with the majesty of mountain and forest and stream, and the mere physical pleasure of the hour pales into insignificance by the sublimity of the emotions born of the vision which can never fade. Clark's is situated in an emerald valley, about 4,000 feet above the sea, and in one of the pleasantest places on earth. The hotel is splendidly kept, and can accommodate 100 persons. There is an abundance of game near by, such as (a few) bear, deer, (in great plenty,) mountain quail, some grouse, and smaller game, while the adjacent streams abound in trout. It is from this hotel that tourists make their pilgrimage to the Mariposa Grove, which is six miles, and is made in a carriage, and for which there is no extra charge to those holding through tickets to and from the Yosemite Valley.

Other Trees.—There are other than the *Sequoia gigantea* that deserve mention. Indeed, his blood relative, the *Sequoia sempervirens*, or Redwood, while a habitat of the Coast Range, just as the former never leaves the Sierra, is almost as great and has even a more numerous progeny. It is the glory of the Coast Range, and looks majestically down upon the Pacific from Santa Cruz in the south to Crescent City in the north. There is a grove of great beauty near Santa Cruz (which place may be reached twice daily by the cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad — Northern Division — depot corner Fourth and Townsend streets), containing many trees nearly 300 feet in height and 16 and 18 feet in diameter. Then there are our oaks, which may be seen in all of our valleys, but which are the most beautiful in the Napa and Santa Clara valleys; and our sugar pines, many of which are nearly 300 feet in height, and 25 feet in circumference, and which inspired Horace Greeley to say, in his chapters on California: "And here let me renew my tribute to the marvelous bounty and beauty of the forests

of this whole mountain region. The Sierra Nevada lack the glorious glaciers, the frequent rains, the rich verdure, the abundant cataracts of the Alps; but they far surpass them—they surpass any other mountains I ever saw—in the wealth and grace of their trees. Look down from almost any of their peaks and your range of vision is filled, bounded, satisfied, by what might be termed a tempest-tossed sea of evergreens, filling every upland valley, covering every hillside, crowning every peak but the highest, with their unfading luxuriance. That I saw, during this day's travel, many hundreds of pines eight feet in diameter with cedars at least six feet, I am confident; and there were miles after miles of such and smaller trees of like genus, standing as thick as they could grow. Steep mountain sides allowing them to grow, rank above rank, without obstructing each other's sunshine, seem peculiarly favorable to the production of these serviceable giants. But the summit meadows are peculiar in their heavy fringe of balsam fir of all sizes, from those barely one foot high to those hardly less than 200, their branches surrounding them in collars, their extremities gracefully bent down by the weight of winter snows, making them here, I am confident, the



A REDWOOD MONARCH.

most beautiful trees on earth. The dry promontories which separate these meadows are also covered with a species of spruce which is only less graceful than the fir."

It is generally admitted that the California Sugar Pine, next to the Mammoth Tree and the Redwood, is the monarch. Dr. Newberry says of it: "It exhibits a symmetry and perfection of figure, a healthfulness and vigor of growth not attained by the trees of any other part ot the world." Dr. Newberry says of the White Oak, which often attains a height of seventy-five feet and a

THE PRIDE OF THE VALLEY.

diameter of nine feet, "that it is very beautiful and majestic, and its groves in the valleys and foothills form the most important element in those scenes of quiet beauty which so often excite the admiration of the traveler in California." Many of our firs grow to a height of 300 feet and have a diameter of twelve feet. Beside the above are many kinds of spruce, cedar, cypress, laurel, yew, madroña, manzanita, nutmeg, sycamore, buckeye, pitahaya, yucca, mesquit, and many other varieties, which may be seen along the lines of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads and elsewhere in this land of almost uninterrupted wonders and charms.

MOUNT SHASTA, 14,440 FEET ABOVE THE SEA.

NOTED EARTH GIANTS

OF CALIFORNIA.

"Not vainly did the early Persian make
His altar the high places, and the peak
Of earth-o'er-gazing mountains, and thus take
A fit and unwalled temple, there to seek
The spirit in whose honor shrines are weak
Upreared by human hands. Come and compare
Columns and idol-dwellings, Goth or Greek,
With Nature's realms of worship, earth and air;
Nor fix on fond abodes to circumscribe thy prayer."

FROM the earliest dates of chronological facts or fiction, down to the very threshold of the era in which we live, mountains have commanded the supremest worship and admiration, and have symbolized many of the most noted and profoundest epochal events recorded in the pages of the world's history. "There is more in mountains," declares Professor Alexander Winchell, "than the novelty of the outlook from their summits. They stir the higher susceptibilities of the intellect by their magnitude, their loftiness, their grandeur, the unapproachableness of their summits—their symbolism of power and eternity. No man can contemplate the aspects presented by a nobly-uplifted pinnacle or dome without feeling that his thought is expanded, unchained and newly-gifted; and that a new birth has been given him. There is more than this in the influence of mountains. They elicit and exercise the *morale* of the soul. They fire the soul with a spirit of veneration. They are the symbols of infinite power. They are the homes of frost, and silence, and mystery—the brows which bear the wreath of the clouds,—the eyries of the lightning and the thunder,—the palaces of infinite power and majesty. They restrain us from their presence like august monarchs. They reach up to heaven and reflect a celestial radiance down to us, while we, in our weakness, must remain below."

However willing may be the heart and the pen, it would be impossible for the author to roam at ease or at length at this time upon so grand a subject as the mountains of California. And while the fame and the beauty of the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, and the Catskills and the Adirondacks, and the snow-clad summits of the back-bone of our continent, have been apostrophized in painting and in verse; and while we are not unmindful that some "Songs of the Sierra" have been sung in other than a minor key—still, the opportunity to present to the tourist information regarding a number of our most noted earth giants is fervidly embraced; and while no writer can ever hope to poetically create another Ararat, Sinai, Horeb, Calvary, Atlas, Pindus, Olympus, or Parnassus, we are impressed with the belief that the day is not distant when the fame and influence of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, with their incomparable forests, and waterfalls, and domes, and lakes, will not only rank with but eclipse even that of the Alps, the Appenines, the Jura, the Cevennes, the Vosges, and the Cote d'Or.

The tourist is informed that there are two great masses in California called, respectively, the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the Coast Range. The former extend, on the east, from the Tejon Pass, latitude 35°, to Lassen's Peak, latitude 40° 30′, 450 miles, according to some authorities, or to Mount Shasta, (78 miles further north,) according to others. The Coast Range extends through the entire length of the State, on the west, from about latitude 32° to latitude 42°, a distance of over 600 miles. The former chain has been parallelized with the Alps, and compares with the latter favorably in general extent and average elevation. The Coast Range, while inferior in most respects to the Sierra Nevada, greatly resembles the Appalachian chain, and is the watershed for the tens of thousands of vineyards, and gardens, and homesteads, which border the broad Pacific from Crescent City to San Diego. The Coast Range is also noted for its subordinate ranges and detached spurs, many of which are very picturesque and beautiful; and also for the climate and healthfulness of the delightful valleys at its base; and for its multiplicity of warm and cold mineral springs, whose healing waters beckon the valetudinarian to seek and secure a new lease of life. We now invite the tourist to accompany us to that most noted of all our earth giants—

Mount Shasta.—This grand isolated volcanic mountain has an elevation of 14,444 feet, and stands as a sentinel at the extreme northern limit of the Sacramento Valley. It seems to be the culminating peak of the series of ranges uniting the Coast Range and Sierra Nevada. It is in latitude 41° 30′ north, and longitude 122° 20′ west. While it gives the name to the county of Shasta, yet it is situated in the county of Siskiyou. Its summit is covered with perpetual snow; on its northeastern slope is situated the Whitney glacier, first discovered and described by Clarence King. Prior to the acquisition of Alaska, the rivers of ice on Mount Hood in Oregon, Mount Ranier in Washington Territory, and the glaciers of Shasta were the only known living glaciers of the United States. The Whitney glacier is about half a mile in width, and extends down the mountain for a distance of two or more miles. On the eastern slope is another glacier called

the Mud Creek glacier. From beneath this glacier flows a large stream of muddy water, bearing an immense amount of sediment. This sediment comes from the grinding of the lava as the glacier slowly moves down the mountain. This sediment during ages has filled up many small valleys and created several large areas of level land. Some of the level valleys created by it are now used and occupied by settlers, as Nabor's Valley and Huckleberry Valley. During the warmer weather of summer, Mud Creek cuts out a channel in one of the valleys it has created, and pours its turbid waters into the crystal stream of the McCloud River. At times the volume of water from the mud glacier is so large that for days it has discolored the McCloud for a distance of forty miles. The perpetual snow of Shasta is the reservoir from which arises the Sacramento River, Shasta River, Butte Creek, Squaw Creek, and the McCloud River.

Shasta stands so isolated that the view from its summit is without doubt the most extensive to be had from any point in North America. Before the observer, looking to the south, lies the whole Sacramento Valley, with its rivers, towns, homesteads, orchards and grain fields. Standing in what seems to be the center of the valley are the Marysville Buttes, looking like a cluster of islands in a sea of grain. It is said that on a clear day Mount Diablo, 246 miles distant, can be seen. To the southeast, Lassen Butte, 11,230 feet high and 78 miles distant, lifts his crown of snow in full view, among his brother peaks of the Sierra, head and shoulders above them all, like "Saul among his fellows." To the southwest, in plain view, are Mount St. John, Sanhedrim, and other peaks of the Coast Range, more than one hundred miles distant. To the west are Scott Mountain and the innumerable peaks of the Trinity Range, stretching away in a billowy sea of mountains to the Pacific Ocean. On the north can be seen, at the foot of the mountain, the peaceful Shasta Valley with its farms and houses, and Butte Valley, with its pretty lake and fifty thousand acres of prairie still unoccupied and unvexed by the plow. To the northeast lie the great lakes of Klamath, Rhett and Wright, the prairie lands of Oregon, and the historical lava beds of the Modoc war. Farther north, and bounding the horizon, can be seen Mounts Pitt and Scott in the Cascades in Oregon, and the unnumbered and unnamed peaks of the Siskiyou range in the same State. To the east are stretched out for fifty miles the dense and sombre pine forests of Pit River and McCloud River valleys, the forests reaching up and clothing with a dark mantle the summits of the Sierra which bound the horizon in that direction.

Mount Shasta may be seen from the plains near Chico at a distance in a direct line of 126 miles. Probably the grandest and most beautiful view can be had of it from the north in Shasta Valley at a distance of about thirty miles. From this point it appears to rise, from a level plain, and stand distinctly against the sky, dwarfing all other mountains within the range of vision. From this point it seems a vast pyramid, its base clothed with forests, and its middle portion also covered with forests, interspersed with what seems to be vast meadows of the deepest green. Above these are other forests up to what is called the timber line, which seem to extend in a circle surrounding the mountain.

Above the timber line, so far as can be seen from the valley, all vegetation ceases; and above this line there seems to be nothing but vast cliffs of dark lava and ravines with ice and snow. This abrupt termination of the forest and the sharp contrast of the lava and snow gives this mountain peculiar characteristics not possessed by any other in California. Another grand view is had of it from the west on the trail from the Sacramento River to Castle Lake and the Castle Rocks. Here, after having crossed the Sacramento River on his horse, and climbed for three hours up the steep trail to an elevation of 7,000 feet, the traveler expects to find himself at least on a level with the forest base of Shasta. As he turns on the summit before he ascends to the valley of Castle Lake he finds himself humiliated, awed and subdued by the grand and mysterious mountain which seems to have come closer to him, as he rode away from it, and, climbed with him and above him, as he descended. He finds it looking down from above the clouds in its severe, calm, and cold grandeur; more stern, more solemn, and more imperious than it seemed from the valley below. One of the finest views is to be had from the southeast from the trail on the mountain above Horse-shoe Bend on the McCloud River; but this is rarely seen except by the ardent salmon and trout angler and deer hunter, who find all the most beautiful and inspiring places in the wild recesses of California mountains. The views of Shasta by artists and the copies in engravings are ordinarily taken from Sisson's meadow in Strawberry Valley from a point twelve miles distant in an air line from the summit. This view shows the two volcanic cones, and has a foreground of meadow and forest of great beauty.

The ascent of Shasta is not dangerous, but difficult and tedious. Parties should not make the attempt without a guide who is familiar with the best trails. Starting on horseback at noon in July, from Strawberry Valley, with a guide, food and blankets, the party at sunset will have reached the line at which all timber ceases. Here, camping for the night, the horses are left. In the morning, at daylight, the slow and weary tramp on foot commences, over loose lava and ravines filled with snow, up an angle in places of forty-five degrees, for a distance of seven miles until the summit is reached. Above the timber line the air is so rarified that the weary tourist can climb but a few steps before he is compelled to stop and rest. To persons of good health no other inconvenience is suffered than a severe headache, which attacks about three-fourths of all persons who make the ascent. The summit is reached in about eight hours from the camping place. Tourists usually remain on the summit for about an hour, viewing the scenery, examining the solfataras, and exploring the heads of the glaciers. The descent to Strawberry Valley is made the same afternoon, long distances being passed over with great rapidity by sliding down the ravines on the frozen snow.

Mount Shasta is now an extinct volcano, and contains no other evidence of its former activity than the hot sulphurous gases that are constantly rising from the solfataras near the highest peak. Immense volumes of water from its melting snows pass through the loose lava and find their way under ground to burst forth in large springs at the base of the mountain, to create the rivers of

which this mountain is the parent. One of these subterranean rivers, after a course of eighteen miles under the lava, finds its way to the top of a calcareous cliff on the bank of the Sacramento River, from which it falls a distance of one hundred feet in numerous cascades and small streams into a deep pool into the river below. Before this subterranean river comes to light it is divided into hundreds of small streams, which are spread out like a fan for a distance of more than a fourth of a mile, but as the face of the cliff is in the form of the interior of a semi-circle, the whole of the cascade is in full view of the beholder. The unceasing spray from these cascades keeps the air cool, at midday, in the warmest season, while the constant moisture has filled the cliff behind the falls with ferns and other plants that thrive only in a moist atmosphere. This strange and beautiful spot is known as the Falls of the Sacramento, but should have been called the Falls of Shasta. [We are indebted to Mr. George H. Redding, who has made the ascent of Shasta a number of times, for the foregoing description.]

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street, *via* Oakland, at 8 A. M., and travel by cars of the Central Pacific Railroad to Redding, Shasta county, 234 miles, arriving at that point early in the evening; then take stage for Strawberry Valley, 75 miles. To make the trip from the latter-named point and back, including the summit, will take from two to three days. The best months to make the ascent of Shasta are during July and August. John Muir made the ascent once in November, but encountered a terrific snow storm. He slept in a hot sulphur bed in a crater until it was over, which kept him from freezing to death—and says of the scene following the storm: "A boundless wilderness of storm-clouds, of different age and ripeness, were congregated over all the landscape for thousands of square miles, colored gray and purple and pearl and glowing white, among which I seemed to be floating; while the cone of Shasta above, and the sky, was tranquil and full of the sun. It seemed not so much an ocean as a land of clouds, undulating hill and dale, smooth purple plains, and silvery mountains of cumuli—range over range, nobly diversified with peaks and domes, with cool shadows between, and with here and there a wild trunk cañon, smooth and rounded, as if ended by glaciers." Mr. A. Roman, of San Francisco, who climbed to the summit of Shasta in 1856, says that he saw distinctly all the high peaks, from the Washington group, on the north, to the Sierra peaks around Lake Tahoe; and the Coast Range peaks, about San Francisco —a distance, on a direct line, of nearly eight hundred miles. Within the limits of this view, Sacramento Valley and the topography of the Sierra Nevada were, he says, revealed with wonderful distinctness. The air was as if purged and filtered, and presented only a slight gray film between the eye and the most distant object. There seemed to be no limit to the vision, except the convexity of the earth's surface. Klamath, Shasta and Siskiyou, are all Indian names, and are pronounced about as they are spelled—Klamath and Shasta each being accented on the first syllable, and Siskiyou on the third. Tejon is *Badger* (the animal) in Spanish, and is pronounced Tay-hone, accent on second syllable. The town of Redding was named in honor of the late B. B. Redding, who died on August 21, 1882, and who, as a public man and private citizen, possessed the confidence and respect of the entire State. His literary ability was of a high order, and his fund of information was more thorough and more general than that of any other man living in

California in his day. The McCloud River is called after a Scotch pioneer named McCloud, and the Pit River is so-called because the Indians formerly captured large numbers of deer by digging pits along its banks and covering them over with light brush, and sometimes leaves and soil. The Whitney Glacier is called in honor of Professor J. D. Whitney. Huckleberries grow in great abundance in Strawberry Valley and elsewhere in the neighborhood of Shasta. There are really two summits of Shasta, as may be seen by an engraving on page 76, the highest of which is 14,444 feet, and the other 13,242 feet. Beside the main craters there are at least 100 smaller ones, all inactive now, but from which at one time must have flowed great streams of lava, covering an area of nearly 5,000 square miles. Sheep Rocks, Castle Rocks and Cone Mountain are objects of interest in the neighborhood of Shasta, the latter rising 3,000 feet above the valley; also Shasta Soda Springs, containing a large percentage of iron and magnesia, and highly charged with carbonic acid gas. There is no part of the State more prolific of game and fish than the country about the base of Mount Shasta. Brown and cinnamon bear, the mule deer, and the deer of the Coast Range are here to be found in abundance. The mountain grouse nest in the meadows, and are numerous on the higher elevations. The mountain sheep is occasionally shot among the lava cliffs near the summit. Both the Sacramento and McCloud Rivers are filled with salmon and trout, the McCloud having two varieties of the latter. The forests are densely wooded with different varieties of oak, firs and pines, some of them of great interest to the botanist, because of their localized habitat. From the great abundance of game and fish, the green meadows, the running streams and brooks, the pine forests, lakes and mountains, grand scenery, the delightful and cool summer climate, Strawberry Valley, on the California and Oregon stage road, is becoming a place of great resort, not only to tired residents of the cities and lower valleys, but to botanists, geologists, and men of science, from different parts of the world. In a short time the stage ride of 79 miles, from the present terminus of the railroad, will be unnecessary to reach the base of Shasta, and the passenger will step on a sleeping car in the afternoon at San Francisco and take his breakfast next morning in Strawberry Valley, in full view of the monarch of the north. The valley will then be filled with tourists, and the grandeur and solemn beauties of Mount Shasta will be more fully made known to the world. The Shasta tourist will stop at Sisson's, the hunter's paradise, an old-fashioned, low house, with nooks and crooks and breezy verandas, all snugly nestled among the trees at the edge of a little meadow, green with grain, with great forests on all sides, and a mountain rising 11,000 feet in front of it—a spot more lovely or grandly picturesque could hardly have been chosen. The genial landlord, Mr. J. H. Sisson, has resided here since 1852, and is full of information concerning the natural history of this region, and an invaluable aid to the hunter and fisherman who visit Mount Shasta and McCloud River during the summer months.

Lassen Butte (or Lassen's Peaks.)—Seventy miles south of Shasta is Lassen Butte—or Lassen s Peaks, as this isolated elevation is oftener called—10,577 feet high, and situated on the line between Shasta and Lassen counties, in even a wilder country than Shasta. Powell, in his "Wonders of the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range," says: "No poetic potency of pencil or of pen can picture the enrapturing charms, and awful grandeur, of this region. Lassen

Butte appears a single, snow-capped peak towering into the clouds, far above any others in the region. From Mount Shasta the scene is more extensive, for it is nearly four thousand feet higher; but by no means is it as grand and varied and rugged as from the summit of Mount Lassen. Seventeen clear lakes appear in peaceful quietude amidst the mighty ruggedness about them—flashing silvery in the sun, serenely beautiful. Hills, peaks, ranges, gorges, and broken ridges extend one beyond another, far away into the distance, till limited by the horizon. From the summit of the highest peak on Lassen, in the clear season, a view is obtained extending from Mount Hamilton, in the Coast Range below San Francisco, to Mount Pitt, in the Siskiyou region at the north, a distance in a direct line of nearly three hundred and fifty miles; while the views east and west extend from Pyramid Lake, in Nevada, to the Coast ranges overlooking the Pacific." Near Lassen Butte are a number of geysers, which belch forth cataracts of boiling waters and mud volcanoes continually, the roar of which may be heard several miles away. There are a number of dark, boiling pools, also, one of which is from 75 to 100 feet in length. Near the last pool is a snowy-white one, less in extent, environed by a number of fountains of scalding hot water, while only a few yards away is a cold, sulphur spring. Between two and three miles further is a hot lake, nearly 700 feet in length, and half that distance in width, whose waters are constantly in motion. A mile further, and there may be seen the largest and most remarkable geyser on the coast, throwing up a fountain of scalding water nearly seven feet high in a solid shaft six feet in diameter, which breaks and rises 25 or 30 feet higher in broken streams, enveloping a large area with immense clouds of steam with a roar only second to Niagara. There are a great many other natural curiosities near Lassen Butte of the same character as those just described, all situated within a radius of ten or twelve miles, among which is Cinder Cone, which was the last volcano in action (1850) on the Pacific Coast south of Alaska. There are also between forty and fifty other extinct craters.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street, *via* Oakland, at 8 A. M., and go to Chico, Butte county, by cars of Central Pacific Railroad and Oregon Division, 186 miles, arriving at latter place the same evening; then take stage from Chico to Prattville, Plumas county, 40 miles. At Prattville horses and guides may be obtained. Butte is pronounced Bewt, and is French for an isolated elevation. Lassen Butte is so called after a pioneer named Peter Lassen. There is plenty of game in the vicinity of Lassen Butte, from grizzlies down to doves, including, beside: deer, rabbit, hare, quail, and other game. The weather is quite hot from June until October; during the other months it is pleasant and generally cool. Chico is Spanish for *Little*, and is pronounced Chee-ko, accent on first syllable. Pitt Mountain is named after an old pioneer of the northern mines, (and there are some who claim that Pit River was also named after the same person, but this is a mistake—see page 82).

Mount Diablo.—Next to Shasta, Mount Diablo, an isolated peak of the Coast Range, is the most noted earth giant in California. Not that it would be hardly recognized, if standing near the "Monarch of the North"—for it is only

3,856 feet in height—but because it is only 28 miles from San Francisco, and is a familiar landmark all over Central California; and, further—because the panoramic view from its summit is, perhaps, unsurpassed, embracing, as it does, the Sierra Nevada, from Lassen Butte, on the north, to Mount Whitney, on the south, a distance of over 300 miles; the Coast Range, from Mount Helena to Mount Hamilton; the Sacramento, San Joaquin, Napa, Sonoma and Santa Clara Valleys; half a hundred cities and towns, among which is San Francisco; and,

IN THE MOUNTAINS—GAME IN ABUNDANCE.

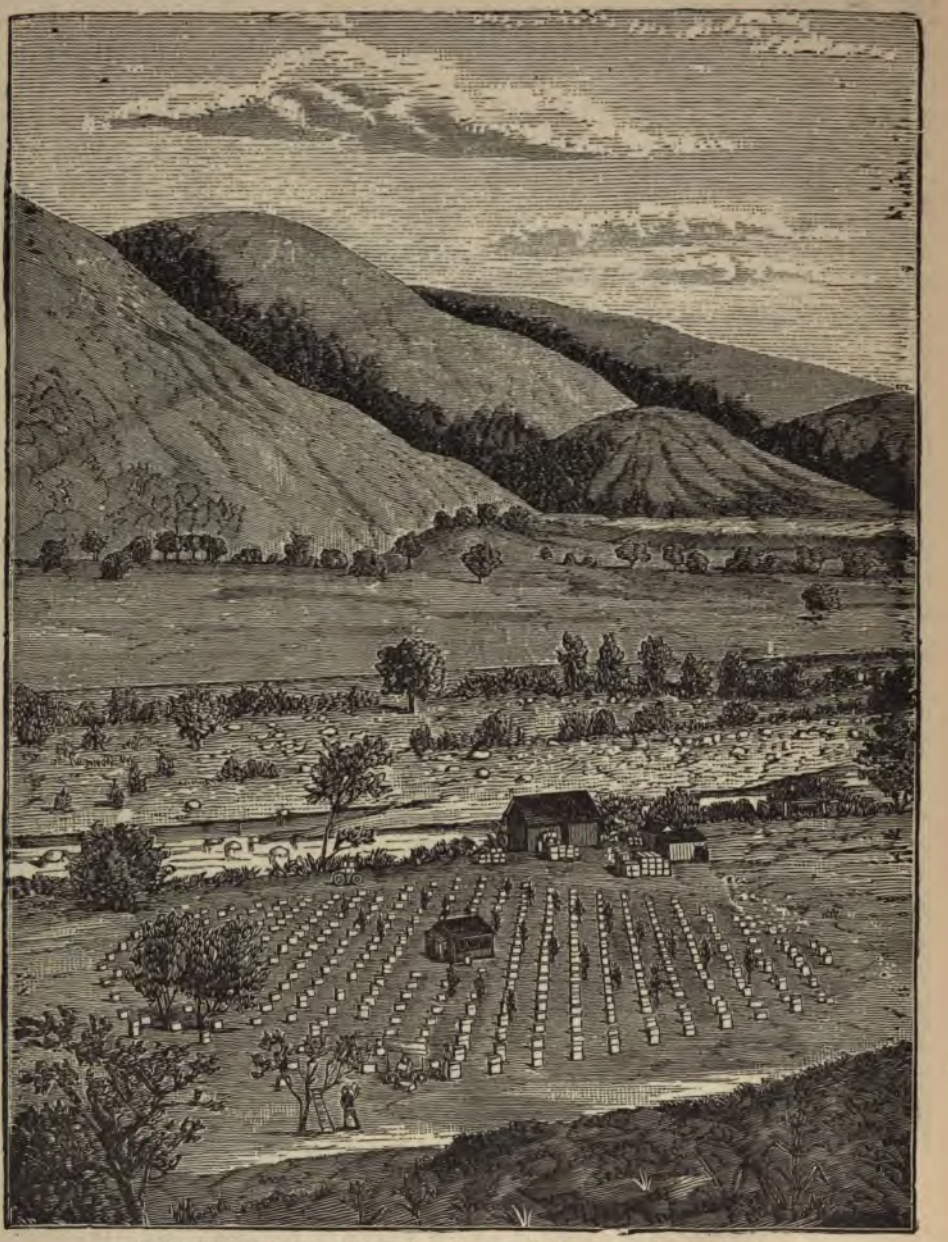
in all, a field of between 38,000 and 39,000 square miles, dotted all over, beside the above, with farms and farm-houses, vineyards, orchards, gardens and grain lands.

In July, 1882, a correspondent of Wentworth's Resources of California—a monthly newspaper published in San Francisco—ascended Mount Diablo, and from its summit counted thirty-two towns and villages, among them "San Francisco, with its busy throng plainly visible to the west; and by looking along the great Sacramento river, with its serpentine course, in a northeasterly direction, may be seen many cosy villages, fields, orchards and vineyards; while the great islands, which are formed by this majestic stream, may be counted, beginning with Sherman Island, then Grand Island, and the various smaller islands, until our

eyes rest on the gilded dome of the State Capitol at Sacramento. The immense coal fields of the Mount Diablo foot-hills are an important source of wealth to Contra Costa County. These mines were discovered in 1859 by Wm. C. Israel, Francis Sands and James T. Cruikshank, the two latter having discovered the well-known Black Diamond vein, which, for twenty years, has yielded of its treasure to the never-tiring pick of the miner. Several railroads have been constructed from deep-water navigation, at the head of Suisun Bay, up into the mines. One extends from the mines to Black Diamond Landing, a distance of six miles, for transportation of coal to deep water. The Pittsburg and Union mines, at Somersville, one mile east of Nortonville, also ship their coal products over a road of six miles in length, extending from Somersville to Pittsburg Landing. Two miles eastward is located the Central mine. Next comes the Empire, which was opened in 1876. A narrow-gauge railroad was built in 1878 from the mine to the town of Antioch, a distance of some seven miles. This mine has yielded 120,000 tons of coal within the last four years. The coal taken from the various mines belonging to Mount Diablo district amounted to over 97,000 tons during the year 1881. The Black Diamond mine furnishes employment for about 250 men, and yields 72,000 tons of coal, annually, which is nearly all used as steam coal for railroad purposes."

ROUTES OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Take trains foot of Market street, *via* Oakland Ferry at various hours daily, for Martinez, 35½ miles, by the Central Pacific Railroad, and then 18 miles by saddle or carriage to the summit. Or, *via* Haywards, 21 miles by cars of C. P. R. R. and 21 miles by saddle or carriage. The most comfortable way to go up Mount Diablo is to stop over night at Haywards, or Martinez, and then make the trip up and down the mountain and return to San Francisco the same day. But the most entertaining and satisfactory way is to go up one day, camp at night on top of the mountain, see the sun rise and set, and return the next day. The best time in the year to make the trip is from October to March, and especially the first fair day after a rainy one. There are good hotels and stables and drivers at either Haywards or Martinez. By either route the scenery is charming all the way from San Francisco to the top of the mountain. Diablo is Spanish for *Devil*, and is pronounced Dee-ah-blow, accent on second syllable; the Spanish called Mount Diablo Monte (Mon-tay, accent on first syllable,) Diablo, (the Devil's Mountain.) Suisun means *Big Expanse*, and is an Indian word, like Sonoma, and Napa; the town was named after an Indian tribe by the Spanish, and therefore the Spanish pronunciation—Soo-ee-soon, accent on third syllable. Contra Costa is Spanish, and means *opposite coast*, and was applied to all that country on the opposite side (from San Francisco) of the Bay, and is pronounced Kon-trah (accent on first syllable) Koas-tah (accent also on first syllable.). Sonoma means *Valley of the Moon*, and is pronounced as spelled, accent on second syllable.

Mount Helena (or St. Helena).—Situated in Napa county, less than sixty miles distant in an air line, is Mount Helena (generally called Mount St. Helena,) 4,343 feet high, and the most noted elevation in the Coast Range between Clear Lake and the Bay of San Francisco. The view from Mount Helena is very beautiful, and takes in Sonoma, Napa, Pope, Cobb, Knight's,



HONEY-FARM IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE SAN FERNANDO MOUNTAINS.

Berryessa and Russian River Valleys, and also many mountain peaks of the Coast Range, conspicuously Cobb, Howell, Uncle Sam, Geyser, Tamalpais, and Diablo. The view of Napa Valley from Mount Helena presents a very charming landscape picture, with its vineyards, orchards, grain lands, farms and farm-houses, and which, for romantic and picturesque scenery, has no superior in the State.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave foot of Market street, *via* Oakland, at 8 A. M., and go by cars and steam ferries of Central Pacific Railroad to Calistoga, 68 miles; then take one of W. F. Fisher's splendid six-horse stages, which carries you to the top of the mountain, about 10 miles, in two hours, where there is a good hotel. Mount Helena was named in 1841 by the Russian naturalist Wosnessensky, (who camped upon it during that year,) in honor of an eminent Russian lady. There are deer and smaller game all around and upon the mountain, and trout in all the creeks in the valleys below. It is warm during the daytime in the summer months, but cool at night. A good deal of snow falls on the mountain during the rainy season, and also on adjacent peaks. Tamalpais is the name of a mountain in Marin county, so called after the Tamal tribe of Indians; the p-a-i-s is Spanish for country; and, whether correctly or not, the word is generally pronounced Tah-mal-pice, accent on third syllable. Marin perpetuates the name of the last chief of the Tamal Indians, and is pronounced Mah-reen, (Spanish,) accent on second syllable. Tamalpais, although only 2,604 feet high, is a conspicuous feature of the landscape swept by a view from any portion of the country fringing the Bay of San Francisco. Cobb Mountain is between Mount Helena and Clear Lake. Howell Mountain, 1,800 feet high, with its Three Peaks, is a neighbor of Mount Helena, and presents a fine view from its summit. The far-off mountains to be seen from Mount Helena in the north are the Mendocino range on the west, and Mounts St. John and Sanhedrim on the east. There are mineral springs on Mount Helena.

Mount Hamilton.—This is another noted elevation of the Coast Range; and, besides commanding a view almost as fine as Diablo, it is conspicuous as the point upon which the great Lick Observatory and Telescope are being placed. It is 4,440 feet high, or 97 feet higher than Mount Helena, although it does not stand up so majestically as the latter among its fellows. It is 15 miles east of San José, and may be seen from Mount Diablo and from San Francisco. Mr. Lick endowed the Observatory now being established on Mount Hamilton with $700,000, and it will be erected on a level space about 240x60 feet, some 150 feet below the highest peak. There are already a twelve-inch telescope, a four-inch comet-seeker, a transit house and time instruments upon the mountain. The telescope now being built by Alvan Clark, at Cambridgeport, Mass., will have a lens thirty inches in diameter, and will be completed by November 1883, and probably before that time.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets by cars of Southern Pacific Railroad, (Northern Division,) which run trains both ways several times daily between San Francisco and San José, distance 50 miles; then take carriage to top of mountain, distance 26 miles, over an excellent grade. San José is Spanish for *Saint Joseph*, and is pronounced Sarn Ho-say, accent on last syllable. [We may state, right here, that there are a large number of cities and towns in California named by the Spanish missionaries after their saints, the names of male saints having *San* and the names of female saints having *Santa* (pronounced Sarn-tah, accent on first syllable) to precede them.] The Observatory is called after James Lick, who built the Lick House in San Francisco, and who came to the Pacific Coast early, a poor cabinet-maker and piano-maker, and who died in 1876, worth several millions.

Santa Cruz Mountains.—There is a detached spur of the Coast Range running through Santa Cruz county called the Santa Cruz Mountains, which, while they overlook the Pacific Ocean in many places, are some 2,500 feet above it in average height, and are alive with campers from May until October, owing to the climate, healthfulness, pure mountain water, view, abundance of fish and game, and accessibility. A more delightful retreat for those seeking rest and recreation and proximity to San Francisco cannot be found. The mountains are all wooded, and full of creeks and springs, and may be justly termed the Adirondacks of California.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL.—Leave San Francisco for Santa Cruz twice daily, taking cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division) at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, distance 121 miles. Santa Cruz (pronounced Krooz) is Holy Cross, in Spanish; and the place will be found fully described in the chapter of "Sea-Side Resorts."

San Gabriel Mountains.—After crossing the Tehachepi Mountains, at or near which point the Sierra Nevada and Coast Range may be said to inosculate, (unite by contact,) a number of spurs of the Coast Range, or subordinate ranges, rise up majestically, and are known respectively as the San Fernando, San Gabriel, San Bernardino and San Gorgonio Mountains. The San Fernando may be seen first, after crossing the Mojave desert; and it is from the foothills of these mountains, rising almost abruptly to a height of 6,000 feet, that much of the celebrated Southern California honey is brought. Then come the San Gabriel Mountains, which terminate in the Cucamonga Peaks, 8,000 feet in height, and at the base of which is a long sweep of the most extensive vineyards and the most beautiful semi-tropical fruit groves to be found in the world. Here, too, is a climate and a soil that has no equal, when *everything* is taken into consideration —that all kinds of northern and semi-tropical fruits grow and yield right alongside of each other year in and year out; that vegetables and berries and all like productions mature and ripen, and that flowers bloom every month in the year; and that a person may work in his shirt-sleeves every day and sleep in blankets every night, from January to December. From any portion of the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains may be seen a faultless landscape. Looking straight out over twenty miles of vineyards and orange groves to the sea, which gleams like a mirror, the eye may follow an outward-bound vessel, and watch

"Her tall masts fading to thinnest threads of gold,"

while dim, and seemingly far remote, the shadowy outline of Santa Catalina uprises like the types of those "happy isles" to which Ulysses thought he might attain,

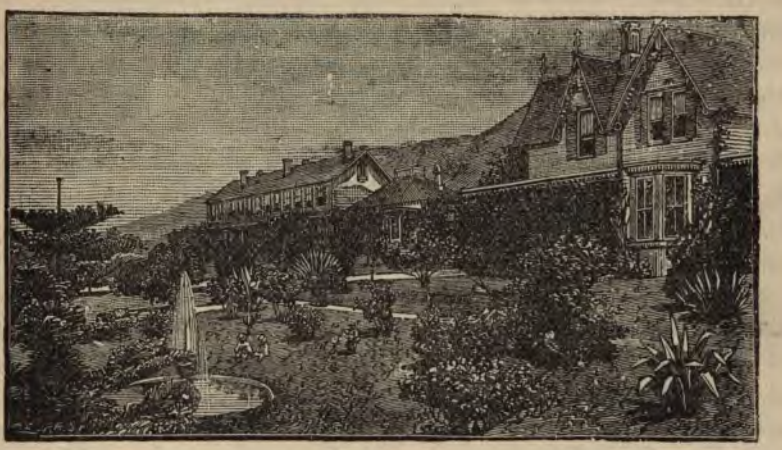
"And see the great Achilles whom he knew."

Looking westward, the line of vision is bounded by rolling foothills, while to the east the eye wanders over a broad and fertile plain, extending some twenty miles, its entire surface diversified with orange orchards, vineyards, dwellings, school-houses, churches, and whatever else betokens the bounty of nature and

the prosperity of man. To the north, the Coast Range lifts its towering summits, at the very base of which are seen the cottages of those who have sought out the fertile nooks which there abound; and, looking thitherward, one might, with scarcely an effort of the imagination, deem that he had been transported to the very scenes which England's nobly-born but misanthropic poet has immortalized in Manfred; and, listening, might almost expect to hear the "*Ranz des vaches*" floating downward from those Alpine heights, or, by distance mellowed, catch the faint and far-off music of

"Pipes in the liberal air, mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd."

SIERRA MADRE VILLA.—It is upon one of the beautiful slopes of the San Gabriel that the most delightful summer and winter mountain retreat in the State is situated—the "Sierra Madre Villa." In September, 1874, Mr. J. M. Bassett, a well-known California journalist, and at that time the editor and



SIERRA MADRE VILLA—LOVELY BEYOND DESCRIPTION.

manager of the Los Angeles Herald, visited Cogswell's Sierra Madre Villa, and in a day or two afterward presented his impressions of the place as follows: "We doubt if on the continent there is a more delightful view than that which may be obtained from the Sierra Madre Villa, with the spread of two or three hundred thousand acres of fertile lands which lie below it, many of these lands remarkable for the most minute and elaborate cultivation in the world, diversified as they are by orange and lemon groves and vineyards. But the visitor is not alone attracted by the superb view. In his immediate neighborhood there is much to enchain his attention. The cañon back of the Sierra Madre Villa has supplied its owner, Mr. W. Cogswell, with the means of beautifying his splendid property. Immediately in front of the hotel is a pretty sward, which forms a delicious background to the orange groves which are displayed in front of the Villa. We say orange groves advisedly, for he has fifteen hundred bearing trees. The Sierra Madre Villa presents to the visitor rather the aspect of a

village than a hotel. We should judge that Mr. Cogswell has spent, altogether, from sixty to seventy-five thousand dollars on his place. The original villa is a handsome and commodious cottage, which has been supplemented by a large, airy and attractive hotel building. Our surprise was extreme to find that the only rival in Southern California of the Arlington Hotel, at Santa Barbara, was to be found away out in the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains. Mr. Cogswell is an artist, and he has carried his artistic impulse into every detail of his villa. Like the Arlington, the Sierra Madre Villa has not only ample verandas, but they are enclosed with windows set in a wooden frame-work. Thus the breeze can be regulated at the pleasure of the guests. The appointments of the hotel are rich, costly and elegant. The rooms are arranged *en suite,* and every detail of the upholstering is sumptuous and perfect. Gas and water are in every room in the house. Altogether, from fifty to sixty guests can be accommodated in elegant fashion at Sierra Madre Villa. A music and billiard room is one of the features of this novel resort. We were much struck by several distinctive features of this artist's home. It is irrigated on a plan which economizes the water and secures the most satisfactory results. It is traversed by iron pipes in every direction. About every two hundred yards there is a hydrant and a long hose, in the hands of a Chinaman, who dispenses the fertilizing showers. The orange, lemon and other trees are very thrifty looking. There are, altogether, three thousand of them, of which fourteen hundred are orange trees. In company with Mr. Cogswell, we treated ourselves to a walk to the grotto which furnishes the water supply for the Sierra Madre Villa. It was distant about three-quarters of a mile. Part of the way the water is conveyed in a flume, and for the remainder of the distance in iron pipes. On our way we passed through the thrifty lemon groves of Mr. Davis. The lemons gathered from these trees are of a quality so fine that they command $30 a thousand in San Francisco. We had to ascend some three hundred feet before we reached the brow of the hill, from which one appeared to *descend* to the source of the water supply. Of course, this appearance was deceptive. The flume ran around a chasm, which, from its depth and picturesqueness, might fairly be called a miniature Cape Horn. Perseverance at last brought us to one of the most charming grottoes in the world. In a crypt, hollowed out of the solid rock by the rushing waters (doubtless a work of many years), a sharp turn to the right brought us to a cascade which plunged for a distance of fifteen or twenty feet over a shelving rock. The roots of great, gnarled trees reached clear down to the pool in which the waters plunged. The crystal clear water, cool and refreshing, compensated one for the slightly trying walk." The Sierra Madre Villa is a glorious retreat from the busy scene of life. It is eighteen hundred feet above the level of the sea. As a consequence, it is above the foothills which interpose between the San Gabriel Mountains and the sea, and its occupants enjoy a pure but tempered sea breeze.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL.—*Route No. 1:* Leave San Francisco, foot of Market street, *via* Oakland, at 9:30 o'clock A. M., and go to San Gabriel, Los Angeles county, distance 491 miles; and then by carriage to Sierra Madre Villa, four miles.

Or, *Route No. 2:* Same as above to Los Angeles, 482 miles, and then by carriage, passing through a large number of orange and lemon groves and vineyards, 13 miles. The hotel is strictly first-class, and is owned by W. Cogswell, the artist, and kept by W. P. Rhoades, whose address is either Los Angeles or San Gabriel. There is gas, and also hot and cold water, in all or nearly all the rooms, and carriages meet all trains at the depot at San Gabriel. There is a great abundance of splendid mountain trout in the San Gabriel River, near Sierra Madre Villa, while the game in the mountains and upon the plains adjacent consists of grizzly, black and cinnamon bear, California lions, deer, mountain sheep and antelope, hare and rabbit, quail, doves, and many smaller birds. The trout will take fly or bait. San Gabriel (Saint Gabriel) is pronounced Gah-bree-ail, accent on last syllable; Fernando, (Ferdinand,) Fair-narn-do, accent on second syllable; Bernardino, (Bernard,) Bair-nah-deen-o, accent on third syllable; Gorgonio, (George) generally pronounced as it is spelled; Mojave is the name of an Arizona tribe of Indians, and the desert, which extends to the Colorado river, takes its name from this tribe; it has the Spanish pronunciation, Mo-hah-vay, accent on second syllable. Tehachepi is also an Indian word, and may be pronounced as it is spelled. Cucamonga is an Indian word, and is generally pronounced by those living on and around the mountain and the vineyard of that name, Ko-kah-mung-oh, accent on third syllable. Los Angeles (the Angels) is pronounced Loce Arng-hail-ais, accent on first syllable of second word; Madre (Mother), Mah-dhray, accent on first syllable. Catalina, Cah-tah-leen-ah, accent on third syllable. Professor Whitney says of the scenery and climate of the Coast Range: "What gives its peculiar character to the Coast Range scenery is the delicate and beautiful carving of their masses by the aqueous erosion of the soft material of which they are composed, and which is made conspicuous by the general absence of forest and shrubby vegetation, except in the cañons and along the crests of the ranges. The bareness of the slopes gives full play to the effects of light and shade caused by the varying and intricate contour of the surface. In the early spring these slopes are of the most vivid green, the awakening to life of the vegetation of this region beginning just when the hills and valleys of the Eastern States are most deeply covered with snow. *Spring here, in fact, commences with the end of summer; winter there is none.* Summer, blazing summer, tempered by the ocean fogs and ocean breezes, *is followed by a long and delightful six months' spring, which in its turn passes almost instantaneously away, at the approach of another summer.* As soon as the dry season sets in, the herbage withers under the sun's rays, (except in the deep cañons,) the surface becomes first a pale green, then of a light, straw-yellow, and finally, of a rich russet-brown color against which the dark green foliage of the oaks and pines, unchanging during the summer, is deeply contrasted."

Other Mountains.—There are a great number of noted elevations, both in the Sierra and Coast Range, that have either been incidentally introduced in connection with our lakes or natural wonders, or else they do not lie adjacent enough to our railroads to be classed as resorts. In this connection, the reader will remember that, in our description of Glacier Point in the chapter called "Natural Wonders," we speak of Mount Dana as one of the peaks of the high Sierra, to be seen from that remarkable place of observation. *Mount Dana* is one of the noblest earth giants of the Sierra, 13,300 feet in height, and the

A SUMMER SCENE IN THE SIERRA.

view from its summit is claimed to be, without exaggeration, one of the most magnificent upon earth, and exceeds, in stately grandeur and wealth of color, all the other peaks of the high Sierra. "W. P. B.," of the San Francisco Chronicle, who made the ascent of Dana and other peaks in June, 1882, writes from the summit of the former as follows: "To the north and south, along the line of the main crest of the Sierra, bare rock and snow point heavenwards in scores of lofty peaks, of which the square-cut form of Conness to the north, and the steeple-like forms of Lyell, Ritter and the Minarets, to the south, approach, after Dana, nearest their goal. Everywhere glittering snow and bare rocks. Near Conness the eye falls upon a dead, frozen lake, a fit symbol of this arctic land. No soil, no verdure, nothing but cold and desolation. Westward, below the timber line, sweep ridge upon ridge of tamarack-covered mountains, an occasional white granite dome, and the bold forms of Hoffman, near Yosemite, and King and Clark

of the Merced group, farther south, serving to break the monotony of this storm-tossed, somber, green forest ocean. Away, beyond, a colorless space, indicating the valley of the San Joaquin, and above, the line of the Coast Range, faint as a cobweb, in the hazy distance. A rugged, grand, but desolate scene. But, now, let us turn to the east. On this side, Dana sinks almost vertically downward 2,000 feet into a vast crater-like abyss, the birthplace of an extinct glacier. This abyss is filled to a great depth with snow, which now comes in a grand drift over the summit. Beyond, and forming the eastern wall of this gulf, is a vertical precipice, 1,000 feet in height, the summit of which is an almost perfectly level table, a hundred acres in extent. This table is in color a bright blood-red, forming a vivid contrast to the pure white of the snow-filled abyss below. Beyond, at our feet, and 7,000 feet below, lies the great Mono plain. In the middle foreground, and but six miles in an air line from the summit of Dana, is Mono lake, a beautiful, bright-blue sheet of water, eighteen miles long, and seventeen in breadth. Two rocky islands break the surface of the lake, now lying glassy and calm, but at times running a heavy sea and breaking in huge rollers upon the shore. From the lake, the treeless, sage-covered plain stretches away to low, rolling hills, presenting, from Dana's summit, the appearance of a delicately-shaded carpet of rich brown velvet, and forming a beautiful frame to the sky-blue lake. Still beyond, to the right, the hills spring suddenly into the White Mountain range, a steep and impressive snow-capped mountain wall, the highest peak of which attains a height of 14,000 feet. This, and other less lofty ridges farther north, completely wall in the great Mono basin. Bodie, Bridgeport and Aurora lie in the hills to the north and are not seen, a few straight roads and two clumps of buildings being the only evidences of human habitation within the range of our view. The grand, snow-lined gulf, the blood-red rock-table, the polished-blue surface of the lake, the brown-velvet plains and rolling-hills, and background of lofty mountain range, standing out sharply in the clear, white atmosphere, and the whole arched by a cloudless California sky, unite to form a picture which, for scope, richness and variety and perfect blending of color, is the finest mountain view I ever saw. No one who has stood upon Dana will ever forget that picture. It will remain engraved upon the eye of the mind, a rich treasure, to be preserved while reason holds its seat. Mount Dana was first climbed nineteen years ago by Professor Whitney and party, and by him given its present name. It is the most lofty summit in the middle region of the Sierra. Its height and peculiar bright-red color, particularly on the east side, make it a prominent landmark from the Mono basin, though it is hidden by other peaks, on the east approach, the first good view being obtained from the Tuolumne meadows. A neat cairn of rocks, erected by the State Geological Survey, surmounts the summit. Here are stowed away several tin cans, containing fifty-three names of persons who have made the ascent during these nineteen years. My visit, on the 24th of June, was the earliest ever made, or, at least, shown by the record. In August and September there is little snow, and the ascent is much easier than early in the season." Mount Dana may be reached by

RETURNING FROM THE SIERRA THROUGH MARIPOSA GROVE.

way of Indian Cañon, between Yosemite Falls and the North Dome, and also by way of Sentinel Dome, Little Yosemite and the trail up the Tuolumne Valley passing to the south of Cloud's Rest. Little Yosemite Valley, itself, is well worth seeing. It is 6,200 feet above the level of the sea, or about 2,000 feet higher than its great namesake. Its granite walls are very beautifully marked, and some of them are from 2,000 to 3,000 feet in height. The Merced River, before reaching Nevada Falls, makes a rapid and in some places precipitous descent down to the cataract just named. *Mount Starr King*, 5,600 feet above the Yosemite Valley, may be reached by the trail from the Little Yosemite—not its summit—no! that cannot be reached by man. By the way, there are times, during a certain sunlight, when the summit of Starr King may be seen up the Illilouette Cañon, from the Yosemite Valley. *Mount Lyell* is 13,217 feet in height. *Mount Ritter* is about 13,000 feet. *Mount Hoffman* is 10,872 feet above the sea level,

and may be reached from the Yosemite *via* Ribbon Falls, summit of highest peak of Three Brothers, and the creek which forms the Yosemite Falls. The trip may be made from the Valley and return in from two to three days, and the climber of mountains will feel rewarded, as the view from the summit of Hoffman is very fine, although it does not compare to that from the summit of Dana. *Mount Whitney*, the highest mountain in California, is something over 15,000 feet in height. Near Whitney is *Mount Tyndall*, 14,386 feet in height. Neither of these two last-named elevations can be seen from Sentinel Dome, as they are at a great distance south. There is a spur of the Coast Range running through the Santa Ana Valley quite to the sea with a peak called *Mount Downey*, after John G. Downey, a former Governor of California, 5,675 feet in height. The highest peak of the San Fernando range is called *Mount Wilson*, after Benj. D. Wilson, (a celebrated pioneer, who died in Los Angeles county in 1877, greatly beloved and respected by all who knew him,) and is rising 7,000 feet. *Mount Ripley*, in Lake county, is 7,500 feet. *Mount San Bernardino*, in San Bernardino county, is nearly 9,000; *San Gorgonio*, in the same county, is over 7,500; the *Loma Prieta*, in Monterey county, (Gabilan range,) is 4,040; *Mount Brewer*, in Fresno county, 13,886; *Mount King*, same county, 14,000 feet—the two last were called after prominent attachés of Professor Whitney's Geological Surveying Party. *Tehachepi* is nearly 8,000 feet; *Table Mountain*, in the northern part of the State, is 6,500 feet; the *Sierra Buttes*, thirteen miles east of Downieville, are 8,300 feet; *Table Mountain*, on the Stanislaus River, is a mass of basaltic lava, thirty-eight miles in length and 2,000 feet in height. The *Marysville Buttes*, which may be seen either from Marysville or Oroville, attract much attention from travelers over the Northern Division of the Central Pacific Railroad. *Mount San Jacinto*, San Diego county, is 5,500 feet; *Cuyamaca*, a very pretty mountain, forty miles from the city of San Diego, is about the same height. Jacinto is pronounced Ha-tseen-to, accent on second syllable, and Diego (James) Dee-ah-go, accent on second syllable. Cuyamaca is an Indian word, and is generally pronounced Queer-mah-ka, accent on second syllable. For a very delightful volume upon the high Sierra, we would recommend Clarence King's book, entitled "Mountaineering."

WINTER IN THE SIERRA—BY THOMAS MORAN.

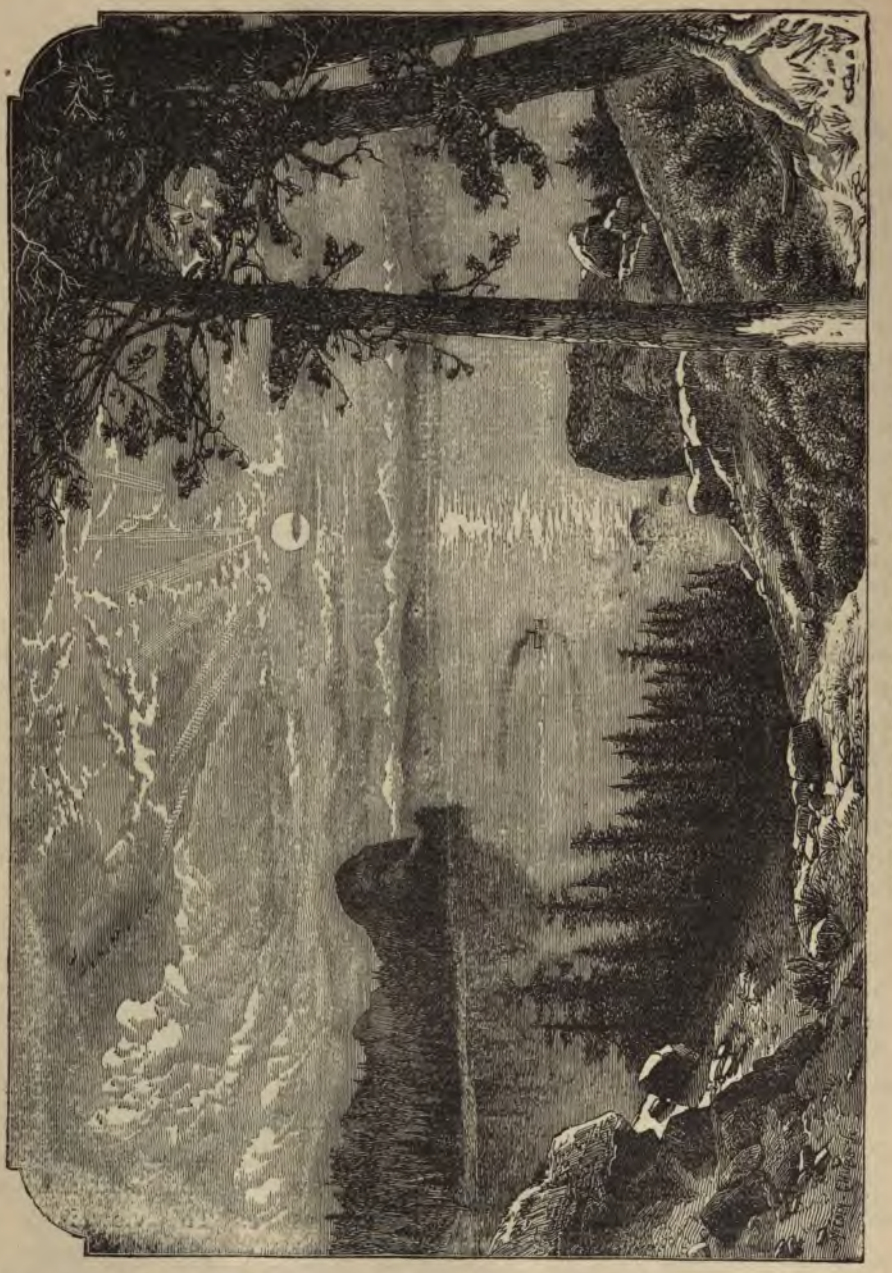
LAKES AND RIVERS OF CALIFORNIA.

"Ah me! what hand can pencil, guide, or pen,
To follow half on which the eye dilates,
Through views more dazzling unto mortal ken
Than those whereof such things the bard relates,
Who to the awe-struck world unlocked Elysium's gates?"

FOLDED in the mountain tops, like emeralds in their setting, and scattered elsewhere throughout the Golden State, are the gems of California scenery—its lakes; and, though their beautiful borders are not yet punctuated by cities and towns like those in Switzerland, or by villas and palaces like those in Italy, nevertheless, there are quite a number of our California lakes that combine both the impressive grandeur of the former and the ravishing beauty of the latter. Ranking all others in point of rare beauty and situation is

Lake Tahoe (or Bigler).—This magnificent sheet of water is twenty-five miles in length, and in some places it is from twelve to fourteen miles in width. It has a depth of 1,700 feet, an altitude of 6,216 feet, and is surrounded by mountains which tower above the lake from 2,000 to nearly 5,000 feet. More might be said of Tahoe, we think, than of any other spot in California—excepting, always, Yosemite—as it is a place one never tires of. There is grandeur and enchantment at all times in the scenery which environs the lake, and never-ending means of pleasure and exhilaration on its breast; and the panorama of mountain and valley, meadow-land and woodland, sunshine and cloud, as viewed from Tahoe City, is spacious, inspiriting and impressive. This view is an unspeakably fine one—on the right, at a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, are the Rubicon Mountains, 9,284 feet above the level of the sea; then Mount Tallac, 9,715 feet; then Mount Ralston, 9,140; and, further along, Pyramid Peak, 10,052 feet; then Monument Mountain, on the left, in the far distance, nearly as high;

and then the Sand Mountains, somewhat less in altitude, but towering above the lake nearly 2,500 feet. Then we bring the vision round to what is called the



GENERAL VIEW OF LAKE TAHOE—BY THOMAS MORAN.

Tahoe Range, lying in Nevada—and the highest object seen right over the end of the right-hand wharf is Job's Peak, 10,637 feet; then, to the left of the flagstaff, may be seen Genoa Peak, 9,135 feet; then, over and beyond Glenbrook,

the graceful outlines of the Tahoe Range; and, within this beautiful frame, Lake Tahoe, sometimes tranquil, sometimes turbulent; but often, during the summer months, unvexed by wind or rain.

The summer sunsets upon Tahoe are remarkable for their great beauty and wealth of coloring, and are pronounced by European tourists as superior to those so often mirrored in Lakes Como and Maggiore. A correspondent of the Oakland Evening Tribune visited Tahoe in July, 1882, and presented his impressions of one of the Tahoe sunsets as follows: "No painter would ever dare to put upon canvas the variegated colors of Tahoe's waters in a summer sunset. It would appear such an exaggeration that he would lose caste among those who demand that the artist's pencil shall be true to nature. None but those who have witnessed the scene could be persuaded of its reality. Such beauty could not be, were it not for the highly reflective qualities of the pure translucent waters, which serve as a polished mirror of French plate glass. First is reflected the delicate, gauzy, pearly-gray haze which surrounds the mountain boundaries in the afternoon, and which forms the groundwork of the gorgeous picture. Later, this shades off into violet; and, as the sun sinks, the mountains take on the most delicious crimson flush, deepening into purple. All of this beauty is reflected upon the surface of the lake. Here stretches out a shadow like the mother of pearl, or the breast of a beautiful pigeon; there a deep band of crimson; again, further on, a deep purple, shaded at the edges with blue and green. These streamers of beautiful light and shade stretch far across the lake, resembling the gorgeous aurora borealis of the northern latitudes. The wonderful play of this reflected color fills the soul of the beholder with a poetic fervor beyond the power of expression, as it is beyond the power of description. And when the sun sinks behind the western range which walls in the lake, and the weird shadows steal from out among the pines and creep across the waters like spirits of evil, awe follows fast as the shadows thicken. Then comes the bright moon creeping out of the snow fields of the eastern range, flooding the lake with its shower of arrows of lambent light, transforming the surface into a shield of flashing silver. Such are the simple outlines of a sunset and evening upon the musical shores of Tahoe's waters, and we leave the task of filling in to some more able artist."

"Tired of its own bright charms, the golden Day
Rests in the arms of Evening; all is still;
Nor leaf, nor flower moves, lest the spell might break
Which holds the Earth bound fast in twilight chains.
From yonder hawthorn tree, some leaf-hid bird
Breathes to the dying day a soft farewell,
That, mingling with the stillness, seems to weave
Into the silence threads of melody.
Wild roses, since the dawn, have deeply blushed
Beneath the sun's warm kisses; now at Eve
Faint odors, passing sweet, possess the air—
Rich incense offered to the Queen of Night!
For lo! a silvery light falls all around,
As up the violet heavens a pale young moon
Climbs high, and higher still.

A low-voiced breeze,
Rising with balmy sigh amid the hills,
Comes ling'ringly adown the rocky glen,
Floats o'er the uplands, kisses every flower,
And whispers that the fair, sweet Day is dead!
Now restful thoughts and calm enter the heart,
And soothe the tired brain; as from on High
A blessing falls on everything below:
Cool shades to Evening—rest and peace to Man."

The same writer presented the same paper with a description of a hail-storm, which took place in July, 1882, and which shows that the Storm King

LAKE TAHOE—GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL.

holds high court among the lakes in the mountain tops once in a while during summer seasons: "For some time we had witnessed white squalls gathering at three several points, to the north, northeast, and to the northwest—but this was nothing unusual. There was hardly a ripple on the lake; the surface was smooth, calm and placid as a June morning. Soon the pattering rain began to dimple the face of the lake, which was still smiling in the warm sunshine. Before the white squalls which acted as skirmishers of the right and left wings of the dark battalion of the main army of the Storm King had ceased their rattling fire of small arms the batteries which formed the center of the approaching storm

opened their fire and the deep thunder peals shook the tall spires of the surrounding mountains and reverberated among the deep-cut gorges and glacier-plowed cañons while the forked lightning shot livid light from thunder-cloud to thunder-cloud and played among the tall pine tops. Then commenced the grandest spectacular sight which nature ever presented to our view: The air was literally filled with hail—first in minute particles, increasing in size as we advanced and as the storm approached us, coming thicker and faster, the congealed globules, frost-coated pellets, varying from the size of a pea to that of an apricot. There

LAKE TAHOE—EMERALD BAY.

was seemingly no wind, and the ice pellets fell perpendicularly into the smooth lake, transforming it into a great, far-reaching fountain, with a thousand million jets of spray springing upward to the height of from a few inches to that of four and five feet; and this spouting of spray jets was not only continuous, but covered every inch of the surface of the whole northern half of the lake as far as one could see; and as a crowning glory to this magnificent and sublime spectacle, three rainbows arched the lake, mingling their variegated hues with the pale white of the falling masses of frozen water."

If the tourist will accompany us, we will take the "Governor Stanford," an excursion steamer, and make a trip around the lake:

SUNNYSIDE.—The first object on the right, after leaving Tahoe City, is an extinct logging camp, noted as the point from which the first ties were cut for that portion of the Central Pacific Railroad lying east of the summit of the Sierra. Then comes Grizzly Bear Peak, a point of the high Sierra, seen through a depression of the elevation in the foreground. Then comes Sunnyside, the country resort of Mrs. Hay, of San Francisco, three miles from Tahoe. One mile further is

IDLEWILD—The summer place of Mrs. E. B. Crocker, of Sacramento, nestled in a grove of pine and fir, at the base of a great rock several hundred feet in height. In the high Sierra several thousand feet above the lake is a peak called Tinker's Knob. Near Mrs. Crocker's are two other villas, owned respectively by Fred. Birdsall, of Sacramento, and Thomas McConnell, of Galt. The next point is

McKINNEY'S—A public summer resort, eight miles from Tahoe City, near Sugar Pine Point. There is a hotel and a number of cottages at this place, which are kept open from May until October by John W. McKinney, who can accommodate from eighty to ninety people. The bottom of the lake may be seen at a considerable depth at this point, and looks like a piece of mosaic work. The low conical peak, back of McKinney's is about 1,400 feet above the lake and is called Napoleon's Hat.

PHIPPS' PLACE.—About two miles or more south of McKinney's, on Sugar Pine Point, there puts into the lake from the west a fine mountain stream which heads among the craggy, snow-laden peaks of the western summit of the Sierra. Like the water of the lake that of the stream is translucent—as clear as it is possible for water to be, and as soft and pure and cold. At the mouth for several hundred yards it meanders through a nice little meadow with willows and tall grass, and is deep, though where it enters the lake it shoals somewhat and widens. This stream is a favorite breeding ground for trout, and at certain seasons of the year they fairly throng its waters. Many years ago—twenty at least—the beauty of this sylvan spot attracted the attention of a famous hunter and woodsman who laid claim to the little meadow through which the creek ran and the adjoining heavily timbered land upon either side. Securing a government title to one hundred and sixty acres, the mountaineer erected a comfortable building of hewn logs on the shore of the lake, and ever since has made this spot his abiding place in summer, and occasionally hibernates there, braving the solitude and rigor of winter, passing the time in trapping foxes, fishers, martens, otters, minks and other fur-bearing animals whose habitat that region is, while at other times, as the visitors leave the lake and cold weather approaches, he closes his domicile and himself seeks the lower foothills upon the edge of the snow belt, and there tarries among the deer, squirrels and quail until spring again comes around and enables him to return to his pleasant retreat upon the shore of the beautiful lake. He also has a capacious boat-house, and maintains, for the use of himself and the pleasure of his friends, a diminutive fleet—several row-boats of the Whitehall order, and a fast-sailing little yacht, whose white canvas in the

summer months is often seen dancing above the dark-green surface of the lake propelling the craft, in whose thwarts are seated collections of merry-makers, some trolling for the large trout inhabiting deep water, some eating and drinking, others singing and in various conditions of enjoyment. Up the little creek, a few score yards from the mouth, is a corral in the water into which the trout ascending the stream can enter but cannot pass down again without the aid of the keeper, and consequently an abundant supply is almost always obtainable. Spawn is here collected in quantities as called for, and carefully packed in moss and sent

LAKE TAHOE—SCENE NEAR CAVE ROCK.

abroad for propagation to stock other streams and ponds. Altogether, the possessor of this place is happy and content; always welcomes his acquaintances with good cheer and kindly greetings; ever has a good story to tell, and though without relatives near has hosts of friends. Though three-score years and nine have passed since he first saw the light in the State of Indiana, nearly one-half of which time has been passed in the mountains of California, he is yet well, hale and hearty, and always ready, with dog and gun, to lead younger men to the forest chase. There are very few persons who have ever visited Lake Tahoe and remained there for any time who do not know William Phipps, of whom we have been writing and of whose home we have given a slight description in the

foregoing sketch. After passing Sugar Pine Point the tourist will observe an indentation which is called

MEEKS' BAY—Some thirteen miles from Tahoe City, and, itself, three miles long, at the head of which is a dairy ranch. Immediately in front is the Rubicon Range, containing five peaks, nearly 3,000 feet above the lake; and, beyond, upon which the snow remains all summer, Mount Tallac, nearly 4,000 feet above the level of the lake. Attention is called to the color of the water seemingly near the base of the Rubicon Range, which has changed from a beautiful sapphire to a deep purple in color, although the surface of the lake at the shore again assumes a bright blue; soon the color changes to a dark blue, the depth of water being 600 feet. Between the Rubicon Range and Mount Tallac are two pretty elevations called McConnell's Peaks, or Maggie's Peaks, in honor

LAKE TAHOE—GLENBROOK.

of a young lady of that name, of New York, who ascended the highest of the peaks some years ago and erected a marble slab upon its summit.

EMERALD BAY.—Eight miles further is Emerald Bay, one of the most beautiful and romantic places on Tahoe, and a little over three miles in length by half a mile in width. Some years ago Ben. Holladay built a pretentious house at the head of this bay, and it has been occupied by members of his family upon several occasions since. In 1879 a tramp took up lodgings in the Chateau de Holladay, and, as a mark of his royal departure, burned down the structure the next morning. A well-known capitalist named Lux, of the firm of Lux & Miller, subsequently purchased the site, but it at present belongs to Dr. P. T. Kirby, of Virginia City, Nevada. Situated near Emerald Bay is an island surrounded by a rock, upon which is a rude tomb with a cross. This island was inhabited some years ago by an eccentric Englishman, known as Captain Dick, who, after having completed a cottage to live in, carried out the serious idea of erecting a morgue,

or a mausoleum, as a means of final earthly deposit upon dissolution. This queer-looking dog-house might have become a noted sarcophagus had it not been for one thing, thus: Captain Dick, one dark and stormy night, attempted navigation after having pressed his cordial intemperately, and was drowned. This episode should be a warning to all whisky-drinkers to let large quantities of water severely alone. Dick's body was never recovered; nobody's body is ever recovered that is drowned in Tahoe. In July, 1880, a young man from Virginia

LAKE TAHOE—SCENE NEAR HOT SPRINGS.

City, who had become depressed by losses in stocks, jumped overboard from the "Governor Stanford" and was drowned; he was never seen after he went under the water—this inland sea never gives up its dead.

TALLAC.—This was formerly known as "Yank's," and is, next to Tahoe City generally considered the prettiest place on the lake. It is four miles from Emerald Bay, and is at the base of Mount Tallac, the summit of which may be reached, and from which may be seen fourteen lakes, among which are Fallen Leaf Lake, 6,321 feet above the sea; Echo Lake, 7,420; Wright's Lake, about the same; Potter's Lake, 6,528; Grass Lake, 7,681; Cascade Lake, 6,532; Gil-

more Lake, 8,382. There is a fine hotel here called the Tallac House, owned by the proprietor of the Baldwin, in San Francisco, and which has accommodations for a hundred people. The grounds slope gently to the water, and are delightfully shaded and grassed. The bottom of the lake may be seen at a great distance near this point. A few hundred yards from the Tallac House is "Yank's New Place," which is a great summer resort for Nevada people. Judge Applegate, of San Francisco, has a summer place near Tallac.

ROWLAND'S.—Five miles from Tallac is Rowland's, and between the two places is the mouth of the Little Truckee River. The hotel is kept by T. B. Rowland, who can accommodate thirty or forty people. The mountain back of Rowland's is called Sand Mountain, on account of its two peaks being composed of sand. These peaks are 3,000 feet above the level of the lake.

OTHER POINTS OF INTEREST.—The next point of interest is Glenbrook, about fourteen miles from Rowland's, where there is quite a village, a good hotel, and several stores. The tourist who is bound for Virginia City and Carson, Nevada, takes the stage at this point, driven by the famous "Hank Monk," who is well known as the man who drove Horace Greeley over the Sierra Nevada Mountains many years ago. [It is thirteen miles to Tahoe City in a direct line across the lake from Glenbrook.] The next point of interest is Crystal Bay, eight miles from Glenbrook; then four miles to Hot Springs, four miles to Cornelian Bay, and four to Tahoe City. There are three warm sulphur eruptions at Hot Springs, two upon the shore and one in the water, their temperature averaging about 94°—and they are said to be very efficacious in cases of rheumatism and kindred complaints.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION.—Leave San Francisco at 3:30 o'clock P. M., from depot foot of Market street, and take cars of the Central Pacific Railroad (*via* Oakland) for Truckee, 271 miles, arriving at Truckee at about five the next morning. Then take stage at 6:30 A. M. for Lake Tahoe, 14 miles, arriving about 9 o'clock. This drive of 14 miles is one of the most delightful on the Pacific Coast. From May until October the air is as pure and as invigorating as it is possible for air to be, and the warm sunshine which keeps you company is delightfully tempered by the breezes that chase each other from the snow-banks on the mountain tops and in gorges, and which always "linger in the lap of summer." Then you have the Truckee River with you all the way—that matchless mountain streamlet of pure ice-cold water. Tree, bush, and flower grow and blossom upon either side; and a little bird, with a throat like a thrush, warbles a canticle of exquisite musical modulations, so to speak. But the most stirring sight of all is the system of logging carried on by the mill companies. "Look! quick!" ejaculates the driver; and your gaze is directed to a monster timber that comes furiously dashing from the summit down a chute a thousand feet in length with twice the ordinary speed of a locomotive. So rapid is its descent that it leaves a trail of smoke behind it, and sometimes it kindles a fire among the slivers along its way. Ah! it strikes the water! In an instant there is an inverted Niagara in the air, resplendent with prismatic and transparent vails of spray. Tahoe perpetuates the name of an Indian chief who, while intoxicated, was drowned in the lake during a storm. It

is pronounced Tah-oo, by some, and Tay-oh, by others—accent on first syllable. It is sometimes called Lake Bigler, in honor of the late John Bigler, who was Governor of California two terms of two years each—1852–5. It may not be generally known that it was Governor Bigler who introduced alfalfa grass (or clover) into California from Chili. Tahoe City is in Placer county, and Tallac is in El Dorado county, Cal. Glenbrook is in Douglas county, Nevada. Notwithstanding the snow falls to the depth of eight and ten feet in the winter all around the lake, the water never freezes, but maintains its temperature of about nine degrees above the freezing point. In the summer the surface reaches a higher temperature, decreasing with increasing depth to about seven hundred feet, and below this depth there is no change, it being about seven degrees above the freezing point. The coldness of the lower water is given as a reason for drowned bodies never rising, the water being so cold that decomposition does not take place, and, therefore, no gases are generated. Tahoe is the most splendid fishing ground in the world for trout, which average from one and two to eight pounds apiece. These trout are caught by trolling and by still fishing. Many thousands of pounds are caught every summer. The best time to fish is in the months of June and July, and then again in September. Morning and evening is the best time for trolling. Boats and oarsmen and tackle, and all implements for trolling and still fishing, can be had at Tahoe City, Tallac, and other places. It is no great thing to get twenty or more trout, averaging four or five pounds each, in June and July and September, from daylight until eight o'clock. The Grand Central Hotel, kept by A. J. Bayley, at Tahoe City, is open from May until October, and offers every accommodation for tourists or others visiting this charming resort. The hotel is located on a high bluff, at the outlet of Lake Tahoe, and commands an extensive view of the lake—located as it is, at an altitude of 6,216 feet above the sea. Steamers leave daily for round trip of the lake, and will convey guests of the Grand Central to any points on the lake, at any time, and at living rates. The hotel and carriage saddle horses are always in readiness for the exclusive accommodation of guests. Connected with the hotel is a bar and billiard room, croquet grounds, bowling alley, bath-house, laundry, and a market. Telegraph, express and post-office in hotel. The dining room is large, and fare first-class. The parlors are large and furnished with piano. The sleeping rooms are well furnished, and the prices reasonable. The Tallac House is kept by Captain J. A. Gordon, and is first-class in every respect. Beside the fishing at Tahoe there are lots of grizzly, black and cinnamon bear, woodchucks, and some rabbits. There are also mountain quail and grouse, but neither are plenty. The head waters of the Truckee River—which is one of the prettiest mountain streams in America—are alive with brook trout, which will take a fly or bait. The fishing is always very good a mile or two from Tahoe City. This river is 105 miles in length. It takes its rise in Tahoe, and flows into Pyramid Lake, Nevada. Truckee is so called after an Indian chief, and is pronounced as spelled. In the town of Truckee is a first-class hotel kept by John F. Moody, who also owns the stage line to Tahoe. Parties from San Francisco may leave at 3:30 Saturday evening, stay all day at Tahoe City, or go round the lake on Sunday, and return to San Francisco before noon on Monday. El Dorado is Spanish, and means The Golden—pronounced Ail Doe-rah-doe, accent on second syllable; Plumas, (Feather,) pronounced about as spelled. There is a post-office at each—Tallac, Rowland's, and Glenbrook.

"O, lovely lake, while life remains,
Will thy enchantment hold my heart!
And song rehearse in willing strains,
Lake of the hills! how fair thou art!"

Webber Lake.—This perfect gem is in Sierra county, and lies in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, at an altitude of 6,925 feet above the level of the sea. It is nearly circular, and is entirely surrounded by a frame-work of prettily-wooded hills, except a break at the south. It has an average depth of about eighty-four feet, and freezes during the winter. The water of this lake is very clear and pure, and is considered the most superior fishing ground in California—the trout being large and numerous, gamey and delicious. The scenery about the lake is simply charming. Three-quarters of a mile away is Webber Lake Falls, which have a descent of 105 feet. On the southeast is White Rock Peak, nearly 2,500 feet above the lake, at the base of which is a small body of water called White Rock Lake. On the south is Meadow Lake Pass, with mountains upon either side 3,000 feet higher than the lake. On the west is Webber's Peak, 9,000 feet above the sea. One mile north, 570 feet above Webber Lake, at an altitude of 7,495 feet, is a beautiful little lake covering about forty acres, called Lake of the Woods; and, still further north, is a peak called Observation Point, from which may be seen three hundred miles of country in a direct line on clear days. All of the above-named points may be reached by carriage from the hotel, and there is also a splendid carriage ride of four miles around Lake Webber, which is about a mile across in one or two ways. The hotel at Webber is situated about thirty yards from the northern rim of the lake, on what is known as the old Hennessey's Pass road, and can accommodate from forty to fifty people. The climate from May to October is simply perfection.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Take passage by the Central Pacific Railroad at 3:30 P. M., (foot of Market street,) for Truckee, 271 miles, arriving about 5 o'clock the following morning. Then take Buxton's stage at 7 o'clock for Webber Lake, 26 miles, over a delightful mountain road. The lake and hotel are owned by Mr. David G. Webber, who came here from New York more than thirty years ago. Beside the hotel, there are nice camping grounds all round, with plenty of grass and water. The hotel is open from the tenth of May until the first of October. The fish take the fly from the first of May until about the first of August; then they do not bite well for about a month; during September splendid catches are made by trolling. For fly fishing, you want a pole from twelve to fifteen feet long, and a variety of flies; for trolling, a pole from seven to nine feet is the thing, with an oiled-silken line from seventy to ninety feet in length, and the proper-sized spoon. From daylight to eight in the morning, and two hours before sunset are the times to fish. The fish are the Feather River trout; they are very gamey, and weigh from half a pound to two and sometimes three pounds each. There are streams near by that contain brook and eastern trout. Of all the forms of amusement which human wit has devised to "drive dull care away," declared some writer in the Sacramento Bee of March 16th, 1882, "we believe there is no one cheaper or more healthful and innocent than angling. The trout-fisher, like the painter, haunts the loveliest nooks of the earth, and his soul takes its hue from the scenes with which he is familiar. Wandering

far away from the dust and smoke of the town, into the quiet meadows and ravines, he follows up the sparkling brooks to their sources and penetrates to the inmost recesses of Nature's sanctuaries. He has admittance to her boudoirs, and dallies with her in her most witching moods. He becomes familiar with the ceaseless changes of her countenance, varying from sunshine to tempest, and hears all the harmonies of her organ-like music. As he throws his line where 'rivulets dance their wayward round,' the song of the waters drowns all the jangling noise of the world he has left behind, and while he listens to the chorus of the wavelets, the sleepy whir of the frog in the pool, or the occasional splash of the trout leaping for his prey, the misty, dreamy quiet all around laps his soul into a temporary Elysium. The shyest and most delicate wild flowers, set in the golden and azure mosses, are revealed to his gaze. A brooding, meditative spirit takes possession of his soul, and he learns to discern the infinite suggestiveness of things. He worships not in temples built by human hands, but in the temple of Nature.

'Not in that face where crumbling arch or column
Attest the feebleness of mortal hand,
But in that fane, most catholic and solemn,
Which God hath planned;
In that cathedral, boundless as our wonder,
Whose quenchless lamps the sun and moon supply,
Its choirs the wind and waves, its organ thunder,
Its dome the sky.'"

There are deer, and cinnamon and black bear, in abundance; also some mountain grouse and quail. We saw at one time on the table in July, 1882, bear and deer meat, brook and lake trout, and grouse. The reflections of the mountains in Webber Lake mornings is a picture well worth visiting the lake to see, even if the trout were not numerous under that perfect mirror. Boating is indulged in during summer evenings; and, according to the editor of the San Francisco Evening Exchange, row-boat flirtation is decidedly felicitous, for he says: "There is something very delightful in sitting in a small but safe boat, with a nice girl, who has a thorough confidence in her pilot. All around is the sea and sky; below the treacherous water, and only the twain in that small barrier between themselves and fathoms of the life-destroying element. It is then, if there be the least tenderness of feeling, that the rower leans from his position on the after thwart, towards the steerswoman, and he tells her a thousand sweet things he never would have cared to breathe ashore. He wraps her up in his boating coat; he makes her royally comfortable; he thinks and whispers little sentences about floating along thus through eternity, and generally gets very spoony, and feels terribly in earnest about the same. Truly, there is no place wherein Love's young dream can be so charmingly enjoyed as in the row-boat. Of course, one does not want the very timid and diffident kind, but a girl who is not afraid to change her position in a boat, nor too prudish to accept the clasp of a strong arm when she passes from one thwart to another." The tourist, if he tires of the boating and fishing at Webber Lake, may go to Sierra Valley, and get lots of game; and he may continue on to Big Meadows, Plumas county, which, says the Chico Record, "is the sportman's Elysium of California, at least of the northern part. The vast forests in its neighborhood, which as yet have never been fully explored, abound with black bear, deer, wild turkey, ruffed grouse or pheasants, rabbits, squirrels, quail, and all the infinite variety of water fowl that hatch their brood amid its numerous beautiful lakes. Snipe and woodcock are found in countless numbers, and

occasionally in the deep shades of the pine woods a lordly elk is seen. All the streams swarm with the finny tribe—trout, salmon, bass, pickerel, pike and perch, which are caught mostly by the Indians; but a white angler sometimes finds his way into this paradise."

Independence Lake.—Independence Lake, sixteen miles from Truckee and ten from Webber Lake, is another one of those gems of the Sierra fastened in a beautiful setting of tamarack and pine and whose waters are alive and inviting with delicious fish. It is about two and one-half miles long by about three-quarters of a mile wide, and is without bottom in some places, so far as is known. This body of water was called Independence Lake by Lola Montez, on July 4, 1853, who, in company with Delano Block, of Grass Valley, Nevada county, where the erratic "Countess of Landsfeldt" lived at that time, had visited the lake on that day for the purpose of seeing a vessel launched which had been built by Augustus More, of Massachusetts. Four miles north of the lake is Mount Lola, named after Lola Montez, 11,000 feet above the level of the sea. The shores of Independence are bold and rocky in many places, but the lake is accessible at both ends. The hotel is owned by Penman & Jansen. It is situated at the north end of the lake, and will accommodate from thirty to forty persons. The fishing season is the same as at Webber Lake, and lasts the same length of time. The lake freezes over during winter.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Take passage by the Central Pacific Railroad at 3:30 P. M., (foot of Market street,) for Truckee, 271 miles, arriving about 5 o'clock next morning. Then take Buxton's stage at 7 o'clock for Independence Lake, 16 miles. While most of the fish are of the silver trout family, and are very gamey and delicious, there are also many red trout; and in the stream near by there are eastern and speckled trout. In sending trout to friends, the sender should first clean them, then pack them in dry hay, placing wisps in the cuts in the bellies, and pack them bellies up; in this way they will keep fresh and good from three to five days in the summer. The express and post-office address of the proprietors of Webber and Independence Lakes are Truckee. Stages go to these two lakes Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, from April to November.

Donner Lake.—This lake perpetuates the name of George Donner, an early emigrant, who, with his wife and a large number of other men and women belonging to an expedition, were overtaken by a tremendous storm of snow early in the winter of 1846, during which many perished, at a point upon the old stage road not far distant from this beautiful body of water. Some years ago Mr. C. F. McGlashan, a well-known California writer, produced a volume entitled "Fate of the Donner Party," in which he apostrophizes this enchanting lake as follows: "Three miles from Truckee lies one of the fairest and most picturesque lakes in all the Sierra. Above and on either side are lofty mountains, with castellated granite crests, while below, at the mouth of the lake, a grassy, meadowy valley widens out and extends almost to Truckee. The body of water is three miles long, one mile and a half wide, and 483 feet in depth. Tourists and picnic parties annually flock to its shores, and Bierstadt has made it the subject of one of his finest, grandest paintings. In summer, its willowy thickets, its groves of

tamarack and forests of pine, are the favorite haunts and nesting places of the quail and grouse. Beautiful speckled mountain trout plentifully abound in its

GENERAL VIEW OF DONNER LAKE—BY THOMAS MORAN.

crystalline waters. A rippling breeze usually wimples and dimples its laughing surface, but in calmer moods it reflects, as in a polished mirror, the lofty, overhanging mountains, with every stately pine, bounding rivulet, blossoming shrub,

waving fern, and—high above all, on the right—the clinging, thread-like line of the snow sheds of the Central Pacific. When the railroad was being constructed 3,000 people dwelt on its shores; the surrounding forests resounded with the music of axes and saws; and the terrific blasts exploded in the lofty, o'ershadowing cliffs filled the cañons with reverberating thunders, and hurled huge boulders high in the air over the lake's quivering bosom. In the winter it is almost as popular a pleasure resort as during the summer. The jingling of sleigh-bells and the shouts and laughter of skating parties can be heard almost constantly. The lake forms the grandest skating park on the Pacific Coast. Yet this same Donner Lake was the scene of one of the most thrilling, heart-rending tragedies ever recorded in California history. Interwoven with the very name of the lake are memories of a tale of destitution, loneliness and despair which borders on the incredible. It is a tale that has been repeated in many a miner's cabin, by many a hunter's camp fire, and in many a frontiersman's home; and everywhere it has been listened to with bated breath."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco (*via* Oakland Ferry, foot of Market street,) by Central Pacific Railroad, at 3:30 P. M., arriving at Truckee at five o'clock the next morning. It is between two and three miles from Truckee to Donner Lake. The distance from San Francisco to Truckee is 271 miles. The route of travel is one of the most picturesque in America, and embraces lake, river, mountain and valley scenery. There is excellent fishing in the lake, and in the streams in its vicinity. The Donner party arrived at the lake on October 28, 1846; there were eighty-one men and women in the original party, thirty-four of whom died from either cold or starvation. There are also bear, deer, and smaller game near Donner Lake. The snow in the mountains near the lake often covers the tops of the telegraph poles on a level. The lake freezes over strong enough for skating every winter. It is a splendid spot for campers during the summer months.

Clear Lake.—If Clear Lake is not, indeed, as lovely and entrancing as that Italian one upon whose borders dot the luxurious chateaux of the Milanese aristocracy, and of whose beauties Virgil extolled before the birth of Christ, it is almost as picturesque and delightful, and may yet beguile another Bulwer into the creation of another Melnotte, whose fictitious description of his charming palace shall sweetly seduce another Pauline into loving the prince, if not the man. There is a salubrity of air and an equability and healthfulness of climate in the immediate country which fringes Clear Lake, however, that more than offsets the enchantment of either Como, Lugano, or Maggiore, whose seductions of atmosphere, architecture and foliage, carry to their perfumed shores thousands upon thousands of American tourists annually. But we should not forget that Como has been known in poetry and in song as many centuries, almost, as Clear Lake has years. And we must, for a while, be content with the chaos of peace and tranquility of our own dear lake, realizing that the day is not far distant when its shores shall be gemmed with ostentatious villas not unlike many of those now mirrored in the azure waters of Como and Maggiore.

Clear Lake is in Lake County, which was organized in 1861 from a portion of Napa County. It is an irregular sheet of water, between twenty-five and

thirty miles in length, and is in some places from ten to twelve miles in width. Its general depth is about forty feet—although it is more than double that depth at what is called the Narrows—and it is 1,300 feet above the sea, or about the same elevation as Lake Geneva, in Switzerland. It is almost entirely surrounded by mountains and high hills, with here and there a lovely indentation; and the lower part of the lake is picturesquely dotted with islands, all of which are beautifully wooded. The largest is called Elembenden, (Indian for Paradise.) Another very pretty island is called "Ho-yem-den;" it is only a short distance from Sulphur Bank, (or East Lake,) and would make a summer resort fit for a king. It is owned by Mr. T. P. Madden and Captain R. S. Floyd, of San Francisco. Mr. Joseph Eastland, of San Francisco, also owns an island near by. The waters of Clear Lake fall from six to ten feet during the dry season, and empty into Cache Creek, whose waters flow into the Sacramento River.

There are a number of pretty towns lying upon and adjacent to Clear Lake, among which is Lakeport, the county seat of Lake County, and the most important place in the county. It contains about 1,000 inhabitants. It is situated upon a series of terraced elevations, and is abundantly shaded by the foliage of clusters of immense oaks. The landscape view is very beautiful. At the head of the lake is a little town called Upper Lake, with 400 inhabitants, a hotel and livery stable. The valleys in this vicinity are very beautiful and productive. Lower Lake is also a pretty place, and contains nearly 500 inhabitants; it is situated some three miles away from the lower part of the lake. Sulphur Bank, or East Lake, is situated on the lake, and is ten miles from Lower Lake. There are large quicksilver works at this place, giving employment to nearly 300 men.

There are already a number of chateaux upon the lake, the most pretentious and delightful of which is "Kono Tayee," the summer home of Captain and Mrs. R. S. Floyd, of San Francisco. It occupies one of the prettiest spots upon the lake, and is nine miles by water from Lakeport, and a little over five miles from Sulphur Bank. It is directly opposite Konockti (or Uncle Sam) Mountain and Soda Bay. The Floyd place reminds one of the villas on our eastern lakes, except that at Kono Tayee many varieties of northern and semi-tropical fruits and flowers grow the year round. Even during the rainy season, when the mountains surrounding Clear Lake are covered with snow, Kono Tayee may be described as a picture of summer set in a winter frame. The house is a noble mansion, of many apartments, and it sees few days during the summer months that said apartments are not occupied with others than the Captain and his estimable wife and darling little girl. This place contains several hundred acres; and the accacia, pepper, pomegranite and eucalyptus intermingle their branches with the indigenous oak and fir; the orange and peach nod gracefully to each other at each passing wind, as if proud of their luscious fruits; and the magnolia and the violet alike impregnate the evening zephyrs with their aromatic sweets. There is all at Kono Tayee that wealth and taste can appropriately suggest; and one can readily conclude, the moment he reaches the quarter-deck, (we mean veranda,) with its brass pieces in proper positions, that Captain Floyd has not

spent his entire life outside of a man-of-war. Mr. Floyd also owns Quercus rancho, almost directly opposite Kono Tayee, where he keeps his horses and carriages, and most of his fine cattle, and upon which there is an excellent orchard. He also owns a number of fine craft, among which are included the "City of Lakeport," a steamer seventy-two feet long, constructed in model and rig like an ocean steamer, containing two engines, and capable of making eighteen miles an hour; the "Hallie," a little steam yacht; two or three sail boats and skiffs, shells, canoes and jolly boats almost without number.

The most lovely public place on Clear Lake is called Soda Bay, which is situated on the south side, and close to the base of Konockti. There are few prettier places in the world, and it is fast becoming a noted and favorite resort. It takes its name from the indentation in front, which contains a natural soda spring; or, more properly, a soda volcano. It is always in action and discharges half a million gallons of pure soda water every twenty-four hours. This soda volcano is about the size of a phaeton wheel, and forces its way up from a rock below through and above the waters of the bay to a height of nearly two feet. At present there are hotel accommodations for about one hundred people, including a main building, dining hall, and a dozen cottages. The hotel is kept by Mrs. A. K. Gregg. It is a delightful place for children, and might with propriety be termed a juveniles' paradise.

Near by is Konockti, the monarch of the lake, and one of the most imposing earth giants in California. Its base drops down to the very margin of the fair waters over which it towers to about the same height as that from which Vesuvius looks down into the Bay of Naples. The summit of Konockti is easily reached, although it is nearly 3,000 feet above Soda Bay. And from this summit may be seen a picture that cannot be faithfully delineated by pencil or pen—to the eastward the mountains of the Sierra Nevada, lifting their snow-capped summits to the sky; to the westward, the mountains and valleys of the Coast Range following each other in succession down to the ocean's edge; and at our feet, to the north and east, the beautiful lake, sometimes like a sheet of silver embroidered with a golden fringe; and to the south St. Helena, Cobb, Diablo, Tamalpais, and other ramparts reared by the Almighty Architect. The matchless sunsets of this section, with their marvelous maze of exquisite color, were the admiration of Bierstadt during his sojourn here—but, why proceed further? go and see for yourselves; and, then, after witnessing one of these delicious sunsets, drift down delightfully into dreamland, singing—

"Clear mirror of the region round!
Far curves thy rich, transparent green;
While memory, with thy beauties crowned,
Recalls thy every varied scene:
The hills that wave in graceful chain—
The shores of Nature's loveliest trace;
The homesteads isled in grass and grain,
Where peace hath found apparent place."

ROUTES OF TRAVEL, ETC.—*Route No. 1:* Leave San Francisco (foot of Market street, *via* Oakland,) at 8 o'clock A. M., for Calistoga, 68 miles; at Calistoga take one of Fisher's stages for Lower Lake (and East Lake) 35 miles, through a pretty country. *Route No. 2:* To Calistoga, same as above, and then by stage to Lakeport, 48 miles, through a marvelously beautiful country; crossing Cobb and Helena Mountains; 28 miles from Calistoga is Glenbrook, a lovely place in the woods at the foot of a mountain; here is an inviting temperance hotel, and there are a number of hot and cold mineral springs a few miles away; 12 miles further, over Bottle Rock Mountain, is Kelseyville (or Uncle Sam,) at which place parties bound for Soda Bay take conveyance for that place, nearly seven miles. Kelseyville is named after an early settler, Andy Kelsey, who was killed by Indians in October, 1849. There is a good hotel and stable at Lakeport; same at Lower Lake and at Kelseyville. There are sail and row boats at Lakeport and at Soda Bay. There are a few bear and an abundance of deer in the hills and mountains around Clear Lake, and plenty of quail and dove in all the valleys. There are also plenty of wild geese and canvas-back, mallard and teal duck in the lake during the early winter months. The lake also abounds in trout, perch and other fish. The canvas-back duck and trout from Clear Lake are among the best that come to the San Francisco markets; and they bring high prices, and are eagerly sought by epicures. Mr. Buckingham, of the San Francisco manufacturing firm of Buckingham & Hecht, has a delightful place on the lake near the foot of Konocktì, upon which is one of the finest young vineyards in California. The weather is very warm during June, July and August, although the nights cool off perceptibly, and, as a general thing, agreeably. Sometimes the deer come down to the water near Captain Floyd's house. Captain Jack Frazier once sent half a dozen bullets through a tremendous "redwood buck" not a hundred yards from the boat-house. This buck wasn't so old as he was tough—redwood bucks are awfully tough—and—well, Captain Jack will tell you all about it, when you meet him. On a peninsula near Sulphur Bank is situated a borax lake, covering about sixty acres, and from which hundreds of tons of borax were taken in 1866–7. There are post-offices, express and telegraph offices at Lakeport, Lower Lake and Kelseyville. Siegler, Howard and Adams Springs are about seven miles either from Lower Lake or Glenbrook. Highland Springs is five miles from Kelseyville. The Indians called Clear Lake Lupoyoma—pronounced Loo-po-yo-mah, accent on third syllable. Konocktì means Twin (or Double) Mountain, and may be pronounced Ko-nock-tee, accent on second syllable. Cache is a French word, (pronounced cashe,) and means Hidden—Cache Creek is Hidden (or Buried) Creek.

Blue Lakes.—Situated in Lake county, some twelve miles from Lakeport, are the Blue Lakes, which, with their charming surrounding scenery and delightful hotel accommodations, constitute one of the most attractive summer and autumn resorts in the State. These lakes are three in number, 2,500 feet above the sea, and lie in what is called Blue Lakes Cañon, which forms a junction with Scott's Valley. The mountains are between four and five thousand feet in height, and look down upon as pretty an interlacing of little waters as can be found in the State. There is a superior hotel at what is termed the upper lakes, and excellent boating and fishing. In no place in California is there a rarer, purer, more healthful atmosphere than in this section of country during the summer months;

or, really, from May until October. Miss Frankie Jepson, who visited this lovely section in 1880, and published her impressions in one of the county newspapers shortly afterward, wrote as follows of the beauties of a summer evening: "'Tis evening, now, and the day is dying. And what a day it has been! Ah, indeed, what glorious days they are all, now! The last rays of the sinking sun are still resting on the eastern mountains, and the rose-tinted mist is casting over

LAKE ANGELINE.

them a mantle of indescribable beauty. In the valley the shadows of the western mountains have cast a look of gloom over all objects. The glowing sunset is upon us at last, and words fail to describe the rare grace of the scene. To see it once were to approach very near to the gates of Paradise, for certainly the beyond can have but few charms to excel these. At last the sun has sunk below the western hills, and the cold steel-blue of early twilight has settled upon the mountains. Later still the night has come upon the world. A gentle breeze rustles

the leaves, ruffles the bosom of the lakes, and refreshes the world. The hum of insect life and the chirp of bird is added to the sounds of human existence, and all combined make a song the melody of which would lure one out from this busy world of cares far away into the mysterious and charmed land of dreams. The lower lake is separated from the other two like an estranged sister. The middle and upper ones are linked together, like the melodies of Beethoven, in deep, shoreless harmony. The banks are mountains standing up on nearly all sides straight and steep from their feet to their crests. The almost bottomless fathoms send up their sapphire and deep blue; the haughty mountains throw down their royal green; and, above the reflection and refraction of shadow and sheen, we skim with dallying oar the smooth, bright romance up and down. The lower lake is small and shallow, except in places. The upper ones are, perhaps, a mile and a half long, by from a quarter of a mile to a few rods in width. They are joined together by a narrow pass. The depth of these lakes is very great in places. The waters abound in fish of almost every representation of the finny tribes. At these upper lakes there is a fine hotel; which affords superior accommodations for visitors. A number of row boats are provided; and to be upon the bosom of either of those lakes in a boat is to be afloat in a sea of liquid pearl."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco at 8 A. M. (foot of Market street) for Calistoga, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of Central Pacific Railroad, 68 miles. Then take Fisher's stage for Lakeport, 48 miles, and then go by carriage direct to Blue Lakes the same day, or lay over at Lakeport (which commands a splendid view of Clear Lake) until the following morning. The hotel has accommodations for from forty to fifty persons, and there are sail and row boats on the lakes. There are numerous drives in the neigborhood. The hotel is owned and kept by Theodore Deming, who has lately refurnished it throughout and made many other improvements. His post-office address is "Bertha," Lake county. There is excellent fishing in the lakes, and also at Clear Lake, twelve miles away. The hunting is also very good, and includes cinnamon bear, deer, quail, doves, hare and rabbit. For further particulars please see the advertisement of "Blue Lakes" at the end of this book. It might be well to state, for the benefit of those who are not aware of the fact, that fish, and especially trout, should be killed (knocked on the head—with a little hammer or stone) as soon as they are taken from the water; this prevents them from dying slowly and having their tissues softened. Trout may thus be kept from twenty-four to forty-eight hours longer than if you let them "die a lingering death."

Other Lakes.—While Tahoe, Donner, Webber, Independence, Clear and Blue Lakes are the most noted, and constitute what may be more particularly termed resorts, still, there are many others of these inland seas entitled to passing notice. It is said that the natural and artificial lakes and ponds in California cover an area of 16,000 square miles. Most of these are in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Probably the highest and most beautiful lake of all is *Tenaya*. It is about a two day's ride from Mount Hoffman or Hetch-Hetchy. It is the best specimen of a glacier lake in California. It is about one mile in width, and half that distance in length. No boat, not even a canoe, has ever plowed the

waters of this beautiful lake, although a gentle breeze sweeps the surface daily, and no heavy or fitful winds ever visit it. J. L. Murphy, an intelligent gentleman and a pioneer, who is thoroughly familiar with every foot of the country in this part of the Sierra, settled upon the beautiful meadow along the western shore of Lake Tenaya on the first of August, 1878. On the 31st of the same month he placed in the lake fifty-two brook-trout from Bell's meadows on the Tuolumne—from whence were brought the first trout placed in Virginia Creek and Lake Lundy. Some of these fish have already attained a length of two feet. They spawn twice a year, and are wonderfully prolific, so that the lake is swarming with them. From the western shore the lake attains a depth of less than one inch to the foot for a distance of several hundred feet, and then drops to an unknown depth against the base of the precipitous mountain guarding the eastern shore. For picturesqueness and grandeur of scenery no place in the Sierra range surpasses Lake Tenaya. Along the western shore sweeps a beautiful meadow, shaded by stately forest trees and crossed by crystal streams; the amphitheater n which it is situated is guarded by lofty granite peaks and ridges which glisten in the sun like great glaciers; while Cloud's Rest, Mount Watkins, and other high peaks overlooking the grand chasm of Yosemite, seem but a stone's throw distant. *Lake Angeline*, near Summit station, on the Central Pacific Railroad, is a lovely place, and must become a popular resort some day. Already it attracts large numbers of campers from May until October, on account of its splendid climate and scenery, and the hunting and fishing thereabouts. *Tulare* is the largest lake in the State, and lies in Tulare county, near Delano, on the Southern Pacific Railroad. There is good but difficult duck hunting on Tulare Lake, and the late canvas-backs come from its waters. *Mono* and *Owens* lakes are alkali, and contain no fish. Many of the mountain lakes not considered resorts have been incidentally referred to in descriptions of other more noted places. Tulare is pronounced Too-lah-ray, accent on second syllable, and means Tule lands. Delano is called after Hon. C. Delano, M. C. from Ohio in 1866–7. In the neighborhood of Tulare Lake are wild hogs.

McCloud River.—While the State of California is blessed with many beautiful and majestic rivers; and, while quite a number of them are navigable, and, with our bays, make a vast producing interior tributary to them; and while all of the streams not navigable are made the means of artificial waters for lands that would be otherwise non-productive; and while nearly all abound in fish and carry upon their surfaces and along their banks no end of game; still, there are few places upon these rivers, or rivers themselves, that may be properly called resorts; and most of these, even, have been incidentally introduced to the reader in connection with descriptions of other resorts through which said streams meander or else murmur adjacent. The McCloud River, which takes its source from the purest of snows, is better entitled to an elaborate description in this book than any other stream, on account of its being a place of much resort, during the summer months, notwithstanding its considerable distance from San Francisco;—and, in presenting a description of this resort we prefer to reproduce an article

prepared for the Pacific Life, (a San Francisco newspaper,) some time ago, by the late B. B. Redding, who was probably better qualified to present a beautiful and truthful description of the McCloud River than any other writer upon California scenes: "The McCloud River is born of the perpetual snows that mantle the head and shoulders of Mount Shasta. This mountain, which is the culminating peak of Northern California, marks the point where the Coast Range of mountains unites with the Sierra Nevada to form the northern end of the Sacramento Valley. The sides of Shasta are composed of the lava and scoria which flowed from its crater when it was an active volcano. The melting snows find their way beneath this lava; and, gathering in remote recesses, leap into the light at the base of the highest peak on its eastern side a full, cold, clear and rapid torrent. It is born from the head of Shasta fully matured, as Minerva in complete panoply sprang from the head of Jove. In all its tortuous course of about one hundred miles it receives but few tributaries, and these are so small that they apparently add nothing to its volume. It will average one hundred feet in width at its source and five feet in depth, and these are its dimensions when it is merged into the Pit River, of which it is the great tributary. Its average fall is about forty feet to the mile, and its current is never for any distance in a direct line, but turns and winds in all directions, as if trying to escape from the interlocking spurs of the high mountains that in all its course seek to detain it. These mountains are timbered with giant pines, firs, cedars and oaks. The immediate banks are generally precipitous and covered with the alder, willow, azalea, styrax, ceres, staphylia, calycanthus, and other plants and shrubs for which there are yet no English names. The bed of the river is a series of pools and rapids. In some places there are twenty or more pools to the mile. There is but one fall, and this is within a short distance from the point where the river bursts from the mountain side. The salmon enter the Golden Gate from the Pacific in the spring, and pass up the Sacramento into the Pit, pass up the Pit about five miles, and then turn into the McCloud, and scatter through all its pools to this fall, which bars their further progress. After leaving tide-water they swim more than five hundred miles, and those that spawn at the fall reach an elevation of nearly six thousand feet. The salmon that first come in from the ocean in the spring spawn near the source of the river; those that come later spawn at lower points. Near the fall the fish are spawning by the first of July. At the United States Fishery, eighty to ninety miles down the river, they commence about the first of September. Here are annually taken from five to ten million eggs, which are shipped East, to Europe and Australia. Without doubt this establishment of the United States on the McCloud River is the most extensive in the world. In all the one hundred miles of the river there is no agricultural land and no mining. Except at the United States Fishery, there are not to exceed two white men who live on its banks. It is not known that the banks of the river have ever been traversed throughout their length except by J. H. Sisson and the brothers Waldo and Richard Hubbard. These were on exploring expeditions for farming lands, mines and game. There are but two wagon roads that reach the river. The great

northern mail route from California to Oregon, after leaving the railroad at Redding, crosses the Sacramento, and leaving it goes north to Pit River, crosses this river by a ferry at a point five miles above where it empties into the Sacramento, then passing over Turntable hill reaches the McCloud one mile below the United States Fishery, and a mile above, where the McCloud empties into the Pit. At the Fishery it leaves the McCloud and bears to the northwest to cross the Sacramento again twenty miles above. Fifty-five miles above the Fishery, at the base of Mount Shasta, is Sisson's, in Berryvale. Nine miles below Sisson's is Campbell's Soda Springs, on the Sacramento River. Between Sisson's and Campbell's is a wagon road leading from the stage road, which reaches the headwaters of the McCloud at Horse-shoe Bend, in a distance of twenty-two miles. Thus, from the United States Fishery to Horse-shoe Bend, a distance of ninety-five

SALMON FISHING—CASTING THE NET.

miles, there is no wagon road to the river. During the past year a saddle trail has been made from Sothern's on the stage road to a point on the river about half the distance from its source to the Pit. What a region for the future hunter and fisherman! One hundred miles of almost unexplored country not yet hunted nor fished, filled with brown, cinnamon and black bear, deer, panther, foxes, grouse and quail, the river crowded with salmon and three varieties of trout, in addition to other fish. In the river are also many otter. The salmon in the summer are so numerous that I have known at the United States Fishery more than one thousand to be taken from one pool at one haul of the seine. In the same pool one hundred and thirty have been seen jumping from the water in one minute by the watch. From an elevation, with the sun at a proper angle, they can be seen at the bottom of the pools so thick in places as to hide the bed of the stream. The work of spawning is generally done in the afternoon and

evening. The water is so clear and pure, so free from sediment, that the operation, which has often been described, can be readily observed. It is very interesting to watch the female, with her head up stream over her nest, if I may call it, so intent on her maternal duties as to allow the observer to approach within ten feet or less, if he makes no sudden motion; but more interesting to watch the male with his combination of tender solicitude for his mate and frequent sallies to drive away the cloud of trout that wait a few yards below for the stray eggs that may be carried down by the current. When spawning, the salmon will not take the hook, but recruits are arriving daily from the ocean to rest in pools for days, and perhaps weeks, for their eggs to mature. When they first arrive, before spawning has commenced, they will bite at a highly-colored artificial fly, or even at a red rag. The trout are also greedy for the fly. After spawning season has

SALMON FISHING—HAULING THE NET.

arrived, neither salmon nor trout will bite at anything but salmon roe until the season has passed. The sportsmen who hire salmon streams in Norway, or rent pools on the Restigouché, could soon become satiated with salmon fishing on the McCloud. The fish bite best in the morning and evening, and remain quiet at the bottom of the pools during the heat of the day. Frequently from twelve to fifteen salmon are taken in a morning and evening on a hook. When the first of the run arrives and fish are scarce the ardent sportsman will climb rocks, crowd through bushes and whip pool after pool. When rewarded with a bite he will play the fish as tenderly as if it were a maiden that he loved, and when safely landed bear it proudly into camp and tell the story of its capture with enthusiastic detail. But when the river-bed is black with the backs of the fish, and every cast is rewarded with a bite, it then becomes labor and not sport. The fisherman then puts up his salmon-rod, and gladly joints his eight-ounce Leonard-split bamboo,

adjusts his Meek reel, attaches to the water-proof silk line a nine-foot leader, loops on a blue bottle, a brown hackle, and a jungle-cock, looks back to see if he can clear the branches of the azaleas, whose gorgeous pink and white blossoms perfume the air, makes a few short casts to take out the kinks and wet the line, and then enters into that heaven where the houris are more beautiful and loving than any pictured in the Koran. Salmo-quinnat is the Bride of Lammermoor, told in prose by Sir Walter Scott—very beautiful, very interesting, and very matter of fact—but Salmo-iridea, with his rainbow and silver sides, his handsome form, and delightfully aristocratic reserve, is the same story told in rich poetry and finely rendered with the aid of all of Donizetti's deep harmony and charming melodies. Salmon is the practical joint of the dinner—very good and absolutely necessary to the feast; but a trout of the McCloud is the anecdote, the reparteé and wit "over the walnuts and the wine." In the McCloud the Iridea will average a pound each. I have taken forty-two of these trout in three hours, weighing seventy pounds. Occasionally one is taken weighing five pounds, and even more. In the same river is found the Dolly-Varden trout, so called on account of its pink and yellow spots, and supposed resemblance to the dress of the heroine of "Barnaby Rudge." These are fine fish, very game and of good flavor; about five of them are taken to fifty of the Iridea. The salmon are a nuisance to trout fishermen—they will persist in taking the hook. One morning I was fishing near the United States Fishery for trout with a ten-ounce English split bamboo rod. At half past eight I got a bite that sent a galvanic shock up my arm and down the full length of the vertebral column, and I had hooked my first salmon. I would not have lost him for "a castle in Spain." I "staid by" that salmon till half-past one o'clock. The reel had three hundred feet of new silk line, the leader was tough, and the sproat-hook well tempered. When landed he weighed twenty and a half pounds. Salmon at that time were worth twenty-five cents each in the markets at Sacramento and San Francisco. It therefore could not be presented to a friend. Our camp was well supplied; so the salmon was given to an Indian, who had been lying in the shade of an oak watching the contest, and doubtless wondering as to whether time could be of much more importance to a white man than it is to a setting quail. It is hardly possible to find a river so well stocked with trout. The salmon feeding in the ocean come in fat, and their eggs give the trout large quantities of rich food. The caddis fly and other insect life is also abundant in the water and on the vegetation that lines its banks. Vast numbers of salmon die after spawning and float ashore, and are eaten by the innumerable black, brown and cinnamon bears. The mule deer and black tail deer are plenty, and can be hunted on horseback or on foot. One year fifteen thousand black tail deer were killed for their pelts, and sold to one man for the manufacture of buckskin gloves. The law now has been so amended that it is a misdemeanor to take a doe or fawn at any time, or during the deer season to kill a buck simply for his skin. The pine grouse, the finest flavored game bird on the Pacific Coast, is abundant and gives fine sport. The wild pigeon is numerous at times. Lower down the river the valley quail can be seen in large flocks.

The wood duck breed in trees on the river banks. Every pool has its pair of water ouzels. Without web-feet, they dive to the bottom of the most rapid streams, making use of their wings to stem the current, and feed on the crustaceans that adhere to the rocks, and also on trout and salmon eggs. The turtle dove in the season gives much sport. The geology of this region has not been examined in detail. At the head waters the rocks are of dark, compact basalt, granite and trap; further down the river porphyry, obsidian, and blue, hard silicious slate; in some places beds of sandstone and infusorial earth. On the east side of the river at the United States Fishery is the Wintoon range of mountains, whose peaks have an elevation of over two thousand feet above the river. This range is composed entirely of carboniferous limestone, in which are numerous unexplored caves of great depths. In the limestone are vast deposits of well preserved fossils. In time we shall learn the geological age when this range of mountains was formed in the bed of the ancient ocean. The climate of the lower part of the river is very peculiar. In summer at noon the thermometer will often reach 110° in the shade; and at night fall to 50°, and occasionally to 45°. There are often from 50° to 60°, and at times 70° difference in the air between noon and midnight. It may be this contrast between day and night that exempts the sportsman from the plague of gnats and mosquitoes. The water of the river in the warmest days remains at about 52°. The average fall of rain, which commences earlier and continues later than in the valley, is about 65 inches. This peculiar climate gives a vegetation differing from any in the State. Many new plants and insects have been discovered on the banks of the McCloud, and probably many more are yet undiscovered. The scenery along the whole course of the river is on a grand scale. At no point is there a cañon of great depth with precipitous sides of rock, but everywhere the mountain sides are covered with firs, pines, cedars, oaks and lesser vegetation to the water's edge. As Mount Shasta is the river's creator, so everywhere he dominates and controls. The darkest and most solitary sketch of the river, with its fringe of green and sombre, with the dense foliage of melancholy firs that clothe the mountain sides, is yet cheered at almost every turn and bend by the reflection from the perpetual snow that mantles the mountain's cone, apparently above the blue sky overhead. One could no more write of the scenery of this river and omit Mount Shasta than could the head of Charles the First be omitted from one of Mr. Dick's compositions. The geologist, botanist and entomologist can at no spot in the State find a richer or more varied region in their several departments. Now it is only partly known to the hunter and angler. When in the next generation our people arrive at the conviction that life can be shortened by intense and continuous struggle in a fierce race for wealth, and that happiness may be promoted by rest, communion with nature and innocent recreation, the McCloud River will become a place of great resort." The route to the McCloud River is the same as that to Mount Shasta, (see page 81,) and at Sisson's the hunter and fisher may obtain all details of procedure not already elaborately presented in the foregoing sketch.

Pit River.—The Pit River, heretofore mentioned, takes its rise from Goose Lake, in the northeastern part of California, and flows through the

SCENE UPON THE AMERICAN RIVER—BY THOMAS MORAN.

grandest country imaginable; for miles and miles it flows through a very level section, and then again through cañons of most wonderful height. Falls are

often met with on its course to the Sacramento River. The entire country bordering on the Pit River is as yet unexplored. Salmon, sturgeon and trout are found in its waters. It is a warmer river than the McCloud, and will average 150 to 200 feet in width, from its source to its mouth, where it empties into the Sacramento River.

American River.—So far as scenery may be taken into consideration, the American River—or that part of it known as the North Fork of the American River—which may be viewed from many points in the Sierra Nevada Mountains along the line of the Central Pacific Railroad, has few superiors. There is no river or combined river and mountain view from a railway carriage to at all compare with it in the Atlantic States; and while there are few places along its course that may be properly termed resorts, we present an illustration of the view known as Giant's Gap, on the North Fork of the American River. Of course, there are lots of trout in the upper waters of this stream—and if any tourist has lost a grizzly, said bruin may in all probability be found somewhere along its banks.

Tuolumne River.—This is another one of those grand streams which, like the Kern, Kings, Merced, Stanislaus, American, and hundreds of smaller rivers, take their rise in the Sierra Nevada Mountains. Of all the streams rising at the crest of the Sierra and emptying into the San Joaquin, none, perhaps, passes through so rugged a cañon, and none is so little known, in its passage down the Sierra flanks, as the Tuolumne. Having its birthplace on Mount Lyell, and springing as it does from an active glacier, the Tuolumne, for the first twenty miles, flows peacefully through high mountain meadows, where its course is as easily traced as that of the Sacramento on the plains. Below the Tuolumne meadows, however, the stream suddenly plunges over a precipice some 2,000 feet in height, and enters one of the deepest and most inaccessible mountain cañons in America. Through this granite-walled cañon, once the bed of a glacier a thousand feet in thickness, the Tuolumne winds, a milk-white thread of foam. Between the meadows and Hetch-Hetchy Valley, a distance of thirty miles, the stream falls 5,100 feet, mostly in rapids and cascades. In high water it fills the entire bottom of the cañon, the walls, the lower portion of which are beautifully glacier-polished, rising steeply to a height of from 3,000 to 4,000 feet. The extreme narrowness of the bottom of this cañon renders its passage, except at extreme low water, an impossibility. So far as we have been able to learn the passage of the Tuolumne cañon, from the Meadows to Hetch-Hetchy, has been made by but two parties, and they only by frequent clamberings over projecting spurs. In 1877, Mr. J. M. Hutchings, of Yosemite fame, passed through the cañon with a number of friends, all good climbers, the passage occupying six days. Great difficulty was experienced in making the descent of the cascades, and the lives of the little party were several times in imminent peril. Mr. Hutchings made a close examination of the cañon as far down as Hetch-Hetchy. The head waters of Kings and Kern rivers also pass through a similar country, and will yet be classed as resorts.

The Sacramento and Other Navigable Rivers.—The Sacramento is the most important river in the State, and takes its rise in Siskiyou county, at the foot of Mount Shasta, on the west side. It bursts out of the ground, ten feet wide and a foot or so in depth. It flows through cañons and great forests for over seventy miles, where it is joined by the Pit River, a much larger stream at that point. Indeed, the Pit River should have been called the Sacramento. Then it meanders to the sea through some of the largest and most

HEAD WATERS OF KERN RIVER.

productive grain lands, vineyards and orchards in the world, and is navigable from San Francisco to Colusa and Red Bluff at all times of the year. Its upper waters abound in trout, while salmon may be taken along its entire length. To present some idea of the number of salmon which run in this river, we will reproduce a simple local paragraph from the Sacramento Bee of September 2, 1882, as follows: "The fall run of salmon proves to be a very heavy one, and fishermen are reaping a finny harvest. The close season of one month ended at

12 o'clock Thursday night last. Immediately nets were cast and the catch was large. It is thought that in the following twenty-four hours *thirty thousand salmon were taken from the Sacramento River.* The Capital Cannery, of Sacramento, bought one thousand eight hundred salmon that day, and are buying from four to eight hundred each day. The establishment is capable of canning one thousand five hundred in twenty-four hours." It is estimated that the annual salmon catch in the Sacramento River, in 1875, was 5,098,781 pounds; in 1877, 6,590,768 pounds; in 1880, 10,837,400 pounds; in 1881, about 15,000,000. Two millions of young salmon have been placed in the Sacramento annually since 1876, and the result is seen in the increased annual catch. The city of Sacramento, which is the capital of the State, is delightfully situated upon the east bank of the Sacramento River, 89 miles from San Francisco by rail, (by shortest route,) or 140 *via* Livermore Pass and Stockton, and has a population of nearly 20,000 people. The climate is pleasant and moderate the year round. The San Joaquin River, which empties into the Sacramento a short distance from Port Costa, is navigable as far as Stockton all the year round, and small boats may ascend as high as Fresno City, 150 miles above Stockton. The Feather River is navigable as far as Marysville, 75 miles from Sacramento. Along the borders of the above-named rivers and neighboring bays are large tracts of tule or swamp lands, which abound in duck during the fall and winter season. All other rivers, not mentioned under this head, are either referred to in other places, or are not accessible as resorts or unworthy of descriptions as such.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL, ETC.—All of the prominent places upon or near the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers may be reached by the cars of the Central Pacific Railroad, at which points boats may be procured for transportation to choice hunting and fishing grounds; and we may as well say to the tourist and sportsman, right here, that we doubt if there is in the world such splendid duck grounds as those in and along the bays and islands of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, the "open season" commencing on the 15th of September and lasting until the 15th of March—just six months—during which time all kinds of duck, rail and geese may be shot, as well as grouse, marsh hen, quail and partridge, the penalty for killing any of the above (except geese) during the close season—from the 15th of March to the 15th of September—being a fine of not less than $50 or imprisonment for not less than thirty days. And, while inviting attention to this fact, our eye has rested upon a very pleasant paragraph in the San Francisco Exchange of October 14, 1882, which we present, as follows: "We are justly proud of our duck grounds. A good shot on a favorable ground with a strong breeze can pile the dead about him until his arms grow weary of the slaughter. Nor has he far to go for his sport. The seventeen-mile marsh and along the east side of the bay towards Alviso is open to all comers. At Benicia, running up towards the Cordelia slough, the shooting is admirable. The country about Suisun, from Bridgeport on the north to Suisun, is probably an area of from seven to ten thousand acres which, by the end of October, is swarming with duck. On either side, extending from Suisun Bay to what is known as the islands, is a grand canvas-back country, intersected with small creeks. Hence up to the San Joaquin to all the landings, and notably Andrus Island, Sherman Island and Well's Landing, wild duck are

found in myriads. Of course the chief of all is the canvas-back. Then comes the mallard, pintail, and blue-winged teal. A favorite way of cooking the canvas-back is in what is termed Baltimore fashion. The bird is stuffed with celery, placed in the oven for nineteen minutes—the epicures persisting that a single minute more would spoil the flavor—and then served with red pepper, lime and hominy—a dish fit for the table of a prince. It is the bird of all birds, and the dun bird of Europe alone approaches it in richness and delicacy of flavor. The principal manner of duck shooting, at least during the early part of the season, is shooting in ponds over a decoy. The hunter in his boat enters one of these ponds before daylight, and the rule is, no matter if the birds lie before him in tens of thousands, never to fire until he has set out his decoy and got into his blind. If he shoots, the ducks become panic stricken and will desert the place, probably for the entire day. At his approach they fly off, but they will surely return in twos and threes, or singly, and afford him excellent sport all day. Ducks are not so much alarmed at the discharge of guns when they do not see from whom it proceeds; and many a hunter has spoiled a good day's sport by allowing himself to fire into a flock on first coming on the pond. If a strong breeze is blowing on the bay, the birds will return sooner to the pond for shelter and quiet, and offer easy shots to the concealed hunter; and a good shot with a brace of breech-loaders can enjoy himself until dark, and fill his boat with the plump beauties. Another method, which is much practiced later in the season, is sculling up and down the sloughs and dropping cautiously on the flocks of birds. For this form of sport, two are best in the boat, one to handle the sculls and the other to work a brace of breech-loaders beside him. This is the very acme of sport as regards duck shooting, and is more like upland work on quail and snipe. As the boat glides gently and noiselessly around the curves of the slough, now a brace of mallard, a flock of teal, or half a dozen pintail start up before the hunter, on whose quickness of aim, or what is technically termed snap-shooting, depends a large portion of his success. The great secret in this shooting is to be able to drop the birds on the water, and killing them clean or outright. If they fall in the tules they are almost invariably lost, and if a pinioned or wing-wounded bird falls in the water, it is next to impossible to retrieve it. This hunting comes nearer to quail shooting than any other form of sport. In another form of duck shooting the hunter posts himself at a pass leading from one point to another. This is confined to mallards, which have a morning and evening flight, going and returning from the little lagoons at the head of the creek, where the hunters cannot approach them. Where birds are plentiful this is considered the best method of duck shooting. The duck and the mallard—for, properly speaking, the term mallard is applied to the drake only—are among the handsomest of all ducks. The male wood duck is the most beautiful of all the duck family, the rich color of its plumage being unexcelled by any water fowl."

While upon this subject of hunting and fishing, we may as well inform the reader that the open season for shooting doves and male deer is from the first of January to the 30th of June; speckled, brook or salmon trout may be caught from the first of April until the 31st of October; shad may only be caught during the first three months in the year; salmon may be taken all months but August; female deer and spotted fawn must not be killed at any time—the penalty for killing or catching out of season being $50, or imprisonment for thirty days. There is splendid fishing in the Bay of San Francisco, especially in and around Oakland, where either smelt, flounder or

ocean trout may be caught with hook and line from the wharves any day in the year. The best time to fish is during flood tide, or for an hour after the turn. Alviso is a proper Spanish word, and is pronounced Arl-vay-zo, accent on second syllable; Benicia is so-called after the wife of Gen. Vallejo, and is pronounced Bay-ne-she-ah, accent on second syllable; Sacramento means sacred mind, and is pronounced Sah-krah-main-to, accent on third syllable; Fresno means ash tree, and is pronounced Frais-no, accent on first syllable; Colusa is an Indian word, and is pronounced as spelled; Marysville is so called after Mary Covilland, one of the founders of the place; Tule is an Indian word, and means rush or flag, and is pronounced Too-lay, accent on first syllable.


PACIFIC OCEAN
BAY OF MONTEREY
Point Pinos
Point Aulon
Point Alones
LIGHT HOUSE
DAIRY
PACIFIC GROVE
CHINA TOWN
WHALE FISHERY
FREMONT'S FORT
3 MILES
MONTEREY
SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD
CASTROVILLE ROAD
RACE TRACK
SALINAS ROAD
HOTEL DEL MONTE
DEPOT
BATH HOUSE
LANDING
CITY LANDS
2 MILES
PINOS RANCHO
Moss Beaches
Sand Hills
Point Joe
POINT
5 MILES
6 MILES
CABIN
YOUNG CYPRESS FOREST
HUCKLEBERRY HILL
3 MILES
SPRING
EL PESCADERO RANCHO
SPRING
CABIN
4 MILES
Sea Rocks
Point Cypress
Sand Hills
7 MILES
WHITE TOWER
DAIRY
6 MILES
5 MILES
8 MILES
CYPRESS GROVE
9 MILES
7 MILES
Point George
Sentinel
Pescadero Beach
Chinese Cove
CARMELO MISSION
DAIRY
Carmelo River
San José Creek
CARMELO BAY
Stillwater Cove
Bay
WHALE FISHERY
COAST ROAD
Point Lobos
County Roads shown
Macadam "
Bridle Paths
Mile Posts indicate distance from Hotel.
GUIDE TO MONTEREY AND VICINITY
0. 1/4 1/2 3/4 1M. 1/4 1/2 3/4 2M.
R. P. HAMMOND JR. C.E.
D. VAN VLECK, ENG.
F. T. NEWBERRY DEL.

SEA SIDE RESORTS

OF CALIFORNIA.

"The waves come crowding up on the shore like nymphs in silv'ry green;
Forward in line they trip to the time of orchestras unseen.
They sport, and leap, by the rocky point, sparkling in gems and gold;
Murmuring ever a liquid strain, like siren songs of old.
With snowy plumes, which wreathe and curl and toss in wanton glee,
Their riotous dance brings to the heart the gladness of the sea!
O, the sea seems in a happy mood—happy! and so am I;
With heart as light as the foamy crest of waves that jostle by!"

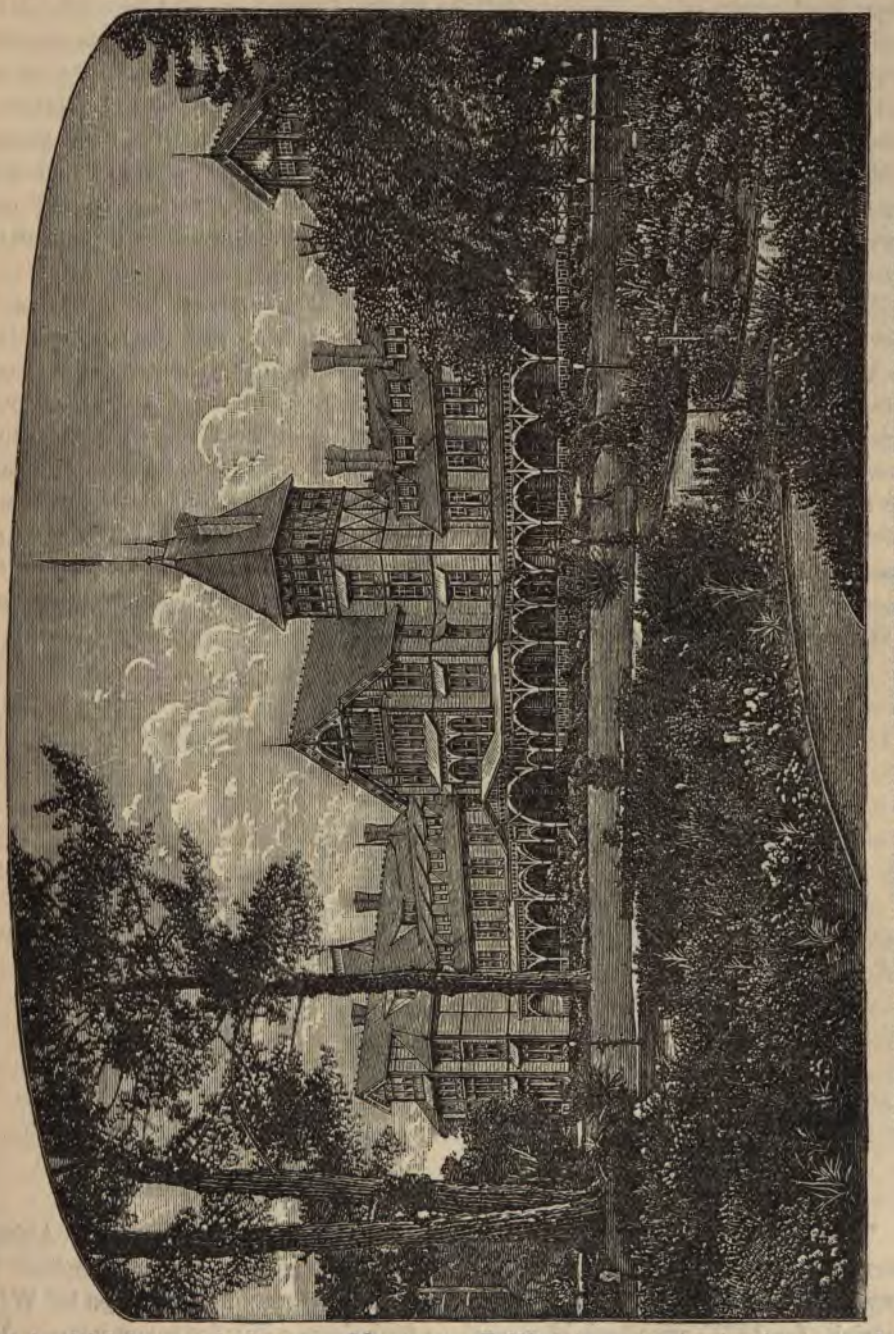
THE Pacific Coast cannot boast of as many Sea-side Resorts as the Northern Atlantic States; nor do its people throng to the beach by the hundreds of thousands, as they do at Coney Island during dog days; it can delineate sea-side pictures, however, which have no counterpart upon the Atlantic, and which may be seen in all their beauty at all times, year in and year out, from January to December. Indeed, the winter weather at our sea-side resorts is a trifle more genial, if anything, than that of the summer, although the temperature ranges from 10° to 15° lower during the former than during the latter season. Our principal sea-shore resorts are Monterey and Pacific Grove, Monterey county; Santa Cruz, Aptos and Camp Capitola, Santa Cruz county; Pescadero, San Mateo county; and Santa Monica, Los Angeles county;—and in all of these places there may be experienced no weather like that of an eastern winter, when the sea-side hotel is a type of a solitude so dreary that the gay resurrection of summer seems an impossible dream; and no winter weather like that of Florida, where the rain descends alike upon the just and upon the unjust almost continuously from November until March, and from which the semi-invalid escapes, vowing never to return; while the real invalid barely escapes, if escape he does, with less than the remnant of that life he so des-

perately took with him in his unfortunate search after healthfulness of climate, equability of temperature and salubrity of scene.

The author of this book has spent portions of three winters in Florida, and knows that State by heart; and he has always doubted the wisdom of persons suffering from pulmonary, rheumatic, or asthmatic complaints wintering in a country in which there are annual rainfalls of from forty-five to fifty inches between November and April. But for this, however, Florida would possess many of those climatic conditions of the winter sea-side resorts of Southern California, which has been the medium in so very many cases of perpetuation of life. A recent writer in the New York Journal of Medicine states that "Florida, which has been vaunted as a sanitarium for invalids, shows a greater ratio of mortality from consumption and phthisis to-day than Minnesota. Florida is, perhaps, to-day, more frequented by invalids than any of our Southern places of resort. The exceeding fatality of consumption to families who for generations have resided in the State, as well as unfavorable effects, as a rule, observed upon patients who visit that State in declining health, is well known. We are not surprised that such is the case, after having carefully analyzed the climate, for there is little that can be said in its favor, and a great deal which must be said against it. It is difficult to understand the reason why the profession in this country still persist in sending their patients to Florida. That improvement should take place is against reason and experience alike. If we except a sandy soil, *it does not possess a single element which is now regarded as favorable for the palliation or cure of consumption or phthisis.* Dr. Jones, in an essay published in the New York Medical Journal for October, 1879, declared that the "atmosphere of Florida is loaded with moisture." Dr. Napheys, of Philadelphia, in his Medical Therapeutics, published in 1880, asserts that "Mentone (Mediterranean), Minnesota and Northern Georgia possess dry climates, but the climate of Florida is moist and changeable." These publications brought a Florida editor to his feet, who said: "It has been asserted by even intelligible and respectable physicians that the 'climate of Florida is moist and changeable; that the atmosphere is loaded with moisture; that it is foggy, and that the dews are heavy; that the mortality of Florida is greater than that of certain of the Northwestern States.' If these statements are correct, they should have world-wide publicity; and invalids, tourists and intending immigrants warned against the injurious climatic factors of the 'American Italy.' The climate of Florida is remarkably equable and proverbially agreeable, being subject to fewer atmospheric variations and lesser thermometric ranges than any other part of the United States, *except a small portion of the coast of California.*"

With all of his exuberance and indignation, the Florida scribe did except a *small* portion of the coast of California. Well, that small portion extends from Santa Cruz to San Diego; and we shall at once proceed to show the seeker after health, by a presentation of facts and figures, that of all other places in the world to winter in, the sea-side resorts of that portion of California from the Bay of Monterey to the Mexican line are the most pleasant and healthful.

Monterey, Queen of American Watering Places.—When everything is taken into consideration—and particularly its equability of temperature



HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS, TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1882.

and healthfulness of climate—Monterey, California, may be justly termed the "Queen of American Watering Places." Monterey has long been known for its

equable temperature and for its health-giving atmosphere and breezes. It was founded one hundred and thirteen years ago by the Franciscan Missionaries, whose land-marks of civilization dot the Pacific Coast, here and there, from the Mexican border to San Francisco. It was the first capital of California, and has always enjoyed, amongst old Californians, the reputation of being one of the most healthful and one of the most delightful spots in their State. There is probably no place upon the sea-shore in our State so replete with natural charms as Monterey. Its exquisite beauty and variety of scenery is diversified with ocean, bay, lake and streamlet; mountain, hill and valley, and groves of oak, cypress, spruce, pine and other trees. The mountain views are very beautiful, particularly the Gabilan and Santa Cruz spurs.

The weather at Monterey is not so warm, either in summer or winter, as in other parts of California further south, but there is an even temperature that can be found nowhere else. From January to December, year in and year out, there is really neither summer nor winter weather. Indeed, the weather at Monterey, from one year's end to the other, partakes of that delightful interlude known in the East and South as Indian Summer. No California tourist should miss a visit to Monterey, and especially *during the winter months.* Invalids may prolong life at this delightful spot; for the pure oxyde contained in every atom of air, and snuffed in at every breath, has a most efficacious effect upon the system. The following carefully-prepared table presents the mean temperature of Monterey, and many other health resorts and places throughout the world:

PLACE.	January	July.	Diff.	Latitude.	
	degs.	degs.	degs.	degs.	min.
MONTEREY, Cal	52	58	6	36	36
San Francisco, "	49	57	8	37	48
Los Angeles, "	55	67	12	34	04
Santa Barbara, "	56	66	10	34	24
San Diego, "	57	65	8	32	41
Santa Monica, "	58	65	7	34	00
Sacramento, "	45	73	28	38	34
Stockton, "	49	72	23	37	56
Vallejo, "	48	67	19	38	05
Fort Yuma	56	92	36	32	43
Cincinnati	30	74	44	39	06
New York	31	77	46	40	37
New Orleans	55	82	27	29	57
Naples	46	76	30	40	52
Honolulu	71	77	6	21	16
Funchal	60	70	10	32	38
Mentone	40	73	33	43	71
Genoa	46	77	31	44	24
City of Mexico	52	63	11	19	26
Jacksonville, Florida	58	80	22	30	50
St. Augustine, "	59	77	18	30	05

The table of temperature for Monterey was kept in 1874 by Dr. E. K. Abbott, a correspondent of the United States Signal Service; that for San Francisco by many parties, and is a mean of most any three years; Los Angeles by W. H. Brodrick (for 1871), who took observations four times a day for seven years. The Santa Barbara record is for 1869, and was kept by officers of the Coast Survey.

The Santa Monica record is for 1876, and was kept by Captain Chase, of the Coast Survey. That for San Diego was kept by Dr. W. S. King, of the army, in 1853. The Fort Yuma record was kept by officers of the army in 1851. Others are taken from notes of travelers, or from books written from friendly and sometimes enthusiastic standpoints. It is probably as accurate a table as can be made, and is a representative one, embracing, as it does, the most noted health resorts in the world. It will be seen by the table presented that the Bay of Monterey has only one rival (Honolulu) in equability of temperature. It must be understood, however, that there is a great deal of hot, disagreeable weather on the islands, and a multiplicity of drawbacks which Monterey does not possess. There are seldom any high, cold winds at and around Monterey, and never any hot ones. There is more or less foggy weather in the spring months, as there is all along the coast, and occasionally foggy mornings in the summer. The latter, however, are really agreeable, as they infuse new life and freshness into tree and shrub and flower, and are not in the least detrimental in their influences upon human beings at that season of the year. The following table shows the winter temperature for 1877–8–9:

Dec. 1877, 51°	Jan. 1877, 49°	Feb. 1877, 50°
" 1878, 55°	" 1878, 51°	" 1878, 53°
" 1879, 51°	" 1879, 51°	" 1879, 54°

Purity of atmosphere is the great desideratum of the seeker after health. During the warm season, or summer months, from May to October, the mercury seldom rises to 65°, as the heat from the valleys and mountain sides is tempered by cooling winds from the ocean between meridian and sunset, and by breezes from the mountain gaps during the night. During what may be termed the winter months, 50° will mark, on an average, the mean temperature and water is never congealed. The very fact that many persons wear overcoats at night, and sleep in blankets the year round, and that all field-work from January to December is performed by laborers in their shirt-sleeves, presents a better and more unequivocal illustration of the equability of temperature, perhaps, than any other incident that might be presented. The healthfulness of this section is simply unquestionable, and is second to none in the world. What is generally known as the rainy season commences in November and lasts three or four months. Many people who have never visited California erroneously imagine that during the "wet season"—so called in contradistinction to the dry months—rain never ceases to descend. This popular error is corrected by glancing at weather tables, which invariably show that during the wet season in California there is not only *less* rain, but more fair and beautiful days than in that portion of the United States between the Mississippi River and the Atlantic Ocean during the same time.

The following figures, representing the mean temperature of January and July, and the average annual rain-fall (in inches) in Mentone, St. Paul, St. Augustine (Florida), and also in San Diego, Santa Barbara, Los Angeles, and Monterey (California), afford a subject well worthy of consideration:

	Jan.	July.	Rain-fall.
San Diego	57°	65°	10
Santa Barbara	56	66	15
St. Augustine	59	77	55
St. Paul	13	73	30
Mentone	30	69	23
Los Angeles	55	67	18
Monterey	52	58	11

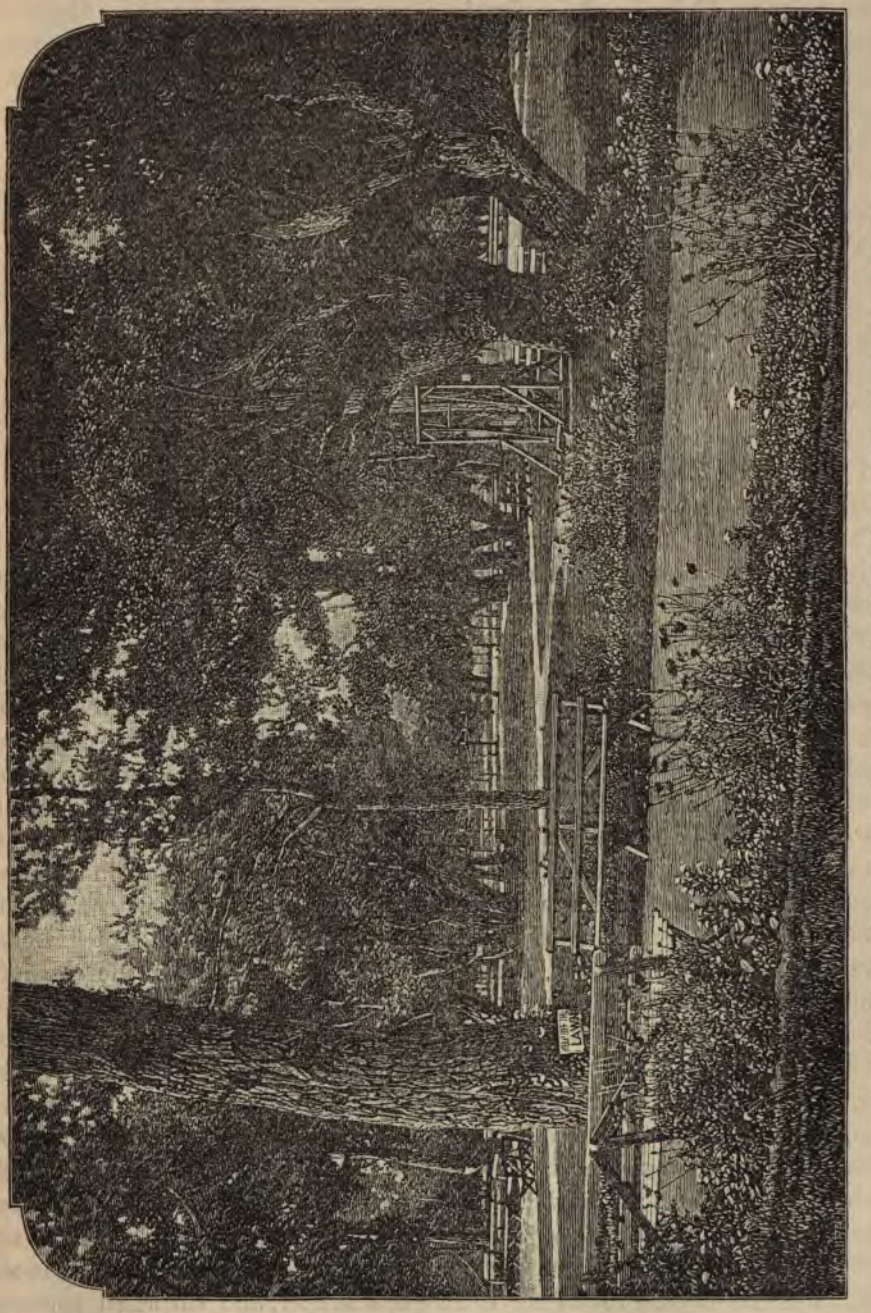
After each rain-fall at Monterey the sun comes out warm, and in twenty-four hours after the most copious pour there are no traces of the visitation left, except in firm, mudless grounds and roads, and fresh growths of grasses, shrubs and flowers.

The deaths for each one thousand inhabitants, in several of the leading cities of the United States, are presented in the following table, and the comparison cannot fail to be suggestive:

St. Louis	21	New York	29
San Francisco	21	New Orleans	37
Boston	24	Los Angeles, Cal	13
Chicago	24	San Diego, Cal	13
Philadelphia	25	Santa Barbara, Cal	13
Baltimore	27	Monterey, Cal	10

Cold with moisture leads to pulmonary diseases; heat with moisture leads to malarial fevers; and pulmonary and malarial affections are two of the main classes of mortal disease. Fevers carry off about fourteen per cent. of the people of the Atlantic States directly; but indirectly they lead to a much larger proportion of deaths, for they there attack nearly everybody at some period of life, and by enfeebling their systems, prepare many to die by attacks of other diseases. In Massachusetts, twenty-nine per cent. of all the deaths are caused by diseases of the respiratory organs; in London, twenty-six per cent; in Michigan, twenty-four per cent. and in New York City, twenty per cent. Proceeding southward toward the Gulf of Mexico, consumption decreases, but the more rapidly fatal disease of pneumonia takes its place, together with meningitis and nervous disorganization. It is safe to say that one-half of the people of the Atlantic, Middle and Gulf States die directly or indirectly by disorders in the functions of the respiratory organs, or by fevers. From both these classes of diseases Monterey is comparatively free. Blodgett, who published his works on Climatology in 1857, was so favorably impressed with the salubrious points of Southern California meteorology, that he felt no hesitancy in declaring that not more than four per cent. of the natives of California would die from the effect of pulmonary complaints. Other eminent writers, who have made the examination of climate and healthfulness a life study, declare that fevers and diseases of the malarial character carry off about one-half of mankind, and diseases of the respiratory organs one-fourth. From such diseases many of the towns of the Southern California coast are remarkably free. The dryness of the atmosphere prevents malarious disease, and is also a great relief to consumptives. A comparison of the meteorological tables show that the Pacific coast from Monterey to Santa Monica

has a better climate for consumptives than the famous Riviera or Mediterranean Coast, near Nice, which is considered the best place in Europe for invalids. Nice



GROUNDS OF THE HOTEL DEL MONTE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS, TAKEN IN JANUARY, 1882.

is not so pleasant as Monterey in winter, and is not to be compared to it at all during summer. Florida is, after all, a much better place for invalids than the

famous European sanitaria alluded to. But neither Jacksonville nor St. Augustine compare with Monterey in any respect.

Milan is the chief city of Lombardy, a province in which the fig, the olive, and the grape are extensively cultivated. Nice is the centre of a region considered more salubrious, at least in winter, for consumptives, than any other part of Europe. Dijon is in the champagne district of France. Naples is the typical city of the south of peninsular Italy. These four places are fair representatives of the climates of France and Italy, but neither can make claim to superiority when compared with Monterey, while the latter has warmer winters, cooler summers, and less rain. All the attractions that the clear skies of Greece and Italy have had from remote times for the natives of the cloudy north are excelled by Southern California. The superiority of the climate of Monterey over that of Italy has been mentioned by many noted travelers. The London Spectator says the climate of Southern California and of Tasmania are "the nearest perfection in the world." C. L. Brace says "it is the most exhilarating." Samuel Bowles says "there is a steady tone in the atmosphere like draughts of champagne." Robert Von Schlagintweit says "it is like Italy's climate, except that it is not enervating."

The Bay of Monterey is a magnificent sheet of water, and is twenty-eight miles from point to point. It is delightfully adapted to boating and yachting; and many kinds of fish (and especially rock-cod, barracuda, pompino, Spanish mackerel and flounder,) may be taken at all seasons of the year. For bathing purposes the beach is all that could be desired—one long, bold sweep of wide, gently sloping, clean white sand—the very perfection of a bathing beach; and so safe that children may play and bathe upon it with entire security. There are also great varieties of sea-mosses, shells, pebbles and agates scattered here and there along the rim of the bay, fringed as it is at all times with the creamy ripple of the surf. The beach is only a few minutes walk from the Hotel del Monte, and is a very fine one. Mr. W. H. Daily, for a long time the champion swimmer of the Pacific Coast, and who has made himself well acquainted with the character of several of the most noted beaches from San Francisco to Santa Monica, says in a letter dated *Monterey, December 15, 1879:* "I have made a careful examination of the beach at this place, as to its fitness for purposes of bathing. I find it an easy, sloping beach of fine sand; no gravel, no stones anywhere below high-water mark. I waded and swam up the beach a quarter of a mile, that is, toward the east, and also westward toward the warehouse, and found a smooth, sandy bottom all the way—no rocks, no sea-weed, and no undertow. The whiteness of the sand makes the water beautifully clear. I consider the beach here the finest on the Pacific Coast. *I was in the water an hour yesterday, and found it, even at this time of the year, none too cold for enjoyable bathing.*"

Really, Monterey had been for many years the Cinderella of sea-side resorts. But one day she found her little glass slipper, and surprised her more pretentious sisters. In other words, the Pacific Improvement Company purchased 126 acres of land, in 1879, about a mile and a half from the sleepy old town, and

soon after erected what is now believed to be the most charming sea-side hotel

1. Monterey. 2. Hotel Del Monte. 3. Beach and Bath House. 4. Race Track. 5. Laguna Del Rey. 6. Landing of Serra. 7. Pacific Grove. 8. Light House. 9. Moss Beach. 10. Seal Rocks. 11. Cypress Point. 12. Pebble Beach. 13. San Carlos Mission. 14. San Juan. 15. Santa Cruz. 16. Light House. 17. Camp Capitola. 18. Soquel. 19. Aptos Hotel. 20. Watsonville. 21. Pajaro. 22. Moss Landing. 23. Castroville. 24. Salinas. 25. Soledad. 26. Paraiso Springs. 27. Gilroy. 28. Tres Pinos. 29. Hollister.

BAY OF MONTEREY AND BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF SURROUNDING COUNTRY.

in the world, and which will be more particularly described hereafter. Monterey,

with its Hotel del Monte, is as much of a surprise as is Newport, with its Casino. Newport flourished more than two hundred years ago, and was the first, and for many years the only, watering-place in America. Monterey was the first capital of California, and it also flourished as the earliest sea-side resort upon our side of the continent. It is just one hundred years ago that Washington and Rochambeau visited Newport and tripped it on the light fantastic with Miss Champlin and Miss Lawton; and it is nearly half a century since Burton and Fremont danced in Monterey with the Castilian girls to the music of an indifferent guitar. If there are gambrel-roofed houses at Newport, sided with shingles instead of clapboards, more than one hundred years old, and in a good state of repair, so there are to-day habitable adobes in Monterey that were built long before the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. The mansion where Washington met Rochambeau in 1780 still stands in good order at Newport; a cross erected by Serra and Portala, more than a century ago at Monterey, is still to be seen near where the patient pilgrims landed. The house of worship in which Berkeley preached in 1725 at Newport is still standing; the adobe church in which Junipero Serra celebrated high mass only fifty years later at Monterey has not yet disappeared in ruins. Indeed, if the natives of the quaint old colonial quarter of the famous Eastern town look over the newer portion where the rich summer residents have built their magnificent villas, and where the dazzling Casino welcomes its substantial patrons, so also do the octogenarians of the curious old adobe municipality upon our side gaze with wonder and admiration at the Hotel del Monte and its gardens. Aside from its historical celebrity, its climate, healthfulness and delightful situation, there are many attractions in the old town not previously enumerated, and which may be properly presented in this paragraph: such, for instance, as the Cuartel, on California street; Colton Hall, the old Block House and Fort, the old Custom House, Calaboose and Commissiariat, Catholic Church, Cemetery, and whaling and fishing points. All of the above-named places are objects of more or less interest, according to the fancy of the beholder. The Catholic Church was built in 1794, or nearly one hundred years ago, and is constructed of fine white stone; the altar is the work of an Italian, and is regarded as a fine piece of art; there are also life-sized paintings of the saints, and there are other paintings of great age and beauty. As many as five and six hundred people may worship in this church at a time. The Cemetery is situated across the estero, or slough, and is about half-way between the church and the new hotel grounds. It overlooks the bay, and is covered with trees and flowers and grasses. Near the center of this enclosure are the remains of a stone wall that formerly marked the boundaries of the original cemetery as laid out by the Franciscan padres. Graves are scattered irregularly about, and are for the most part hardly discernible. A little more than half a mile from town is what is known as Whaling Point, and a quarter of a mile further is the Chinese Fishery. Adjacent is the spot where the vessel which took Napoleon Bonaparte from off the Island of Elba was wrecked; a portion of the wreck may still be seen at low tide.

The early history of Monterey is very interesting. During December, 1602,

Don Sebastian Vizcayno, acting under instructions of Phillip III. of Spain, sailed into the placid waters of what is now known as the Bay of Monterey, and landing with two priests and a number of soldiers, took possession of the country in the name of his royal master. Lower California had been discovered in 1534 by Grijalva, whose expedition had been fitted out by Cortez; and New, or Upper California, by the bold Spanish navigator, Juan Rodriguez Cobrillo, in 1542—thirty-six years before the Englishman, Sir Francis Drake, sailed into San Francisco Bay and christened the country thereabouts New Albion. A cross was erected by Vizcayno, and religious ceremonies were performed at an improvised altar beneath the gracious protection of an umbrageous oak. The spot was called Monterey, in honor of Gaspar de Zuniga Count de Monte Rey, at that time Viceroy of Mexico, and the projector and patron of the expedition. The appearance of the country made a deep impression upon the enthusiastic navigator, and he departed in the hope of soon returning to found a church and a permanent abiding place. It was one hundred and sixty-eight years after his departure before the foot of a white man again trod the soil of Monterey. Attempts were made to reach the spot but without avail, partly from the difficulty experienced in identifying the place by Vizcayno's map, and in part because of the dangers encountered on the way thither. Father Kuhn, the German priest (more commonly known as Father Kino) who followed the Spaniards into Mexico, and became famed for his labors among the Indians in the part of that country now known as Arizona, was thwarted in an attempt to advance northward to Monterey. In 1769, Gaspar de Portala, Governor of Lower California, headed an expedition northward, and marching by Monterey, which he was attempting to find, reached San Francisco Bay, upon which he and his two attendant priests, Fathers Juan Crespi and Francisco Gomez, bestowed its present name. This expedition was fitted out in the interest of the good *padre* Francis Junipero Serra, who had just been placed at the head of sixteen missionaries from the Franciscan convent of San Fernando, all of whom were to be sent into Alta California to labor among the Indians. Portala's first expedition having failed in its purpose, a second was sent from San Diego in 1770. This was in two divisions, Father Junipero Serra and a company of priests going by sea, and Portala by land. The brig San Antonio, which conveyed the forces by water, landed at Monterey, on the 31st of May, after a voyage of forty-six days. Portala had reached the spot eight days before. The latter on his previous march northward had erected a cross, which served in this visit to guide him onward. This incident has been thus apostrophised in verse by Bret Harte:

"Pious Portala, journeying by land,
Reared high a cross upon the heathen strand,
Then far away
Dragged his slow caravan to Monterey.

The mountains whispered to the valleys, 'Good!'
The sun, slow sinking in the western flood,
Baptized in blood
The holy standard of the Brotherhood.

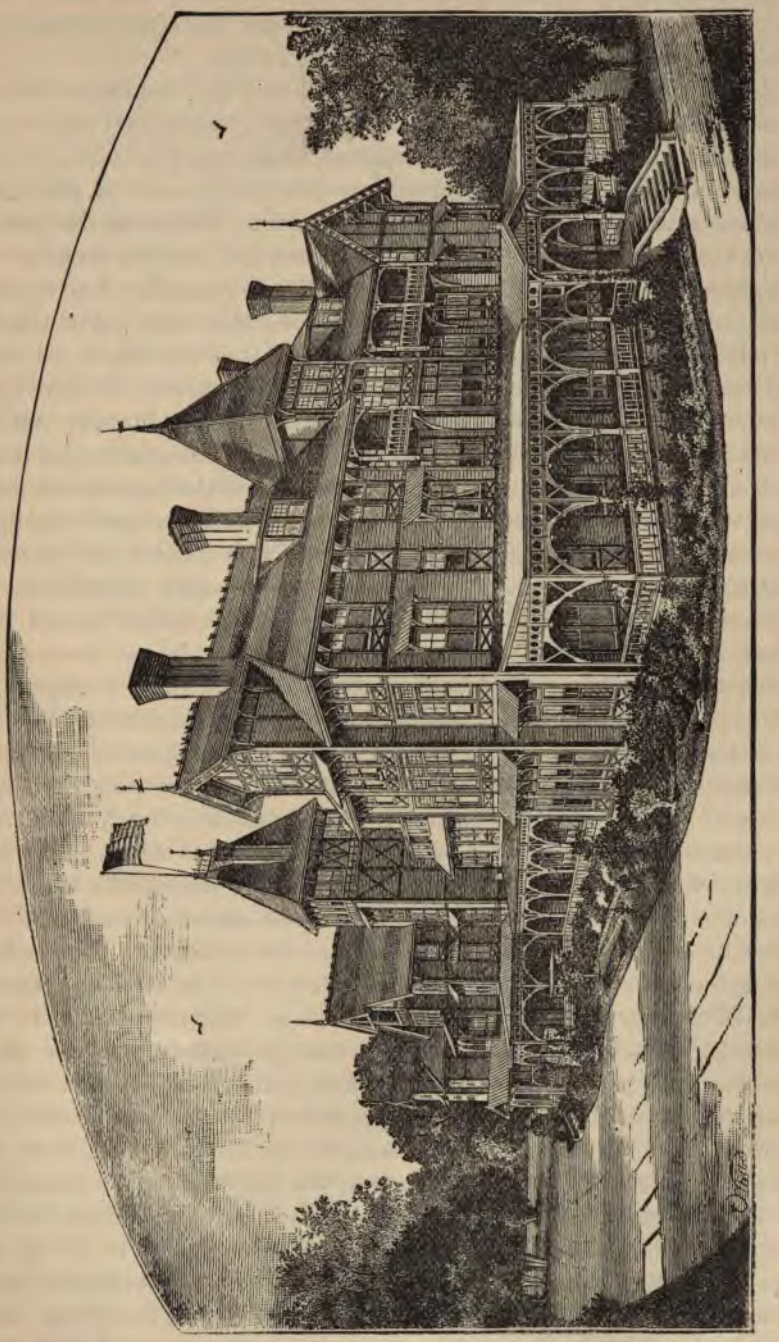
The timid fog crept in across the sea,
Drew near, embraced it, and streamed far and free,
Saying, 'O, ye
Gentiles and Heathen, this is truly He!'

All this the Heathen saw; and when once more
The holy Fathers touched the lovely shore—
Then covered o'er
With shells and gifts the cross their witness bore."

The San Antonio had, a year previous, brought to San Diego the first party of white men who came to make a permanent settlement in what was then Upper, or New California. On the 3d of June the San Carlos, or Carmel, Mission was founded. There were also religious ceremonies incident to the hoisting of the royal standard, and of the taking possession of the country in the name of the King of Spain. Of the twenty-one missions established in California, that at Monterey was the second, the one at San Diego having been the first. Monterey thrived, and eventually became one of the largest shipping points on the coast, while the neighboring mission also increased both in its spiritual and temporal influence. It very early became the capital of the territory, and many of the governors under Spanish, Mexican and American rule, made the place their homes. Among the Spanish governors were José Arguello, Diego de Borica, José de Arrillaga, and Pablo Vincent de Sola. The latter was the last Spanish governor, and served from 1815 until 1822, when, on the 9th of April, the independence of Mexico from Spain was proclaimed and officially recognized. Sola also served one year as governor under Mexican rule, at the expiration of which time he was followed by Luis Arguello. Eleven Mexican governors succeeded Arguello, ending with Don Pio Pico, in July, 1846.

On the 20th of October, 1842, Monterey was the scene of a rather curious exploit on the part of Commodore T. A. C. Jones. When the Commodore left shore war between the United States and Mexico seemed imminent, and under the presumption that its formal declaration had become an accomplished fact, he sailed up in front of the town and demanded its surrender. The astonished governor acquiesced under fear of bombardment, and the stars and stripes were hoisted in place of the Mexican colors. Discovering that the two countries were still at peace, the hasty Commodore hauled down the American ensign and gave the place back into the hands of its rightful possessors. American rule properly began July 7, 1846, when Commodore Sloat hoisted the stars and stripes. Commodore Sloat was succeeded by Commodore Stockton, August 17, 1846, and the latter by Colonel John C. Fremont, who assumed the Territorial Governorship in January, 1847. General S. W. Kearney, Colonel Mason, General Riley, and General Persifer F. Smith followed, and the latter directed the helm of territorial government until the inauguration of Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of the State, which took place December 20, 1849. In the meantime the capital was removed to San José, the commercial importance of the place had declined, and Monterey gave itself over to the *dolce far niente* which has characterized the condition of

things there from that time until the erection of the Hotel del Monte. The final



HOTEL DEL MONTE, EASTERN VIEW, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

event of public importance in Monterey was the meeting of the Constitutional

Convention of California, which took place August 1, 1849. There were forty members, a majority of whom could not speak or readily understand English. The convention had two chaplains, one a Catholic and the other a Protestant, and prayers were uttered daily in both Spanish and English.

THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.—It required only the building of a first-class hotel to make Monterey the perfection of a watering-place, and this want was amply supplied in 1880, when a magnificent structure was reared about one and a half miles from town. The site selected was in a lovely grove of pine, oak and cedar, the trees being sufficiently scattered to admit of the adornment of the grounds by means of drive-ways, foot-paths, lawns and beds of flowers. A plat of 126 acres was set aside and enclosed as the hotel grounds, while 7,000 acres more were purchased for other purposes. The fact that the visitor may ride a score of miles over well-kept macadamized roads, and be nearly all the time within the borders of the hotel company's property, serves to show in some measure the vast extent of these possessions. The Hotel del Monte is constructed in the modern gothic style, and cost, with its furniture and other appointments, a quarter of a million of dollars. Without question it is the handsomest watering-place hotel in America. No sea-side hotel upon the Atlantic coast can approach its plan of exterior, while its interior design and finish display the same refined taste and lavish use of wealth. In a word, the wealthy proprietors of this beautiful retreat had no other aim than to supplement nature by art. Where nature had been so lavish in its provisions, they felt that no common device would seem appropriate, and the question of returns for their outlay in dollars and cents appears scarcely to have entered into their calculations. The hotel is 385 feet in length and 115 feet in width, with wings. There are three stories and additional floors in the broad towers. All the rooms are lofty, light and airy, and all are of liberal size. In fact, the average eastern hotel, with the same space at command, would increase its capacity at least two-fold. The office, or lobby, in the front center of the building, is a cosy apartment 42 by 48 feet, containing a mammoth fire-place. As in the best eastern resorts, the office is intended as much for the occupancy of ladies as for gentlemen. Connected with the lobby is a pleasant reading and writing room, 24 by 26 feet, and beyond this and entered from the spacious hall-way, is a ladies' billiard-room, 25 by 62 feet, one of the largest, and at the same time most elegant apartments for such uses to be found in any hotel in America. A ladies' parlor, 34 by 42 feet, lies beyond this room, and partly in the rear and approached by means of both a hallway and a covered veranda, is a fine ball-room, 36 by 72 feet. A hall or corridor twelve feet wide extends the whole length of the building. The dining-room is an elegant apartment 45 by 70 feet, and there is also a dining-room for children and servants, and rooms for private parties. The kitchen is 33 by 40 feet. There are 28 *suites* of rooms on the lower floor. There are three stair-cases, one at the intersection of each of the end wings, and the third, the grand stair-case, leading from the office in the center. In rear of, and communicating with the latter, is the dining-room. In the second-story there are 48 *suites*, or about 100

rooms, with a hall or promenade twelve feet in width. In the remaining story there are 13 *suites* and 29 single rooms—65 apartments in all. The central tower or observatory is 25 by 30 feet and about 80 feet high, and the end towers are 50 feet in height. There are ten rooms in the large tower. The hotel is lighted throughout with gas made at the works upon the grounds, and supplied with pure water from artesian wells. No pains have been spared to provide against fire, both in the perfect construction of flues and in the apparatus for extinguishing flames. The house is elegantly furnished throughout, and is kept so scrupulously neat and clean that the visitor is sure to think it can have been opened but yesterday. The bar, bowling alley, and smoking-room are contained in a separate building, and still further away, hidden by the trees, is a finely appointed stable and carriage house. As driving constitutes one of the leading amusements of Monterey, these latter provisions have been especially looked after. The stable has accommodations for sixty or more horses, and there is telephonic communication between hotel and stable. Both hot and cold water are carried through the hotel in pipes, and the house is provided with all the modern appliances and improvements. There are bath-rooms on the different floors free to the guests. In front and at the ends of the house are broad, shaded verandas, where the guests may sit indolently in the easiest of lolling and "lazy" chairs, inhaling the pure air fresh from the ocean, perfumed with the aroma of flowers, or, preferring exercise, indulge in the gentle excitement of "shuffle-board."

The grounds surrounding the hotel present the perfection of art in the way of landscape gardening. Under the direction of Mr. R. Ulrich, an accomplished landscape gardener, a corps of between forty and fifty men is kept constantly engaged in embellishing the gardens, avenues and walks. The approach to the hotel from the railway station is by a winding avenue shaded by venerable trees, or by a graveled walk forming a more direct route. The distance is slight, as the hotel has a station upon its own grounds. To the left is a little pond bearing its old Spanish title of Laguna del Rey. Still further away, but hidden by the trees from view, is a race-track. The hotel is first seen through a vista of trees, and in its beautiful embowerment of foliage and flowers resembles some rich private home in the midst of a broad park. This impression is heightened when the broader extent of avenues, lawns, and flower-bordered walks come into view. The gardener's art has turned many acres into a choice conservatory, where the richest flowers blossom in profusion. Here and there are swings, croquet plats, an archery, lawn-tennis grounds and bins of fine beach sand, the latter being intended for the use and delectation of the children who cannot await the bathing hour for the daily visit to the beach. The use of all these, as well as of the ladies' billiard room, are free to guests. In all directions there are seats for loungers. Through a vista formed by the umbrageous oaks and pines, the huge, bulbous forms of a varied family of cacti are seen. After viewing the expanse in this general way, the visitor begins to study the intricate figures worked out by the wayside in plants and flowers, some of which have almost the

delicacy and finish of a Turkish rug; and perchance reads in floral embellishment some such suggestive sentiment as this:

"This is an art which does mend nature—
Change it rather, but the art itself is nature."

Or this:

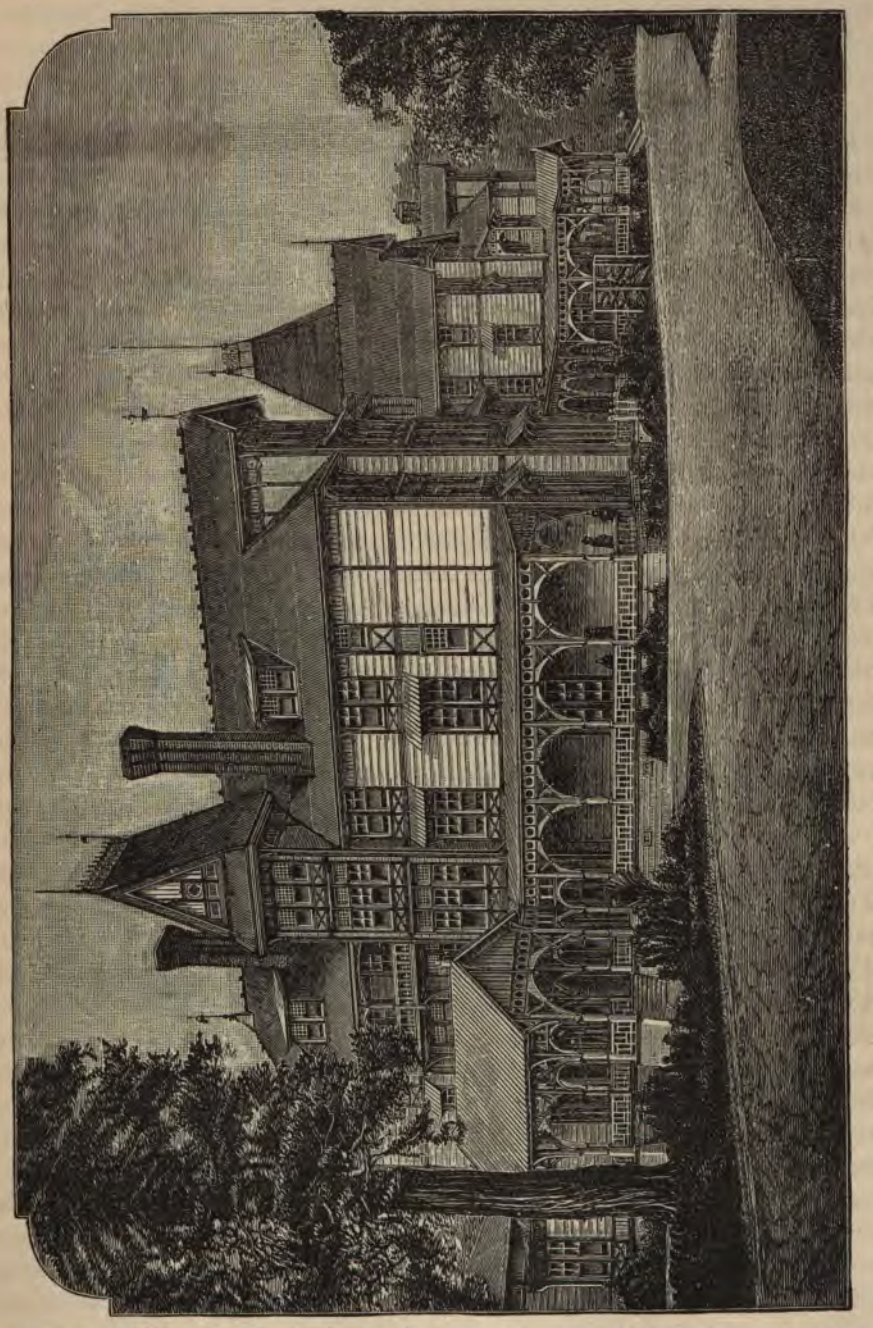
"Works like flowers blossom for the fruits they bear."

In the rear of the house is a rich greensward dotted with beds of flowers and trees, and in any direction the eye may turn are visions of beauty.

It is a noteworthy fact that all who have visited Monterey since its *Renaissance*, and who have tarried a while at the Hotel del Monte, and partaken of the many delights of that caravansary and its accessories, are unanimous in its praise. It is the boast of the manager of the Hotel del Monte that no person out of the 17,000 visitors in one year from all parts of the world, has uttered a complaint. On the contrary, all are charmed beyond description, and declare that, taking everything into consideration, this hotel, with its fare, rates, appointments, accommodations, grounds, drives, beach, pavilion for bathing, etc., etc., has no equal in the world. We might present hundreds of letters from tourists and invalids, but will content ourselves with just a few.

During the winter of 1881–2, C. B. Currier, M. D., a well-known physician, spent several weeks at the Hotel del Monte, during which time he wrote as follows to the New York Medical Times: "The season of the year is now upon us when my professional brethren in the East are being daily consulted in regard to the selection of suitable climates for the vast army of invalids who flee before the approach of cold eastern winters, and the changeable months of early spring, which are even more to be dreaded in their disastrous influence upon delicate lungs and throats. Florida has long been the Mecca of this class of pilgrims, and too much has already been written and read upon the topic, to tempt me to give a resume of its advantages or disadvantages. Colorado has its strong advocates, who believe that nowhere else on the face of the earth may health so surely be regained as in the bracing air and high altitudes of the Rocky Mountains. The Adirondack craze is not yet an old one, and the friends of many a poor victim can sadly testify to the folly that sent their beloved invalid away from home to die in the wilderness. And just here I would enter my protest against the practice of allowing patients who have no reasonable hope of recovery to leave the comforts of home, in the vain hope of regaining health in a strange land, except those who are in the incipient stages of pulmonary disease, when a change of air seems the only valid hope, or those who are recovering from illness, and to whom there is a prospect of tonic and new vigor in a change of scene and climate. To many a semi-invalid who requires only rest and change of scene, the attractions of foreign travel have often good results. Still, for the invalid who seeks only for the climate best adapted to his individual necessities, there are 'fairer fields and pastures new,' within our own borders than are to be found on the other side of the Atlantic—with the often disadvantage of being among people speaking a strange tongue and having manners foreign to our own. All

intelligent observers agree that diseases of the respiratory and pulmonary tracts are representatives of cold and moist climates; and that all laryngeal affections



HOTEL DEL MONTE, WEST VIEW AND PORTE-COCHERE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

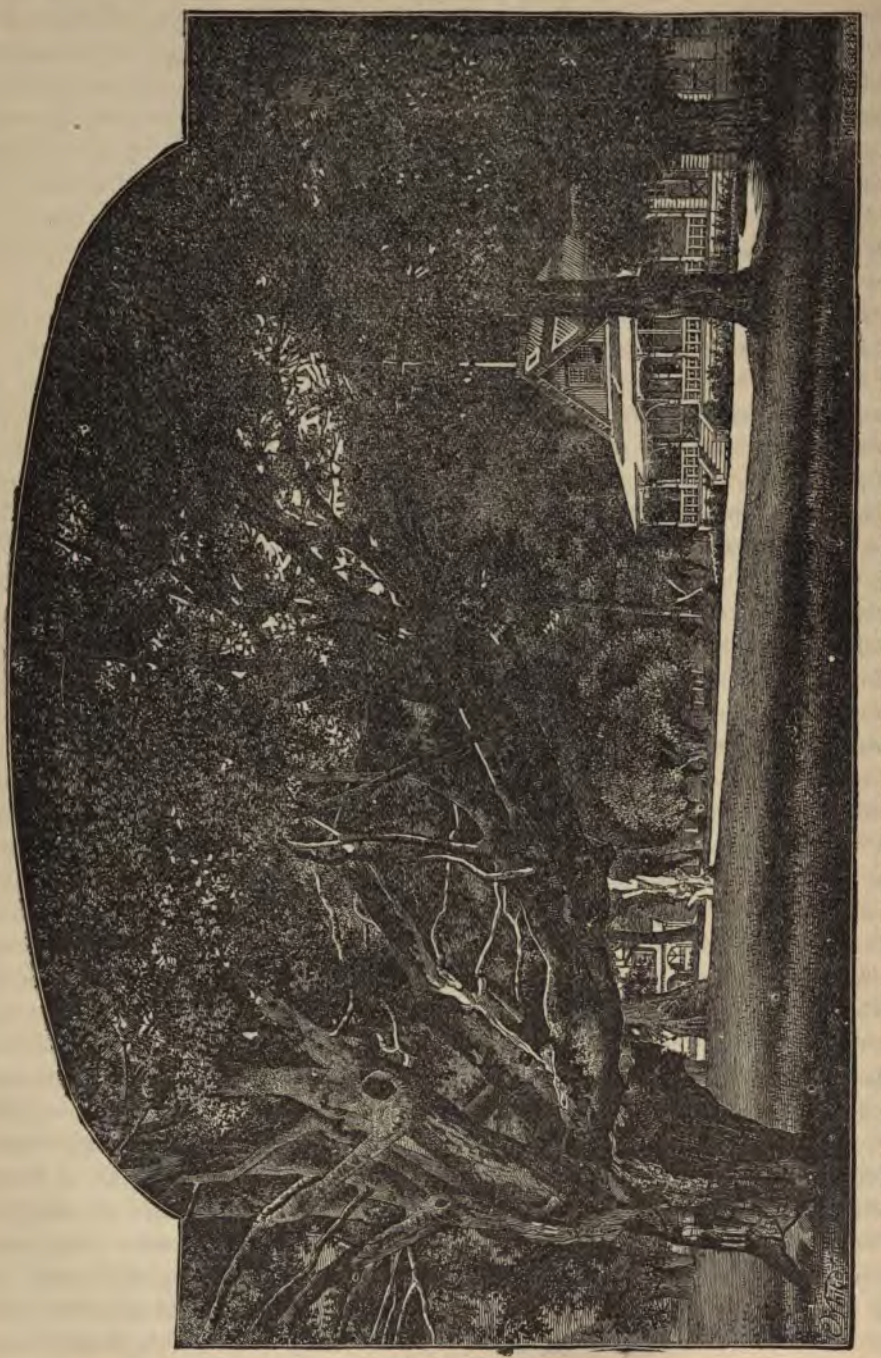
are aggravated by great variations of temperature and humidity. So that the climates most favorable to consumptives and those affected with throat diseases

is the one that has the most equable temperature, and that has, also, the driest and purest atmosphere. For these and other reasons, California is certainly one of the healthiest regions known, and being free from long, severe winters, it is especially adapted to the needs of consumptives. My own personal observation in a two years' residence in the State has convinced me that when its attractions as a health resort shall have become more generally known and appreciated, California will become the great sanitarium of the world. Its climates, for they are many, are varied to suit individual requirements; nowhere else in the world, not even excepting Naples in Italy, and Alexandria in Egypt—both places noted for their clear, sunny skies—is the atmosphere so pure and clear, for so many consecutive days in the year, as in California, and no other climate has so equable a temperature. Even in the city of San Francisco, where occasional fogs rolling in through the Golden Gate cause a sharpness to the air that makes overcoats and heavy wraps a comfortable necessity in the warmest months, there is but a small appreciable difference in the mean temperature of the year. Taken year in and year out, San Francisco is one of the most comfortable cities in the United States, both in summer and winter seasons. A city without severe frosts in winter, and without sultry heat in summer, has a very considerable claim to climatic consideration. California has many health resorts deserving more than passing notice, but my present object is to call the attention of the profession to the signal attractions presented by Monterey *as a winter resort for invalids who require equability of climate and a pure, invigorating atmosphere.* Monterey is situated at the extreme southern point of the beautiful bay of the same name, distant from San Francisco only 125 miles by rail; and both for a summer and winter resort I do not know its equal, but in its winter aspect it is simply incomparable. The atmosphere at Monterey is dry and invigorating. The severe winds that make Mentone and other resorts on the Mediterranean coast so disagreeable at certain seasons, are unknown here, and the weather is not cold in winter, or warm in summer. There are occasional foggy mornings in the spring and summer months, as there are in most coast districts, but they are of short duration, and are not disagreeable in their effects upon the most sensitive constitutions; but seem rather to add new life and freshness to the air and to foliage and vegetation. The rainy season commences in November and lasts until March or April, but the popular impression in the East that the California rainy season is a continual deluge, is incorrect; for there are more cloudless days, during a California winter, than can be seen in the course of a whole year in any other part of the United States; and after the most copious rainfall the sun comes out warm and clear, and in a few hours there are no traces left of the storm, save an increase of freshness in the air and the natural surroundings, and in twelve hours after there are no signs of mud in the firm road-beds. For those who care for salt-water bathing, there is one of the most noted fine, white-sand beaches in California, and a new feature introduced here, after the plan of Brighton, England, is salt-water plunge baths, heated by steam pipes. A point often overlooked or deemed of secondary importance in the selection of a health resort, is

the necessity of comfortable and cheerful surroundings for invalids. In many places where climate might be favorable, all other points of comfort being conceded, there is often a sad dearth of the requisite accessories that tend to make life a desirable portion to the average seeker of health. All this is amply provided for at Monterey. The Hotel del Monte, built and conducted by the Pacific Improvement Company, is not excelled, if equaled, in regard to magnificence, elegance and comfort, by any sea-side hotel in Europe or America. It is situated in a grove of 126 acres, and no pains have been spared to make it one of the most attractive resorts to tourists and invalids in the United States, if not in the world. While I would not attempt to describe Monterey as adapted to the requirements of every class of invalids, still, for those who desire a dry, pure atmosphere, and even temperature, and a climate of neither extremes of heat or cold, I know of none other at home or abroad so deserving of praise."

"M. E. B.," the well-known correspondent of the Boston Journal, wrote as follows to that paper on June 24, 1882: "The three days we spent at the Hotel del Monte, Monterey—a place it is hard to classify, because of its exceeding loveliness—made the pleasantest memory we had of California. We have nothing at home that approaches the exquisite setting of this exquisite house. The Pacific, all along this Coast, seems to wear constantly that dazzling sapphire blue which we see at home only at special times—the sky carries out the same superb color with a glow and depth of sunshine super-added, which is almost too brilliant for belief—a series of curving beaches of shining snowy white sand, covered here and there, even down to the water's edge, by a growth of the most picturesque trees on this continent. These are a species of flat-topped, sombre-leaved cypresses, with gnarled and twisted trunks, bent into all sorts of impossible shapes, making, altogether, the most weird and striking picture, and compensating in their dense shadows for the glowing beauty of sea and sky beyond. They are, I believe, unique to this locality, and remind me constantly of the weird cedars of the Roman Campagna, which Inness is so fond of introducing in his Italian pictures. These give an essentially foreign aspect to this spot. Across the water, showing in faint purple outline against the horizon, a beautiful mountain range melts into the distance, while between skim white-sailed boats, or dim, shadowy ships glide, just indicated on the farthest edge. Coming nearer the house one enters a grove of live oaks and pines intermixed, bent into the wildest and most frenzied forms, as if the dryads occupying them had been tortured by remorse; under these winding paths run here and there, bordered by emerald lawns, while near the house blossom brilliant flower-beds of the most magnificent and profuse kind. In one place a cactus garden shows every variety of these diabolical forms, fascinating in their repulsiveness as the devil fishes so many of them resemble, and gorgeous with a tropical luxuriance of blossoms. A corps of forty gardeners are busy winter and summer in this enchanting spot, and the results are worthy the labor devoted to it. Some of the wild gardens with hedges of foxgloves ten feet high and every color of the rainbow, and clusters of roses of such magnificence and regal amplitude that they looked hardly natural,

looked as if somewhere within those tangled bowers the sleeping beauty might



BOWLING ALLEY AND CLUB HOUSE BELONGING TO THE HOTEL DEL MONTE, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

still be held in magic thrall surrounded by her bewitched court. It would have to

be a very royal young prince indeed who could ever make up to her for breaking such a delicious slumber. The house in the midst of this fairy land is worthy the situation. A mass of towers and deliciously planned corners and angles, with broad piazzas and shaded porches, it rises by terraces of steps from its enchanted wilderness of flowers like another bit of enchantment. It is beyond all cavil or comparison the prettiest bit of architecture, and the most complete in its internal arrangement, we have seen in these months of varied wandering. The service in the dining-room is a miracle for swiftness and polite attention. * * * I wish the dear people who are at the helm of the Nantasket and Pemberton this summer, not to mention the Point of Pines and the dozen other sea-side hotels outside Boston, would take a telegraphic trip here and carry back a mental inventory of luxuries for next season's campaign. The idea of Boston people being outdone by anything so Western as the Pacific Coast, the very jumping-off place of creation! I won't ask them to take home the warm sea-water tanks under their crystal roofs, with the esplanade of waving palms and greenery throwing soft quivering shadows on the bathers, for we have not the long Western purses which can afford to pay $75,000 for such a luxurious whim. But the glass-covered piazzas, where the sun makes summer even of a winter day, with every rude wind shut out, and only sweet sights and sounds within reach of eyes and ears—*that* they might take; and the tiled fireplaces full of blazing logs; and the exquisite little rooms with their Turkish rugs, lovely enough to have come this moment out of Pray's window; and the parlor with its Steinway Grand; and the garden protected by hedges and ramparts—why cannot they make a Monterey by the Atlantic?"

A correspondent of the San Francisco Olympian writes as follows: "In wandering round the cultivated part of the park, the lawns first strike the eye of the visitor. They are artistically laid out on a scale proportioned to the buildings, drives and walks. The style is after the manner of the English landscape—gentle undulations of the surface, and the natural lines seen in forests of vigorous growth. Wherever large trees are standing the surface of the lawns indicate the course of the roots from the trunk outwards until lost in the smooth surface at the border of walk or drive. The turf is strong and kept well cut, and fresh as an emerald. The finest flowers are in front of the hotel. The old forest trees have been cut down, and a fine sweep, in the form of a semi-circle, is laid out in lovely flower beds and foliage plants. The principal flower bed is opposite the main entrance, and has a fine center of palms, pampas and amaranda. It is oblong, and from its border to the center, lines of flowers are planted with exquisite taste, the colors being harmonious—pale blue and white in long lines, relieved by circles of delicate pink and dark red. This bed, and two smaller ones adjacent to it, are filled with fine groups of flowers and plants. Opposite the ladies' entrance, on the west side, is another noble bed with raised center of foliage plants, and splendid varieties of petunias and marigolds in long lines from the border to the center. The rose garden is directly south of the front of the hotel, and contains many fine varieties of the queen of flowers. Beds are formed

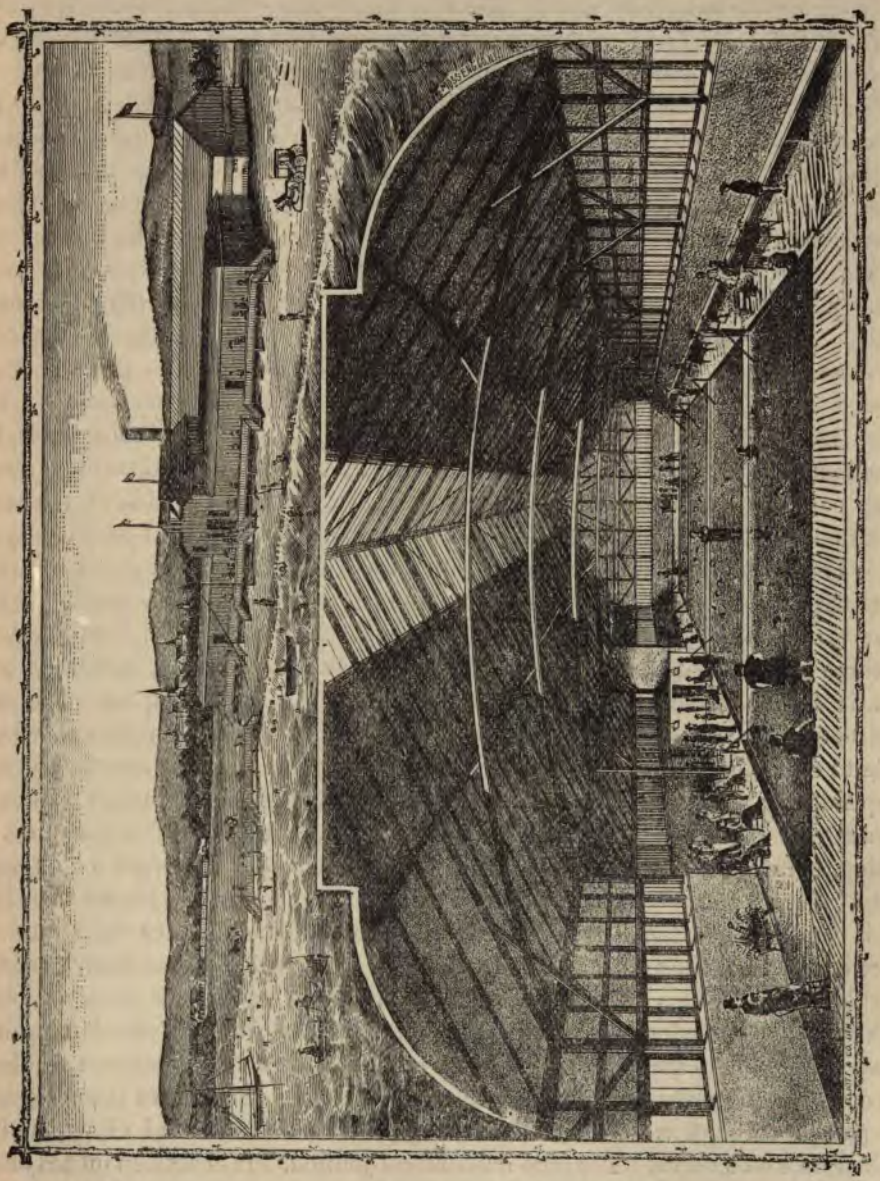
along the line of the front and side balconies; they are tastefully laid out, the style of the building being closely followed. Flower beds also surround the bowling alley and saloon, the plants for the most part being small but healthy, and cared for in the most exacting manner. The same commendations must be written in regard to the whole of the cultivated grounds. Plants, shrubs, annuals, all look healthy, and the fine blooms on every bush in season show how thoroughly everything is cared for."

From an extract from a letter in the New York Tribune we are told that "the same balmy zephyrs breathe a delicious atmosphere all the year round, and summer and winter, so-called, serenely face each other and exchange compliments. The west wind, moist with the spray of Pacific billows, and laden with suggestion of spices in the far Cathay, comes in every evening with ozone and healing on its wings."

During the summer months the Hotel del Monte is thronged with fashionable visitors, chiefly from San Francisco; and, according to a correspondent of the Argonaut, "there is a growing tendency on the part of society people to make this place the *ne plus ultra* of Occidental shrines; and if it did not complete an ideal summer hotel scene during the last holiday, with its glare of lights, its flash of jewels, the rush and rustle of soft fabrics, and the merry hum and laughter of throngs of enjoyable people, then I am mistaken; and there was never a prettier day. The sun shone with more than its accustomed brilliancy, and there was a mellow haze in the atmosphere that was only vexed by chance zephyrs from a placid sea. It was a day, too, opportune to that multitude of permanent summer patrons to enliven their daily routine, and to participate in the pomp and circumstance of that dazzling phalanx whose 'sound of revelry by night' is not at all limited to nocturnal hours, and who came here to enjoy that golden mean, in which the bustle and care of the metropolis and the dead stagnation of the country have no conspicuous part; but where contentment and comfort, goodwill and wholesome food surround a person, and where a renewed lease of life is given in a link well welded and long drawn out. And when one tires of swimming, boating, bowling, dancing, billiards, and cobblers; and when a drive to the Mission or to Cypress Grove has lost its flavor; and when there is no further zest in the 'walk homeward in the gloaming,' we may return to the city with the satisfaction that we have inhaled some little share of the ozone of life, and have thrown some physic to the dogs, at least."

AT THE BEACH.—The beach is the place, after all; and the same girls who are seen gliding through the picturesque figures of the German, receiving and bestowing favors with a hidden, coquettish meaning, go down regularly to the beach to attend the natatorial matinées that are held at half-past ten o'clock until twelve, and to enjoy the other exhilarating pastime of plunging, and screeching, and pulling, and swimming, and floating in the surf, or of sitting in the sand and poking fun at all who dare appear publicly in Neptune's attire. The vista of delight which a gaily-thronged beach opens to the beholder is a physical and anatomical study as well as an ethnological review; as all nationalities, all sects,

all social strata, all sizes and all shades meet harmoniously in one lavatory. As has been stated, the beach at Monterey is a very superior one. The bathing establishment is the largest and completest on the Pacific Coast. There are two hundred and ten dressing rooms, one-half of which are set apart for ladies, each

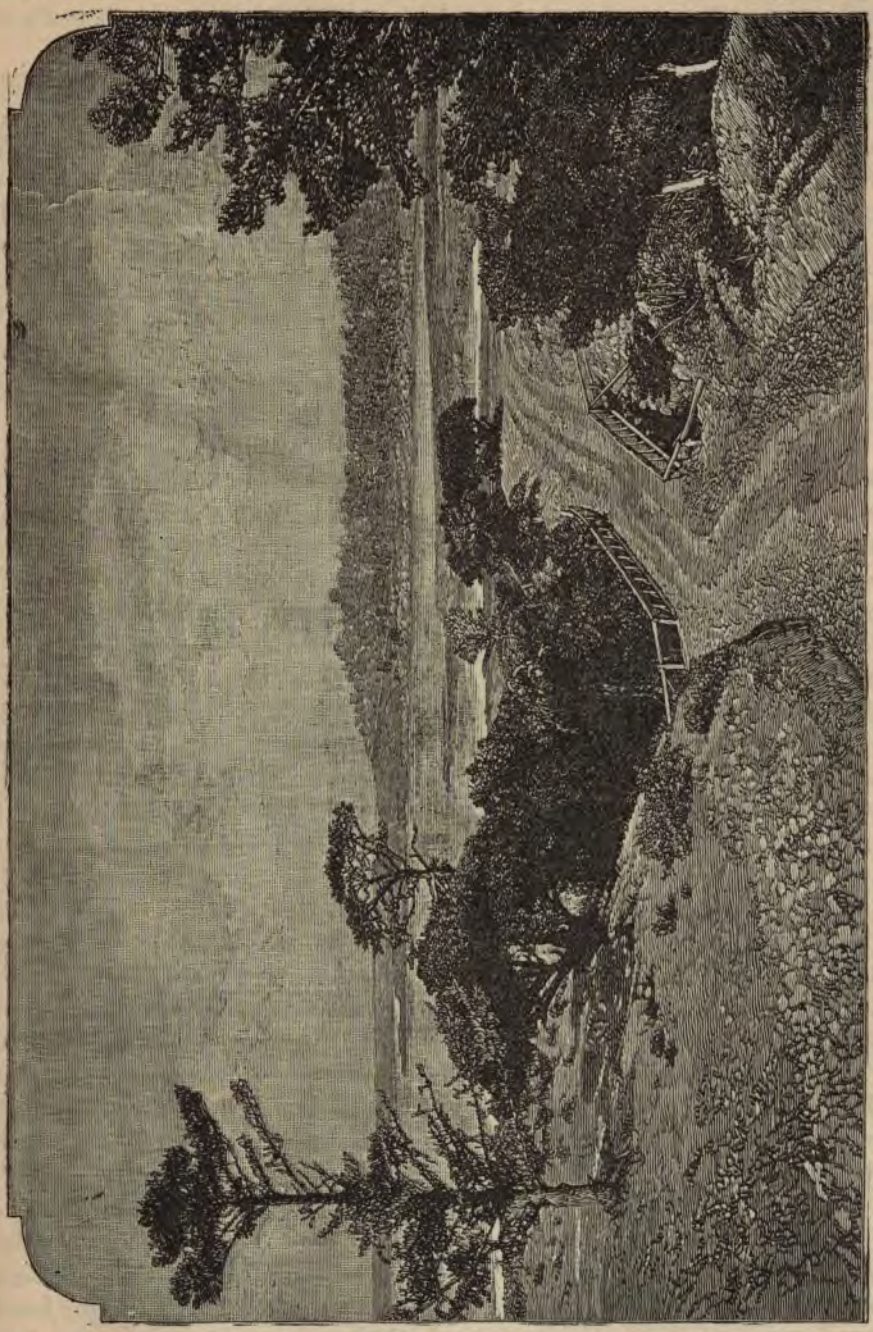


SCENES AT THE BEACH AND INSIDE THE PAVILION, NEAR THE HOTEL DEL MONTE.

with a double apartment—one for dressing and the other for a shower bath. The rooms are neatly and comfortably furnished, and lighted from the roof, making them warm and cheerful. On the gentlemen's side the shower baths, fourteen in number, are at the west end of the building. For surf bathers ample accommo-

dation is provided. A long wharf leads out to deep water, and a header can be taken from the steps or rail of the wharf. The usual raft is about forty yards distant. There is an air of neatness about the whole place, and a sense of comfort and delight comes over one immediately upon entering it. For all who wish to learn the art of swimming, the Del Monte baths offer the most delightful facilities; for bathing in salt water at a temperature of seventy-five or eighty degrees is a luxury and an inducement to persevere until all the movements of hands and feet become perfectly controlled. But for all those who prefer the water tempered there have been erected four large tanks, within a capacious pavilion, into which 275,000 gallons of sea water can be quickly pumped and heated to any required temperature. The main building, containing the tanks, is seventy feet wide by one hundred and seventy feet long, and is twenty feet clear height, from top of platform, around the tanks, to tie-beam of roof-truss. The four tanks are each about thirty-six feet wide by fifty feet long, running cross-ways with the building. The bottoms of the tanks are inclined and vary in depth. The shallowest tank, at its shallowest end, is three feet six inches deep, and the deepest, at its deepest end, is six feet six inches deep. The inclination of the floors of the tanks is one foot in fifty. The total capacity of the tanks is 275,000 gallons. Each tank is heated by steam, conveyed through a coil, which coil consists of a manifold (or header) at the shallower side of the tank, connected by wrought iron heating tubes with another manifold at the deeper side. The manifolds and connecting pipes are laid in troughs or grooves in and below the level of the floor of the tank, and are covered with a grating. The lower manifold is connected by piping with the hot well. The heating tubes are three and one-half inches in diameter. The effective heating surface to each tank is three hundred and twenty-five square feet. The pumping machinery consists of a pair of direct-acting salt water steam pumps, all portions of which, liable to corrosion, are of brass or rubber. These pumps can be run together or independently. Both the steam and water cylinders are fourteen inches in diameter, by eighteen inches stroke. Steam for pumping, and after pumping for heating, is furnished by two tubular boilers, arranged to run together or separately. Steam is conducted from these through piping to the upper manifold, and is condensed in the connecting tubes. The condensed water runs into the lower manifold, whence it goes to the hot well, from which a feed pump returns it to the boilers. This method is found to heat the water very evenly. Little fresh water is wasted, and the heat remaining in the water of condensation is saved. The boilers are each seventy-two inches in diameter by sixteen feet long, and contain each eighty tubes four inches in diameter. Sea water is conveyed to the pumps through a cast iron suction pipe, at the outer end of which is a strainer and foot valve. The pipe itself is ball-jointed. It is sixteen inches inside diameter, and three hundred and twelve feet long. From the pumps the water is forced into the tanks, through cast-iron pipes fourteen inches in diameter. The following are some of the observed results, being the mean of several observations: Time required to fill all the tanks, one hour and thirty-five minutes.

Time required to heat all the tanks, from 62° to 82°, four hours. Wood consumed per hour, seven-tenths of a cord. In addition to the main swimming tanks, there



SCENE IN THE EIGHTEEN-MILE DRIVE, NEAR THE HOTEL DEL MONTE, PHOTOGRAPHED BY WATKINS.

are also twelve private baths, in which both hot and cold salt water and hot and cold fresh water are at hand. The water for these is heated in two smaller tanks,

by means of rotary steam tubes placed near the bottom. The reaction of steam escaping from the ends of these tubes causes them to rotate, on the same principle as a Barker's mill or ordinary lawn sprinkler. This heats the water and stirs it up at the same time, rendering the heat uniform.

THE DRIVE.—There are many who consider "the drive" the most delightful and picturesque in America. Leaving the Hotel del Monte, one gains the outer world over a grandly shaded avenue which winds towards the beach; then skirting the beach and the town, he has a choice of routes. If he chooses the road to the right, he courses along by the sea, and if he turns to the left he mounts the hill back of the town. The best way is to go by the former and return by the latter. The ride through the town discloses much of interest, and the driver will point out the historic buildings. The road leads past the steamer wharf, the whaling cove and the huts of the Chinese fishermen. Just outside the village a wooden cross by the side of a little creek marks the landing-place of the good padre Junipero Serra. The road continues through pleasant woods, and along the stretches of white, foam-flecked sand, which are broken here and there by rocky headlands, about which the waves throw aloft great mountains of spray. During their season wild flowers of every hue carpet the fields, and almost invade the domain of the sea, whilst the variegated tints of shells and sea-mosses cast upon the sands rival the flowers in imitating the bright hues of the rainbow. Nowhere are the waters of the Pacific ocean more brilliantly varied in hue. Sapphire, opal, emerald, cream-white, topaz, mother-of-pearl and crystal of every shade, play before the eye with every rush of the mighty wave into the carved and chiselled rocks and long rifts of the coast. The camp grounds of the Pacific Grove Retreat, the summer meeting place of the Chatauqua Literary and Scientific Circle, and of an association of Methodists, lies pleasantly along the shore, a mile or so from the town. It resembles Ocean Grove, Oak Bluffs, and other eastern resorts of the kind, with a greater richness of shore scenery. Leaving Point Pinos and its light-house to the right, and taking the roadway through the woods, Moss Beach is soon reached. Here one may find employment for hours in gathering bright mosses and shells, while the neighboring fields afford many varieties of flowers. Rounding a little point beyond the beach, the seal rocks are brought into view. These are some rocky islands near the shore where hundreds of seals and sea lions are seen disporting themselves. The rocks are also often white with birds. Another little beach and another little stretch of forest road bring one to the famed Cypress Point. Beyond Cypress Point lies Carmelo Bay—if anything, more beautiful than the Bay of Monterey; while the rocky headlands of Point Lobos and the drooping forms of the sierra of the Santa Lucia appear in the distant blue beyond. Another reach of road beneath the bearded and moss-hung branches of giant pines and cedars, with frequent glimpses of the blue ocean through the dusky aisles of the forest, brings one to Pebble Beach. From this latter point there is a road back to Monterey over the hills; or the explorer may gain the old Mission Church by a circuitous route. The entire distance is eighteen miles.

CYPRESS POINT.—Cypress Point, declares an unknown writer, is the most perfect spot for picnic and camping parties that can be found. It can be

SCENE NEAR CYPRESS POINT, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

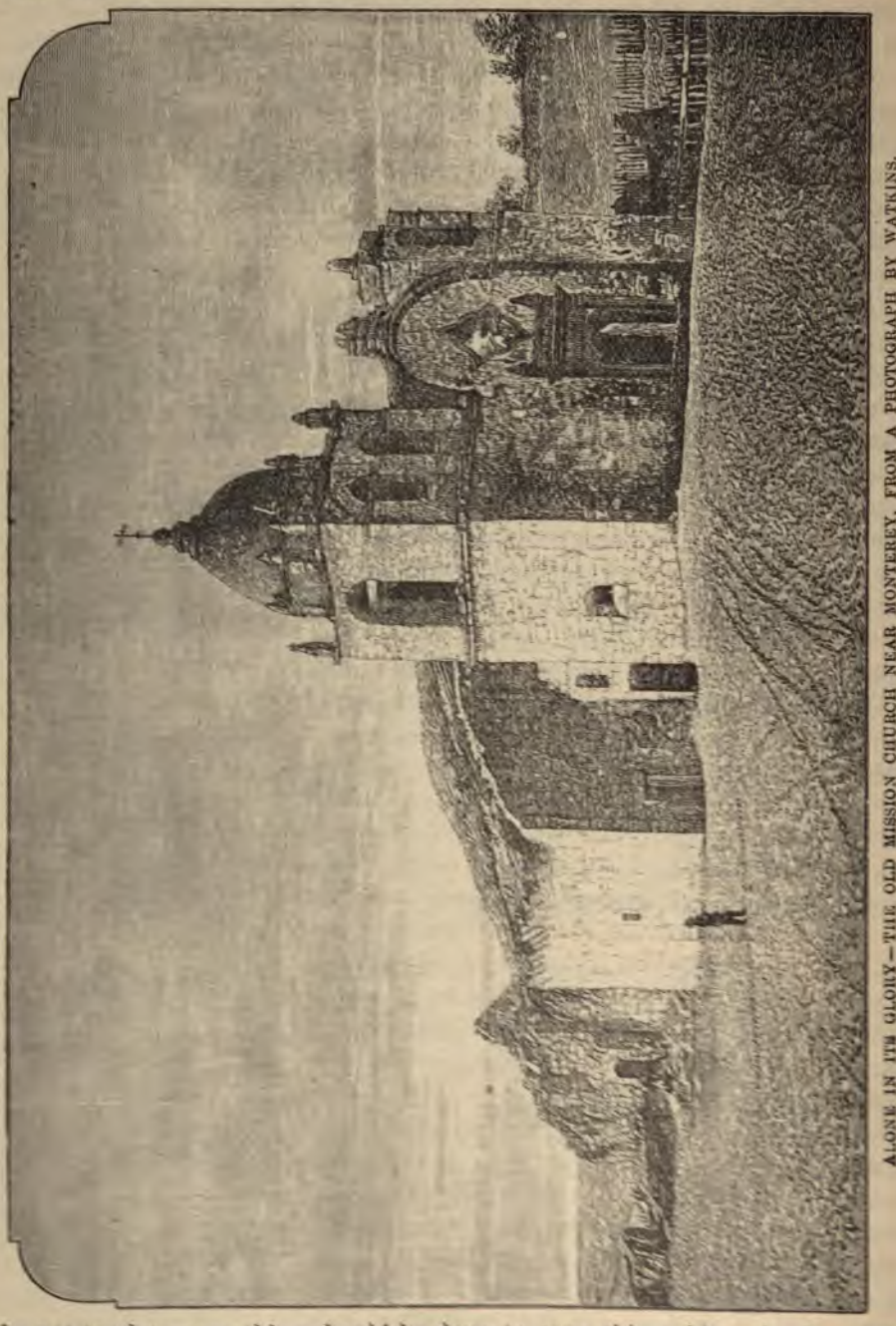
reached by either road from the Hotel del Monte. But, say we leave the hotel by the Carmel, or left-hand, road:—we climb the hill near town, and are soon in

the woods, where the grasses and ferns and shrubs are ever green, and where the wild flowers never die. The road is serpentine and undulating, and is pronounced by all who have driven over it as unequalled in the State—and in many respects in the world, especially when its diversified scenery is taken into account. Proceeding along the wooded slope, carpeted with flowers of all colors under the sun, the brown, barren-looking moorlands of the Salinas plain rising and falling like a sea, with here and there bright emerald patches of homestead lands; and, beyond, the Gabilan range, with its serrated ridges and dark clusters of woods, we soon come upon the smiling waters of Carmel Bay, as smooth as a lake and as blue as the heavens above them. We now enter a well-shaded road, and catch charming glimpses here and there of the Carmel range, and then suddenly there bursts upon our entranced sight a panorama of sky, ocean and woods. The broad Pacific is only distinguishable from the heavens above it by its glittering sheen, as the sunlight plays upon its heaving breast. Here and there little snowflakes of foam dance on the surface, as some billows, more playful than the rest, shake their snowy crests, or the white sails of a ship appear, as swan-like the craft glides over the water. The weird grove is soon after reached, with its gaunt, ghost-like trees, moaning in harmony with the ceaseless roar of the waves as the breezes play through their branches. Enter the forest, and as you pass through the flowery glades the fragrance of the shrubs and the songs of the birds fall pleasantly on the senses. Pass on, and crossing an open space of green turf, startling the rabbits and quail, we enter another grove—the sun-flecks through the moss-hung and bearded trees creating a pleasant, subdued light, reminding one of that sometimes felt or observed within many of the ancient minsters and Moorish alcazars of Europe. A thrill of ecstacy possesses the soul, and memories of childhood's days, with its ancient legends of enchanted groves and fairies, return freshly laden. We now pause, and take in the poetry of this matchless grove. It is a mystical collection of trees, and is worth a trip across the continent to see—the officers of the Coast Survey, Prof. Sanders, and thousands of others who have visited the place, declare that there are no such trees elsewhere in the world—*that this grove stands alone!*

CARMEL MISSION.—The most interesting place—on account of its historical importance—near the Hotel del Monte and Monterey is the ruins of the San Carlos (or Carmel) Mission. This Mission, one of the four established towards the end of the eighteenth century in Upper California, by Father Junipero Serra, and his coadjutors in the work of civilization, was founded on the third of June, 1770. This was more than two centuries after the first discovery of the country. These missionaries were sent out by the Church, acting in harmony with the wishes of the Spanish Government, which had given instructions to the Viceroy of New Spain to establish presidios for the protection of the new settlements at points named, notably at San Diego and Monterey. Among the church buildings erected in Upper California by the missionary fathers, that of San Carlos was one of the best in style and material. There were good ideas of architectural form in the head that planned this solid building. The two great

towers gave an air of dignity to the vast construction, and one sees, now that ruin has overtaken the edifice, what it cannot be merely fanciful to suppose was intentional with the designer, that there is a prevailing slope of the walls from the main building from the ground to the roof, so that the general form of the church, seen *vol d'oiseau*, recalls that of a mound the very shape of the Syrian Mount Carmel. It is a noble building, standing in a landscape full of enchanting beauties. Inland, the eye looks across the broad leagues, that once owed the beneficent sway of the priests, to the distant hills, vaporously blue. Here and there one of the Monterey cypresses stamp the scenery with an astonishing likeness to points of view common in Italy, so strong is the resemblance between this tree and the Italian stone-pine, dear to the recollection of all travelers; while the view seaward is one not to be surpassed on the Pacific Coast. Rarely is the aspect of nature more beautiful in loveliness, more sympathetic with the train of thought roused by the sight of a stately ruin, with falling towers, the stairs trodden by the priests through long years now crumbling away, the halls and the deserted chapel open to the sad sea-wind. In the church-yard of the Mission lie the remains of fifteen Governors of this Province and State, and the tomb of the Apostle of California, Junipero Serra, who died in 1784, still zealous in his great work. The lands surrounding the Carmel Mission were fertilized by a perennial stream of pure water, and thus offered advantages, which the missionaries were not slow to avail themselves of, for the cultivation of many kinds of vegetables and fruits. It was on the lands of this Mission that the first potatoes grown in California were raised, in 1826. The privilege of planting this esculent was given to the natives without limit, and they so improved their opportunities that the whalers, which made a regular stopping place of Monterey, supplied themselves with great quantities. The temporal welfare of the estate had reached a great development in the year 1825, when the fathers possessed 90,000 cattle, 50,000 sheep, 2,000 horses, 2,000 calves, 370 yoke of oxen, with merchandise to the value of $50,000, and over $40,000 in silver. In 1835 the property, by a decree of the Mexican Congress, was converted to secular uses. A correspondent of the San Francisco News Letter truly says: "To look back on the peaceful existence of this little community, during its sixty-five years of steady development from insignificant beginnings to the material success indicated by the figures given, is almost to lay one's hand on the middle ages and the conquest of barbaric races by the culture and religion of the Roman world. The simple trust, the heroic faith and self-abnegation of these missionaries are of a very different stamp from the qualities we too readily associate with the name of pioneers. It is one thing to seek a far-off land for the sake of wealth denied to us by fortune in our native country; it is quite another to leave family and friends and old associations, and the sweet charities of familiar scenes, at the call of a religion which accepts no half-hearted devotion, and to go bury one's self forever in a remote corner of the world among savages, uncouth in form and dull in mind, and there to toil in planting a seed to which God alone can give the increase. These apostles of the Indians are so

near us in time that we can almost touch their hands; but in spirit they are as far from our self-satisfied, loud-babbling days, as the east is from the west. If



ALONE IN ITS GLORY—THE OLD MISSION CHURCH NEAR MONTEREY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

it be not too late, something should be done to save this noble ruin from utter destruction. It is the greatest historical monument in the State, and every Cali-

fornian, of whatever creed or no creed, should feel a personal interest in its preservation. A trifling appropriation is all that is needed to save what the elements are destroying; and a generous State pride should need no second appeal in such a case."

PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT.—The Pacific Grove Retreat—or Christian Sea-side Resort—a less brilliant neighbor of Monterey than the Hotel del Monte, but none the less attractive in many respects, is to the Pacific Coast what Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard, and Ocean Grove are to Atlantic sea-side resorts, except that the Pacific Grove Retreat has as equable a temperature as Monterey, itself, and is kept open all the year round. It is delightfully situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, less than two miles from the old town, and in loveliness of location cannot be excelled, its graceful pines extending to the water's edge. As a healthful place of resort, it is not surpassed by any locality in the world. It has long been established as a medical fact that a residence in a country wooded with pines is peculiarly beneficial to all those suffering from bronchial or throat affections. Added to this is the ozone from the sea air and the equability of climate from January to December. There are in the grove mineral waters of the very highest excellence for medicinal purposes, and reference can be given from persons well-known throughout the State as to the advantages to be derived from their use. A careful analysis has proved them to be almost identical with the world-renowned waters of Cheltenham, England. A correspondent of the Philadelphia Friend writes as follows to that paper under date of August, 1882: "On the westerly shore of the beautiful Bay of Monterey, in a grove of pines, surrounded by scenery of the most diversified character, quietly nestled beside the restless, surging sea, musical with the swaying of wide-branching trees, and the songs of woodland warblers, lies the pleasant watering place known as Pacific Grove Retreat. Feeling the need of a summer resort, free from the follies and vicious influences of more pretentious, fashionable places, some good Christian people, a few years ago, conceived the idea of fixing upon this spot as likely to combine all the requirements for camping and bathing purposes. As its adaptability and beauty became better known and appreciated, its popularity increased, and now thousands throng thither each summer, and many permanent and temporary, neat, comfortable dwellings are to be found there, and the place has assumed quite the air and proportions of a large flourishing village. To me it was very interesting to pass through the labyrinth of pines and its many streets, lined on either side with the pretty tent-like structures and cosy cottages of its dwellers. At night, canopied by trees and relieved by myriads of lights, the soughing of the wind, and the 'sound of many waters,' lend to it a charm peculiarly its own. Here and there are seen handsome houses, their outside garlanded with sweet-scented flowers and vines, and beautifully furnished and decorated within, indicative of wealth and culture, evidencing that those in the different spheres of life are alike attracted by the salubrity of the climate, and the many natural advantages. Immediately below the Grove is the bathing ground, and then, just beyond, a ledge of huge granite rocks

projects seaward, against which the waves dash in wild fury. Within easy walking distance of the Grove are shell-beaches and quiet rocky nooks, where the green limpid waters ripple on the pebbly sands. Passing around Point Pinos Light-house, about two miles away, are extensive moss-lined beaches, with smooth, firm, white floors of sand. On the drifting sand hillocks here, and in many places along the shore, is found the *tunitas*, or wild fig, a pleasant, refreshing fruit. Its leaves are a bright green, somewhat resembling the iceplant, bearing rich purple flowers. The fruit is much sought after by the native Spanish Californians. The wild verbena (or a flower resembling it) grows in great profusion near the shore line of the bay. There are many curious plants and flowers found on the rocks and sands near the margin of the sea in that region, which would doubtless interest the botanist; the rocks and sands also abound with sea life. By taking a public or private conveyance over a fine macadamized driveway (built by the Pacific Improvement Company, who own most of the Grove and immense tracts of lands adjacent,) with the ocean nearly always in sight, Point Cypress, Pebble Beach, Carmel Mission and other points of interest are reached, after an exhilarating ride of eight or ten miles. The old Carmel Mission is worth more than a passing notice; the quaint old ruins are visited by hundreds, if not thousands, yearly. The antique-looking front is still in a good state of preservation, and presents quite an imposing appearance. After looking back about a hundred years, we can here see in its stone walls, arched and tile-covered roof, and its interior vestiges of ornamentation and architectural finish, the industry, zeal, and energy of its early Spanish founders. We pass on to the old town of Monterey, the ancient capital of California, with its curious old Mission, finely preserved and always open to visitors. All around are to be seen old adobe tile-covered houses still occupied or in ruins. A little further on is the elegant Hotel del Monte, in the midst of a grove of large live oaks, with park-like grounds, tropical plants, and a profusion of brilliant shrubs and flowers, forming a rare and wonderful combination of views and scenery. There is a fine beach near, and a large swimming bath-house attached, supplied with warm and cold salt water, where the timid can indulge in bathing with safety. Lastly may be mentioned the old Monterey Whaling Company, with their boats and the various warlike implements used by them in this dangerous occupation. Whales frequent the Bay of Monterey in the fall, winter and spring months, and are sometimes captured in large numbers; the bones of these sea monsters, bleached and whitened, are strewn along the shore, and can be had for the taking—great quantities being carried away by curiosity seekers. The charges at the Grove are quite moderate, and the homelike feeling pervading brings a peaceful influence not often found at popular watering places. Intoxicants and card-playing are prohibited, which largely tends to produce quiet and good order. This is where the Chatauqua Literary Society of California meets annually, and religious gatherings are encouraged. Here, in the lovely climate of California, standing on the margin of this fine bay, and looking out over its blue waters, a feeling indescribably grand and delightful seems to steal over the senses—there we see a long

sweep of shore-line of glistening sands, surf-washed with snowy foam that beats ceaselessly against its whitened margin—here, at our feet, break the resistless surges of wave lines on rock and cavern; then, again, we stand gazing on the majestic waves of the mighty Pacific as they roll in beside us, each succeeding wave seeming more grand and awful; dashing high, with quickened and tremendous force, a cloud of seething foam bursts on the frowning rocks. Contemplating this sublime and overpowering scene, how utterly helpless and insignificant man appears. The Creator is exalted, and we are led to exclaim, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty! Here, too, are scenes of quiet beauty. The sun gilds the surface of the water and warms and vivifies with many tints the sands of the sea shore; the fisherman's boat moves noiselessly over the bay, giving it new life; the sea birds wheel past in long curving lines; and porpoises and sea-lions are seen disporting themselves; landward ranges of rugged mountains, purpled by the evening sunlight, fade away in the dim shadowy distance, the whole forming a picture somewhat similar, but grander and more expressive than the famous Bay of Naples, without the terrors of Vesuvius. The sun, imparting its setting glory to all, sinks below the water line, and as the evening shadows lengthen into the darkness of the night, I bid farewell to a scene not easily forgotten, and that has so wonderfully and charmingly embraced the wild, the romantic, and the beautiful."

PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT, NEAR MONTEREY.

A correspondent writing from Monterey to the New York Evangelist in August, 1882, concludes a lengthy letter as follows: "The Hotel del Monte is likely to be well patronized the year round; for it already attracts persons unable

to endure the Atlantic coast winters, and they are realizing that it affords advantages and sources of enjoyment not elsewhere attainable on this continent, if, indeed, anywhere. Were it as near the forty-nine millions east of the Rockies as the million west of them, it would at once be acknowledged Queen of American Watering Places, *without a peer among resorts for tourists, pleasure-seekers, and invalids.* That it shall attain this distinction, even situated as it is, is a purpose of its proprietors, which they are sparing no pains to compass. They own nearly the whole peninsular jutting into the Pacific west of the hotel—a compact body of over 7,000 acres—which they propose to convert into a beautiful park, with drives and deer, and lakes and dells, and to attract many a wealthy household to establish homes there. The conception is as bold as it is bright; but reflecting that three years ago there were only sand and a neglected grove where so much comfort and taste and beauty are now secured and displayed—the conception seemingly perfect from the first, no sign of wavering or experiment betraying itself—one must own that what has been done was much more to contemplate, beginning from nothing, than all they design to add can possibly prove. It will occur to some that the Hotel del Monte is above the means of many who need and desire rest and change even more perhaps than the wealthy patrons of first-class summer resorts. This must be granted, even while claiming that prices are nowhere more reasonable, in view of the equivalent they command. For such, however, as cannot avail of this opportunity to get full value for their expenditure, the proprietors of the Monterey Peninsula have made ample provision at what is called Pacific Grove Retreat. This Grove lies immediately along the bay, and is covered with pines quite down to the water. It has sheltered coves and sand beaches for sea-bathing and boating; and those who like, can go a-fishing. Lodging-houses and tents are provided for shelter, and a restaurant for such as do not care to work away from home; while those who choose to carry on their own housekeeping, can do so. The Grove is laid out in avenues and lots, about a thousand of which have been sold to private families. Nearly a hundred cottages have been built by them, and more are in near prospect. The same genial climate that makes Monterey so charming prevails here. Families come and tarry for weeks. No beer or liquor can be sold, and no card-playing or dancing is allowed; so that the class of people not desired are effectually kept away. A sense of peace and safety results not often enjoyed elsewhere. Young girls sleep there in tents all alone, without a thought of fear. A strict watch is maintained to keep off all intruders, and none have yet dared risk being arrested. The cost of a few weeks' visit to a whole family may easily be made very moderate, and the numbers that resort there are counted by hundreds, and constantly increasing. So extensive are the grounds, that I can testify that when 700 visitors were there a few days ago, all was so quiet (except at the cove for bathers) that one would have supposed there could hardly have been a hundred persons around. The prudential and moral watch over this Grove is entrusted to a body of pastors well known and respected. At present they are all Methodists, but there is nothing in their management to suggest other words descriptive of it, than wise, prudent,

and Christian. A large chapel has been erected on the grounds, and some evangelical pastor preaches there every Sunday morning, and a Sabbath-school is held in the afternoon. The Pacific Chatauqua Association meets there yearly, and recently held an enthusiastic gathering. Twelve hundred of its thirty-five thousand members were present, and many more, unable to secure entertainment, were obliged to stay away. Another year ampler arrangements will be made, but there is little doubt that the demand for accommodations will exceed the supply even more than it did this year. A gathering of Christians after the style of the Mildmay Conferences was begun this year, and proved successful notwithstanding the brief notice given of it. Addresses on special topics assigned, were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Jewell, Stratton, and Sinex, of the Methodist Church, and Patterson and McKenzie of our own. Meetings for Christian conversation and conference, and for children, were also held. The seed is sown from which good fruit is confidently awaited in coming years. It was at first designed to keep the Grove open only during summer, when it never rains and tents afford all needed shelter for campers. Since so many cottages have been built, and the proprietors have erected lodging-houses, and a restaurant and public parlor, and a bakery and store have been set up, so many are lingering and loth to leave, that it is decided to keep open the year round. Before long there will always be enough tarrying in the Grove to make as good an audience and Sabbath-school as are found in many of the long established churches on this coast. Already the appointment of a clergyman to reside permanently, and care for the spiritual interests of the many attracted to the spot, is being agitated. It is cause for thanking God and taking courage that there is on this coast an established sea-side resort, with every advantage that Nature can afford for rest, enjoyment, and recreation for the body, and controlled by high moral and Christian principles. None can visit the Hotel del Monte and not admire it. Many a Christian will love and bless Pacific Grove."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, AND OTHER INFORMATION FOR TOURISTS.—Leave depot of Southern Pacific Railroad, (Northern Division,) corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, at 10:40 A. M. (daily) and at 3:30 P. M. (daily, except Sundays); the latter is known as the Monterey Express, or "Daisy" Train, and is the fastest train run on the Pacific Coast; the distance from San Francisco to Monterey is 125 miles, which is made regularly by the "Daisy" Train in three and a half hours, including stoppages, of which there are several, namely: San Mateo, 21 miles from San Francisco; then Redwood, 29 miles from San Francisco; Menlo Park, 32 miles; Santa Clara, 47; San José, 50; Gilroy, 80; Pajaro, 99; Castroville, 110, and Monterey, 125 miles. The train leaving San Francisco at 10:40 A. M. stops at *all* way stations; dinner at Gilroy. All trains stop at the Hotel del Monte station, one mile before reaching Monterey. All parties going to the Hotel del Monte *should be sure and have their baggage checked to that place direct, and get off at Del Monte station.* Parties for the Pacific Grove *go through to Monterey station.* Pacific Grove is about two miles from Monterey. The Hotel del Monte is about one mile from Monterey. For further particulars, regarding trains and rates, see advertisements on page 220 and 221. This road passes through the charming Santa Clara Valley, the largest and richest and most productive section of

country in the State. This valley contains the homes of many rich Californians:—D. O. Mills, at Millbrae; Alvinza Hayward, John Parrott, Captain William Kohl, Redington, Howard, and Barroilhet, at San Mateo; William Sharon, T. Guy Phelps, and Nat. Brittain, at Belmont; Moses Hopkins and the Robinson-Hawes families, at Redwood; Leland Stanford, James Flood, Charlie Felton, Colonel Eyre, James Coleman, Edgar Mills, J. T. Doyle, the Selbys, Athertons, Butterfields, and others, at Menlo Park; and Cullen, Hines, Ryland, Davis, and many others, too numerous to mention, at San José. The Bay of Monterey is full of fish, many of them, such as pompino, mackerel, and rock-cod, being very fine. Professor Jordan, in his report to the Fish Commissioners in 1880, said: "I found on the Pacific coast of California and Oregon 260 species of fish, forty of which are new to science. *The largest number found in any one locality was at Monterey, 130 species*, and next at San Diego, sixty." Salmon will take the hook on the outside, about two miles from the coast, during August. This salmon fishing at Monterey has the peculiarity that the salmon are only taken early in the morning, so that boats leave about daybreak, and return between 7 and 8 A. M. The boats, in the absence of wind, are rowed at the rate of about three miles per hour, about fifty yards of line being sufficient, except in the case of the largest salmon, which requires from seventy to eighty yards to play them. The bait used by the professional fisherman is a strip of the silver belly of a perch, which is fastened to the head of the hook so as to prevent its slipping down over the barb. The amateur fishermen have found the use of the largest spoons and trolling baits more attractive and have been more successful than the professionals. The best fishing ground is between Point Pinos light and the Methodist camp ground south. The largest salmon are taken farthest from the shore. In the early morning the salmon are seen in great numbers on the surface of the water, some jumping their full length into the air and apparently taking little notice of the boats. The sport is a most exciting one, the salmon in salt water being more active than in rivers, and, in the case of the largest fish, requiring considerable labor as well as skill in taking them. No better place for children than Monterey exists. There is plenty of white sand for them—and some of this, by the by, has been ingeniously utilized by Mr. Charles Crocker in the Hotel del Monte grounds, being put into large tanks, in which the little ones can disport all day if they so please—and when the sands become monotonous there is an infinite variety of delightful rocks, with concealed treasures of shells and sea-weed, and brilliant sea anemones, and starfish, and those curious marine hedgehogs called sea-urchins. The algæ of Monterey are many of them extremely beautiful, and those who have sounded the shell question to the very bottom assert, with pardonable pride, that there are two hundred and fifty distinct varieties. Monterey is pronounced Moan-tay-ray, accent on third syllable, and means King's Mountain, or Grove, as Monte means mountain or woods; Monica is pronounced Mo-nee-kah, accent on first syllable; Mateo (Matthew) is pronounced Mah-tay-oh, accent on second syllable; Pescadero, (fish,) Pays-cah-day-roh, accent on third syllable; the Hotel del Monte is so-called on account of its being situated in a grove, and was christened by ex-Governor Leland Stanford; Barbara is pronounced about as spelled, accent on first syllable; Laguna del Rey, (Lake of the King, or King's Lake,) Lah-goon-ah, accent on second syllable; Junipero Serra, Hoo-nee-pay-ro, (accent on third syllable) Sair-rah, accent on first; Carlos, Kah-loas, accent on first; Pajaro,

(bird,) Pah-hah-roh, accent on first; Castroville, Kahs-tro-ville, accent on first; Castroville is so-called in honor of an old Spanish family; Juan, (John,) Hwan; Salinas, (salty,) Sah-lee-nas, accent on second; Soledad, So-lay-dah, accent on first; (a Spanish Christian name;) Tres Pinos, (three pines,) Trais Peen-ose, accent on first syllable; Paraiso, whether properly or not, is pronounced Pah-ry-zo, accent on second; Gilroy perpetuates the name of a Scotchman who settled at or near the town of that name in 1814; Hollister was named after a prominent sheep-raiser of that name; Portala, Poar-tah-la, accent on second; Kino, Keen-oh, accent on first; Crespi, Krais-pee, accent on first; Gomez, Goh-maiz, accent on first; Alta, (upper) Arl-tah, accent on first; de Borica, day Boh-ree-kah, accent on second; Arguello, Ar-gail-lyoh, accent on second; Arrillaga, Ar-reel-lyah-gah, accent on third; Pablo, Pah-blow, accent on first; Loh-lah, accent on first; Pio, Pee-oh, accent on first; Pico, Pee-koh, accent on first; Lucia, Loo-tse-ah, accent on first; Lobos, Loh-boas, accent on first; presidio, (garrison,) pray-see-dee-oh, accent on second. The Hotel del Monte is kept open all the year round; the name of the manager is GEO. SCHÖNEWALD, and his address is "HOTEL DEL MONTE (or del Monte,) MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA." The terms for board are $3.00 per day, or $17.50 per week—parlors from $1.00 to $2.50 per day extra; children, $10.50 per week. There is a post-office, telegraph office, and express office at the hotel; and the club-house, stable and railroad station are only a few yards from the hotel. Carriages take passengers and baggage to and from the hotel and station free—from the hotel to the beach, or from the beach to the hotel, 10 cents. Billiards, croquet, lawn tennis, etc., free; at club-house all plain drinks, 12½ cents; good cigars the same; bowling, 5 cents per game; carriages and saddle horses at very low rates; all such things are afforded at the lowest possible rates, and no person has ever complained of a gouge or bad treatment; use of bathing suits, 25 cents; bathing suits and hot salt water baths in the pavilion, 50 cents; good table wines, 75 cents per bottle. "Derrick Dodd," a humorous writer on the San Francisco Evening Post, wrote to that paper in August, 1882: "If Sancho Panza blessed the man who first invented sleep, how he would have embalmed in unctuous benediction that superior enhancer of mundane luxury who conceived, but did not patent, the idea of heated sea water swimming baths. The Del Monte tanks probably afford the most exquisite sensation of physical bliss that human nerves are capable of experiencing. To float on one's back in this clear, lukewarm flood, dreamily gazing at the tropical plants that festoon the roof, and feeling the melted velvet of the water softly lapping one's languid limbs at every breath, is to be happy indeed. Lucullus was but a novice at the fine art of bathing after all. The great advantage of the series of tanks system, practiced here, is that by occasionally shifting from one tank into another, heated a few degrees warmer, one is enabled to bathe a very long time without diminishing the circulation, and to finally emerge, feeling like a giant refreshed. That there is nothing enervating about heated *salt* water was sufficiently evident from the manner in which that modern Crichton, the late President of the Olympic Club, who is one of the most regular swimmers this season, turned astounding flipflaps into the water, perambulated the bottom like a crab, or tranquilly circumnavigated the tank like a human steamboat, with the head of his graceful, Castilian-eyed wife resting on his stalwart shoulder." *All persons going to the Hotel del Monte should be particular and have their baggage checked to that point, or station—not to Monterey,* which is beyond. Be sure and

remember this. Persons going to Pacific Grove must have their baggage checked to Monterey. J. O. Johnson is the Superintendent of Pacific Grove, which is kept open all the year round. During the regular season, from May 1 until October 31, special round-trip tickets can be obtained at any station on the line of the Central Pacific, Southern Pacific and California Pacific railroads, at reduced rates. One hundred pounds of baggage allowed on each full ticket and fifty pounds on each half ticket. Baggage will be checked, and canvas tents and tent-poles way-billed through to Monterey from all stations on the line of the Central Pacific (via San Jose) and Southern Pacific Railroads. From stations on the California Pacific Railroad (via San Francisco), baggage will be checked and tents way-billed to San Francisco only and must there be re-checked and re-billed over the Southern Pacific Railroad to Monterey. In addition to checking one hundred pounds of baggage on each full ticket and way-billing canvas tents free of charge, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company will also way-bill free of charge—to the extent of 100 pounds on each full ticket presented—camp equipage, consisting of tent-poles, tables, portable stoves, stools, chairs, cooking utensils, bedstead and bedding, etc. Any excess weight over the before-mentioned allowance will be charged for at the extra baggage rate. Provisions of any kind do not come under this regulation, and will not be received on baggage cars. All baggage over 100 pounds on the Central and California Pacific Railroads should be sent as freight. The lodging houses have been remodeled and refurnished throughout. There is attached a neat parlor for the accommodation of ladies, children and those who do not wish to make use of the public parlor. Rates will be as follows: By the week, front rooms, for one person, $5; for two, $7. Back rooms, for one person, $4; for two, $5.50. There are a number of tents with six-foot walls, neatly furnished, from $4 to $9.50 per week. Tents, 10x12, $4.00 per week; tents, 10x14, $4.25 per week; tents, 10x16, $4.50 per week; tents, 12x14, $4.50 per week; tents, 12x16, $4.75 per week; tents, 14x16, $5.25 per week; tents, 14x18, $5.75 per week; tents, 14x20, $6.75 per week; tents, 12x24, $9.50 per week. This last is divided into three rooms and furnished with cook-stove and kitchen table. Furnished tents contain, besides floor, one bedstead, spring bed and top mattress, blankets, sheets, pillows and pillow-cases, teapoy table, basin and two chairs. For each additional double bedstead, bedding and two chairs in tent, per week, $2.50. Persons taking tents by the month can have a reasonable reduction from weekly rates. A small ground rent will be charged those using their own tents, and for the use of water, which has been brought in pipes on the ground from springs and reservoirs. Sanitary regulations are strictly enforced. Persons renting tents are not allowed to sub-let them to others. Parties wishing to obtain further particulars with regard to ground rent, tents, bedding, etc., should apply to J. O. Johnson, Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey, Cal. The restaurant has been refitted, and persons can obtain any kind of a meal they may desire (except with wines or liquors), paying only for that which they order. Hot coffee and cakes can be had at any time during the day and evening. In connection, there are additional rooms for the accommodation of families at reasonable rates. The stores will always keep a fine stock of groceries, provisions, fruits, vegetables and meats, together with all necessary articles, which will be sold as cheap, for those who may wish to board themselves, as at any other place the same distance from San Francisco; there is a soda fountain during the

summer season, also a candy store and bakery. Orders will be taken and promptly attended to for any article not in stock, except wines or liquors. The stables are under the care of the Superintendent of the Grove. Board for horses can be had at very reasonable rates; also, single and double teams, and saddle horses for ladies and gentlemen. Careful drivers sent with teams when desired. Coaches run to all trains, making four trips daily from the Grove, stopping at the Hotel del Monte and its bath-house. Religious services and Sunday-school are held every Sunday in the new chapel, erected by the Company for this especial purpose, and clergymen of various denominations will preach. The chapel is a large and spacious building fitted with comfortable chairs and benches, capable of seating two thousand people. Sea-bathing can be indulged in with safety and comfort, on a beautiful sandy beach. A number of entirely new bathing suits for ladies and children have been provided, and every attention will be paid to the wants of bathers. Boats can be had for sailing, rowing or fishing. Desirable lots for building residences or for tenting purposes, can be purchased at reasonable rates. Maps are on exhibition at the Grove and a person to show the ground and state prices. Every lot has been staked out, so that purchasers can see immediately their boundary lines. In order to continue the Grove in the same manner as heretofore, each deed stipulates that no intoxicating liquors or gambling will be allowed on the grounds, and that said land and premises shall not be used for any other purpose whatever except exclusively for private dwellings. A large number of lots have been sold during the past season and several new residences erected. For any further information, apply directly to Mr. Johnson. Parties wishing to visit the Grove have the right to provide themselves with everything needful during their entire stay, and that they are invited to avail themselves of this privilege. The climate is all that can be desired, being remarkably equable, varying but little during the year. Oppressively warm days are unknown, and it is seldom unpleasantly cold. The encampment is unsurpassed for grandeur and beauty of scenery, commanding a splendid view of the Bay of Monterey, and in close proximity to the Light-house, and within a morning's walk of that pearl of beauties, Cypress Point. For bathing purposes, the beach is unequalled, having a gradual slope; and invalids wishing to take warm sea baths can avail themselves of the opportunity at the mammoth bathing pavilion of the Hotel del Monte. A four-horse coach makes four trips daily, to and from the Grove. (Not so frequent on Sundays.) All places of interest can be reached by one of the finest drives in the State, over a macadamized road of twenty miles. For ladies and children, a more pleasant occupation can not be found than in gathering the exquisite mosses and shells with which the beach abounds. Croquet grounds, swings and white sand boxes for children. Salt and fresh water fishing, boating, sailing and other opportunities for out-door occupation and enjoyment. Great quantities of game can be found at easy distance. The Grove is connected with all parts of the State by railroad and steamboat. For further information, apply to the Superintendent Pacific Grove, Monterey county, Cal. While the sea-water of the Pacific Coast will admit of bathing at all times of the year, it never reaches the strictly enjoyable temperature of the water at eastern places during the summer months, except to persons of robust constitutions. But there is a good deal in knowing how to plunge into our sea water. "I enjoy a plunge in the surf a hundred per cent. more than I did a few years ago," a gentleman remarked recently, "and it is because of a simple practice

which I never neglect." The benefits of the practice he described are known to many, perhaps, but not to the multitude of bathers, for not one in a hundred of the people who enter the surf, observe it. Every one knows that, as soon as possible after entering the water, the whole body should be submerged, but after the first plunge the majority of bathers stand still for a few moments before beginning the vigorous exercise of the bath. This is a serious mistake, and those who make it are sure to feel chilly while they remain in the surf, and chills will drive them out of the water long before they wish to go. Immediately after the first plunge every bather should take the most vigorous exercise for about two minutes. Leap up and down in the water, or run, until the blood moves through your veins with increased rapidity, and you will feel a warmth which will repay your exertion with a delicious sense of comfort. It is worth while for the multitude of people who visit Monterey who are fond of the surf to know the advantage of vigorous exercise immediately after the first plunge. Concerning the art of swimming, let us state that there is really no mystery in acquiring it, thus: The trunk, less the arms, is heavier than the water; with the arms it is lighter; all, therefore, that a person has to acquire is the habit of drawing in the breath when he is preparing to make a stroke, and expelling the breath when he is making it. Let any one do this and keep calm, and he will find that he can swim. But perhaps it is better to acquire confidence by a preliminary course of floating. To do this it is only necessary to lie flat on the water, stretch out the arms with the palms of the hands downward, throw back the head, and whenever the body sinks low, slowly to fill the lungs with air. It is just as easy as falling off a log, really. Captain Webb, the great swimmer, wrote as follows to the Boston Herald in August, 1881: "When a swimmer gets chilled the blood ceases to circulate in the fingers, the finger-nails become a deathly white color, the lips turn blue, and should he persist in staying in the water after these symptoms develop he is sure to have cramps. So long as the swimmer can discern spots on his finger-nails he knows that his blood is in good order, and that he is safe and free from chills. I have been remarkably free from chills, and feel most at ease when in the salt water under a hot sun. Salt water seems to attract the heat, and no matter what the temperature of the water, under these circumstances I feel warm. I have on some occasions swam so as to keep my body under the water, but even in such instances on coming out I have found my back and limbs blistered. This shows the penetration of the heat from the rays of the sun on the water. On one occasion, since I was here last, I swam for £400 at Scarborough, staying in the water seventy-four hours. I use a preparation of porpoise oil, which I rub all over my body, even my face. The oil fills up the pores of the skin and keeps the salt water from permeating my vitals. All professionals now use oil." *Apropos*, George W. Bungay, who some time ago contributed a poem called "Worship in the Woods" to Our Continent, should have dedicated it to the Pacific Grove;—so we will quote it:

"How rich the embroidered carpet spread,
On either side the common way!
Azure and purple, gold and red,
Russet and white, and green and gray,
With shades between,
Woven with light in looms unseen.

The dandelion's disk of gold
With lustre the meadows green;
And, multiplied a million-fold,
The daisy lights the verdant scene;

The blue mint's plumes
Invite the bees to their perfumes.

A wrinkled ribbon seems the road,
Unspooled from silent hills afar;
Rest, like an angel, lifts the load,
And in my path lets down the bar,
And here it brings
A lease of life on healing wings.

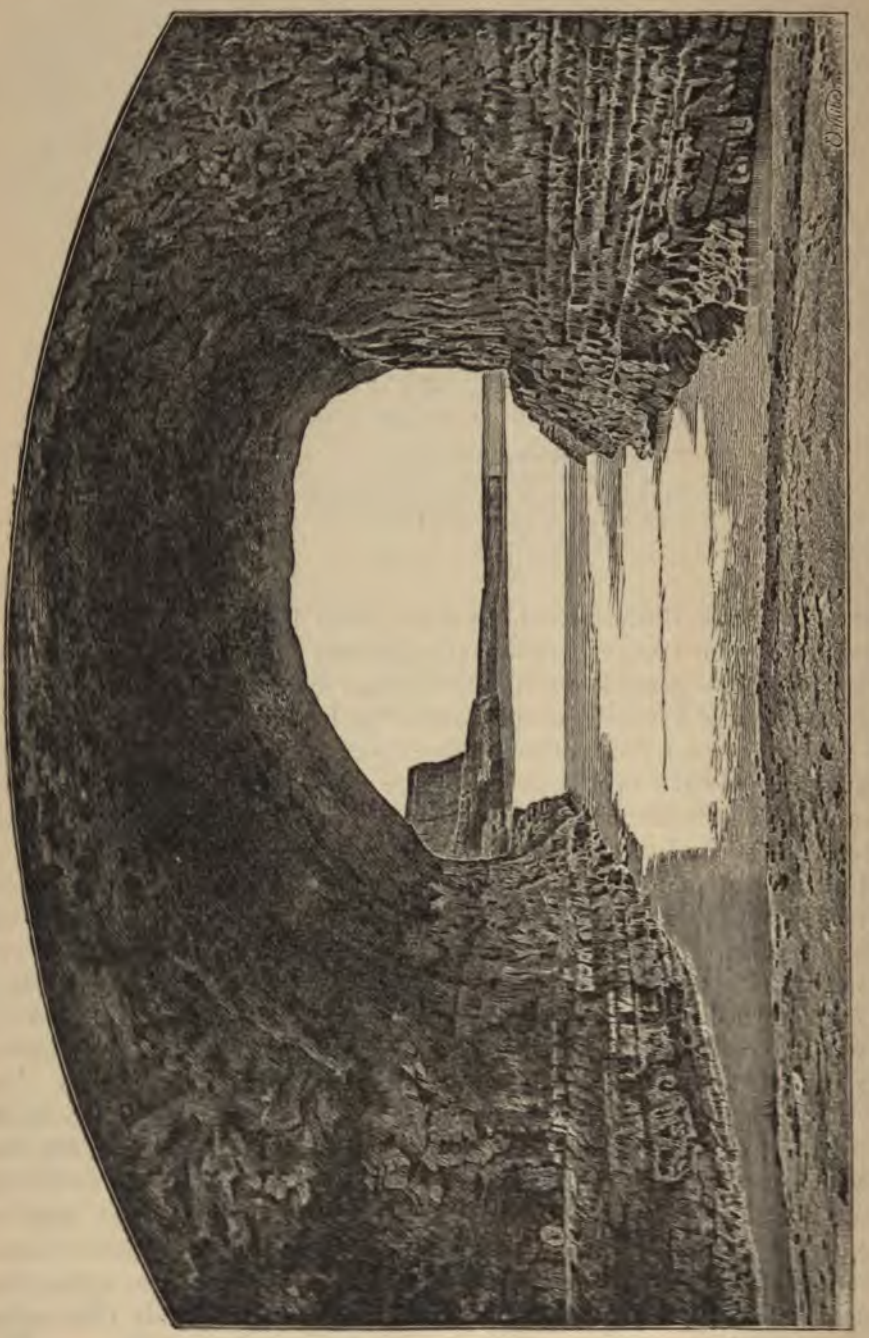
The summer leisure of the cloud
That wanders with its trumpeter,
The wind, is mine; no wrangling crowd
Annoys the humble worshiper
In the white tent
Beneath the listening firmament.

Up-floating on the ambulant air,
Sweet songs of sacred music rise;
And now a voice distinct in prayer,
Like the lark's hymn, reaches the skies,
And the "Amen"
Is echoed from the hills and glen.

The wood a vast cathedral seems,
Its dome the overarching sky;
The light through trembling branches streams
From open windows lifted high;
Under the firs
Soft shadows shield the worshipers."

Santa Cruz.—Until the building of the Hotel del Monte, near Monterey—at least for fifteen or twenty years—Santa Cruz had been the most popular and the most fashionable sea-side resort in California; and, although the former has become the Mecca of the fashionables, Santa Cruz has lost none of its popularity, and as many people congregate there during the summer months as heretofore. It is situated upon the Bay of Monterey, directly opposite the town of that name, as a glance at the illustration on page 139 will show. The beach is a very fine one, about a mile or a little more from the center of the town. In picturesqueness of situation, Santa Cruz has no superior, while its climate is about the same as that of Monterey, except that Santa Cruz is a little warmer during the summer months, and somewhat colder during winter. C. L. Anderson, a well-known physician, who has made himself familiar with Santa Cruz, says: "As a winter resort for tourists, invalids, and all those wishing to escape from the harsh, storm-swept and unpleasant winters of the Eastern States, Santa Cruz has no superior. During the months of October, November, the greater part of December, January, February and March, there is not a more congenial region on the Pacific Coast. In fact, as a rule, the most pleasant part of the year is from the first rains, which usually begin in October, on to Christmas. The hills and fields, washed, warmed and invigorated by the soft rains and sunny days, begin to assume a shade of green. Many flower buds that were delayed by the dry season now burst forth in bloom. The air is clear, balmy, fragrant and spring-like. Protected by forest and mountains from the northerly blasts, Santa Cruz enjoys a climate that places with a northerly exposure cannot have. The prevailing winter air current is southerly, always warm, generally mild, bearing a moisture

caught up from the untainted waters of the great ocean. It has a temperature



NATURAL BRIDGE ON THE BEACH NEAR SANTA CRUZ, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

of 65°; and when this current blows hard, as it does sometimes for two or three

days, it brings considerable rain. The most unpleasant winds of this Coast are the northerly, especially when accompanied with rain showers. They are cold, changeable, and in some respects correspond with the northeast winds of the Atlantic coast, causing neuralgia, rheumatism and influenza. Santa Cruz is fairly sheltered from these winds, and free from those complaints. The wet season does not mean continuous rain, as many Eastern people suppose. The rains occur most frequently at night, with intervening days of warm and pleasant sunshine. The roads in most places are good all winter. Walking or riding is practicable nearly every day. There is seldom need of an invalid remaining indoors on account of weather. Sometimes the mornings are frosty, the thermometer going down to 30°. Snow seldom falls, except on the higher mountain ranges, and there only a few times during the winter. Lung diseases, so common throughout the Northwestern States, resulting from an inconstant climate during winter months, is not a frequent complaint in this locality. Catarrhs are less frequent than in summer."

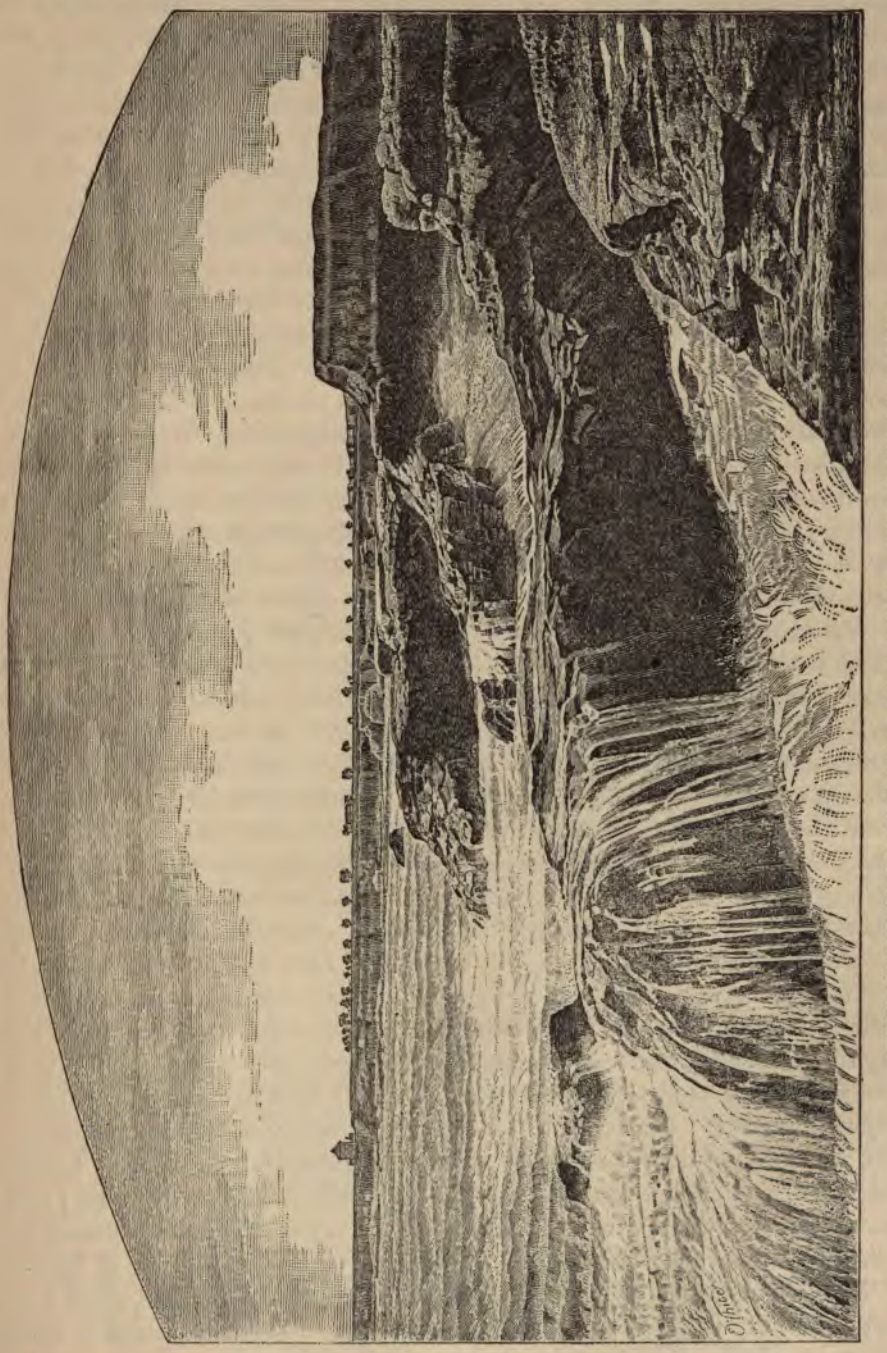
"Grace Greenwood," (Mrs. Lippincott, of Washington,) who visited California some years ago, thus wrote of Santa Cruz to the New York Tribune: "Santa Cruz is a beautiful smiling town seated on the knees of pleasant terraces with her feet in the sea."

A correspondent of the Toronto Globe, writing from San Francisco to that paper on March 25, 1882, said: "Santa Cruz is, I think, one of the pleasantest places in California. I spent several days there—summer days in January—warm sunshine and blue skies almost every day. Stretched out before you are the bluish-green waters of Monterey Bay, and here is a beach for sea-bathing fully equal to that of Cape May, all nearly surrounded by mountains, the great Loma Prieta, hoary with its snow-covering, looming up above the rest. In almost every garden the choicest roses were in full bloom, richer and more fragrant here than any I have seen in any other part of California, and the farming land in the vicinity appeared to be of excellent quality. The climate of Santa Cruz and of Monterey, on the opposite side of the bay, is said to be more genial and equable than that of any part of Italy. Many of the citizens of San Francisco spend their summer months at Santa Cruz."

Henry Meyrick, an agreeable English gentleman of superior information—having traveled in almost every country under the sun—contributes the following to our GUIDE: "The city of Santa Cruz is situated close to the thirty-seventh parallel of north latitude, looking out on the Bay of Monterey and the Pacific Ocean. The big Panama steamers may often be seen passing, and Monterey is generally visible, twenty miles across the bay, looking in clear weather and early morning more like five miles distant, with its white beach shining in the sun, and a few of its houses visible through a glass. Behind Monterey looms up the Santa Lucia range of mountains, 3,000 to 4,000 feet high; and to the left, or southeast, the Gabilan Mountains stand in bold relief, guarding, as it were, the entrance to the Salinas River from the Bay of Monterey. Sixty miles to the east, and beyond the Pajaro Valley, are seen the Pacheco and other peaks in the

Mount Diablo range. To the northeast and twenty miles distant, stands Mount Bache, (Loma Prieta,) the highest point in the Santa Cruz Mountains. Leaving the little city and mounting the hills in any direction the scene changes and enlarges every few yards, and from any fair eminence, looking out to sea and up and down the coast to the right and left, we feast our eyes on the green slope, dotted with spreading live oaks, clustering orchards and white farm houses, while directly below us lies the little city, looking like some New England town washed ashore on this distant coast, every object in its tree-lined streets distinctly visible; its half dozen churches, its splendid public school-house, with several other handsome public buildings, and its hundreds, approaching thousands, of happy looking homes, each one separate and distinct and fairly embowered in roses and flowering shrubs—roses in bushes, roses in trees, roses in clumps, roses in hedges, roses in arcades—roses, roses everywhere and blooming almost every month in the year. For roses, Santa Cruz is certainly the Nice and Mentone of the Pacific; and at least one Italian traveler has pronounced the combination of alpine, marine and woodland scenery on this coast to be quite equal to any part of the celebrated Corniche Road. The bathing beach is of the finest sand, almost level, smooth and clean to perfection; there are good bath-houses, furnishing bathers with everything necessary for bathing, and many luxuries and comforts. Sunny dressing rooms, bathing costumes of the latest, most becoming and comfortable styles, and obliging attendants always in readiness to assist bathers and serve hot coffee or other light refreshments if desired. The temperature of the surf during the bathing season is 58° to 62°. While the climate is mild, it is really bracing and invigorating—in fact stimulating, to a considerable degree; it is comparatively free from the colder fogs and higher winds of San Francisco. It will be found warm and dry enough to compel but little or no confinement indoors; and, while it is remarkably free from extremes of heat and cold, (highest temperature in three years, 88°; lowest, 31°,) it has just sufficient range of temperature to give zest of variety without the violent changes which endanger health by shocking the vital system—no excess of heat, fostering indolence, or of warm humidity, relaxing and debilitating. Above all, never a hot night—a good blanket being the last but not the least enjoyment of a happy day in Santa Cruz county at any season of the year—no searing frosts, no scorching heats, no tempests. All the best attributes of fruitful, sunny, salubrious California are certainly to be found on the shores of the Bay of Monterey. The fashionable season at Santa Cruz is from about the first of May to the first of October; but the enjoyable season, the season of good climate, and even of sea bathing, may be said to last from the first day of January to the 31st day of December inclusive. In stormy winters the sea bathing is more uncertain than in the summer months; for a few days, or sometimes for a week or two, the roughness of the sea or heavy rains may interfere with the surf bather, but as good and enjoyable bathing may often be had in midwinter as at midsummer, and the air and water will both be found as pleasant on many days in March and November as in any months of the year. The extreme variation between the

winter and summer temperature of the surf is only a few degrees, so there is



SCENE ON THE BEACH NEAR SANTA CRUZ, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

much less difference between the temperature of the air and water in winter than

in summer, which sensibly reduces the shock of the first plunge. The mean annual temperature is 59.5° F., and the months of December, January and February give a mean of 52°, while July, August and September give a mean of 62° Fahrenheit. With occasional exceptions, the same kind of clothing may be worn all the year round without discomfort. The mean annual rain-fall is twenty-three inches, and from one-third to one-half more rain falls near the summits of the mountains than at the sea level; hence, the springs do not become dry. Snow falls on these summits in some winters, more or less, but seldom at any place in the county does the thermometer fall as low as 30° F. Humidity is greatest at the beach or sea level, gradually diminishing as we go inland, so one may select almost any degree of moisture. The wind that blows ill or good, that motion of the air, fickle and inconstant, yet so important to invalids, deserves particular mention in connection with this locality. From April to November we are more or less subject to the influence of the northwest trade winds, accompanying the Japan ocean current, which come down the coast from the direction of the Aleutian Islands, including the circuit of Alaska, and which help to create an even temperature of about 42° F. for a long distance above or north of the Farallone Islands, but when they come within the latitude of the Bay of Monterey these air currents expand more rapidly, and, as their moisture has been mostly precipitated in the north, they now, by reason of expansion, take up from the region over which they pass the moisture from water, vegetation and air, and with them is borne along a large proportion of the fresh salt sea air, or watery vapor of these southern latitudes, hence a humid or sultry atmosphere cannot exist within the circuit of this air-current. As the Pacific Coast, from Puget Sound to the Golden Gate, is an almost closed wall parallel with the flow of the Japan current, having few wind gaps, the stream of air is compressed and flows with considerable rapidity. When a gate or opening occurs, the current is forced through and spreads out on either side, mingling with the land air. This double motion sets up a series of eddying currents, so that when, on the ocean, the northwesterly wind is tossing the white caps about, inland there is an opposite current mildly flowing in circuits, according to the conformation of the land, and this eddying current is mild and genial and refreshing—an air delightful to breathe. It carries enough ozone to purify the little basins, valleys and recesses along the coast, and has force enough to sweep away any malaria, yet so mild as not to irritate the most sensitive lungs. In such a climate epidemics are rare and of short duration. Immediately on the coast, catarrhal affections prevail at times, and consumptives with strong catarrhal tendencies will do well to keep a little inland at a good elevation, say 1,200 to 2,000 feet above the sea; and in winter, when southerly winds prevail, living down near the coast becomes better for invalids of the class named. A compilation of the death rate of twelve of our largest cities and towns of California, including Santa Cruz, gives a mean annual mortality of 16 to each 1,000 inhabitants. This is a favorable showing compared with the Eastern States and cities in Europe, where the mortality is from 20 to 30 per 1,000. Santa Cruz, with its population of over 5,000, gives an

annual mean of only a fraction over 8, and of course this includes many invalids in advanced stages of disease, whose deaths go to swell the mortality list. This place should become a favorite winter resort for invalids, as the mild, southerly winds which prevail during the winter, often bringing showers, are always warm and have a pretty even temperature of 62° F. at or near the beach. The air becomes cooler as we ascend mountains, at the rate of one degree for every 250 feet, so we can select any reasonable degree of mild temperature. Many invalids would certainly not be benefited by coming here from long distances; some persons and some diseases may be found for whom all these conditions, so generally desirable, may not be exactly favorable; but if there is an accessible place in the world, combining as many or more of the natural essentials of a health-giving and health-restoring resort than the shores of Monterey Bay, the person who will make it known to mankind will, at least, deserve the blessings of all health seekers."

Mr. Meyrick thus epitomizes: "'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' and as such, the climate that smiles on the invalid when most others frown ought to be appreciated. An average winter at Santa Cruz will certainly be found friendly to the invalid, being in some respects even more charming and enjoyable than summer, the air balmy and bracing, cleared by occasional storms, and the sunshine bright and always agreeable, the general weather strongly resembling those exquisite spring days in England, all the more enjoyable for their rarity, when Nature puts on all her fascinations, birds, flowers, atmosphere and all conspiring to charm the heart and delight the senses. An exceptional English spring may boast half a dozen such days, while a Santa Cruz winter is hardly thanked for a hundred. All through the winter the hills are of emerald green, and the woods but a shade darker, being almost entirely evergreen, and deciduous trees few, while blossoming shrubs abound. Hunting is in season, and all sorts of game abound. Sea-bathing is frequently available and always enjoyable. For promenading, the town offers its miles of broad, smooth sidewalk, for which Santa Cruz is remarkable. The excellent hotel and boarding accommodation provided for the large army of summer visitors is all available in the winter at reduced rates."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—All persons going to Santa Cruz should take the cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, same as if going to Monterey. At Pajaro the tourist is branched off in another direction by the Company's line, which traverses the northern portion of the Bay of Monterey. We doubt if there is a more delightful ocean view from any railroad in the world. Leaving Pajaro, the cars pass through Watsonville and the fertile Pajaro Valley; thence winding through the San Andreas Hills, and skirting along the shore of the Bay of Monterey, picturesque Aptos is reached; continuing thence westward in view of the bay on one side and forest-crowned hills on the other, the cars stop at Soquel, where the great camp of the Pacific Coast (Camp Capitola) lies stretched along the bay. Starting again, the majestic ocean bursts into view, and passing along the beach, which is often crowded with bathers and pleasure seekers, the train enters the city of Santa Cruz. There are several very good hotels at Santa Cruz, the Pacific Ocean House and the Wilkins

House being the best. There is an abundance of small game a few miles distant from Santa Cruz, such as wild pigeon, doves, quail, snipe, duck and geese. There is also an abundance of streams, all of which contain trout. The San Lorenzo, running right through the city, the Branciforte creek, emptying into the San Lorenzo, inside the city limits, the Soquel, Aptos and Zeyante, within eight miles of town, and distant still farther the Newell, Boulder, Bean, Bear, Majors', Laguna, San Vincente, Scott's, Big, Little, and Waddle creeks with their tributaries, and all of these afford good fishing, generally, through their entire length. Higher up in the mountains, on the head waters and tributaries of all these streams, the fish are smaller but more plentiful. The bay and ocean fishing is very good, and sea bass, rock-cod, smelt, barracuda, and surf-fish may be caught at almost any time. There are a great number of delightful drives, among which is the drive to the Light-house, Natural Bridge, Laguna Falls, Scott's Creek Falls, Ben Lomond Road, Pebbly Beach, Evergreen Cemetery, Powder Mill Works, Big Tree Grove, Magnetic Spring, Loma Prieta, Soquel, Aptos, and many others. There are as many as four or five thousand visitors at Santa Cruz at one time during the summer weather, and the days pass off very happily with most of them. But Saturday is the happiest day in the week at Santa Cruz. Why? Because that is the day when papa comes down, or is expected to come down from the city, where, in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, he has been toiling all through the week, amid metropolitan dust and turmoil, sustained by the pleasant thought that his family were enjoying themselves. And, on the whole, papa is a good fellow. He seldom misses the train, and he always comes with a package of bonbons for the little ones, you know, and with a mouth full of kisses for the whole of his lovely gang. And when papa swaps those latter sweets with fair-faced, fair-formed daughters of sixteen, eighteen and even twenty, young gentlemen standing near, and observing the delicious exhibition, feel that he not only filches from them aromatic favors which not enriches him, but maketh them poor and miserable beyond description. It must be borne in mind, however, that papa is a very convenient person for a young lady to mention when her charming face brightens up on a Saturday morning, or on any morning of a day of expected arrivals. While there is no doubt that papa's arrival causes, as it should cause, a great amount of pleasure to a devoted daughter, still, according to our observation, some others of papa's sex who are likely to come down on the same train often contribute no small share to that delightful anticipation which causes pretty cheeks to glow more brightly and sparkling eyes to glisten more gladly as the shrieking locomotive comes along around the last curve with its coaches of precious freight. But, beside all this, Saturday is a pleasant day; for papa comes down to complete the family circle, and to revel with those juvenile treasures whose absence makes him mighty miserable, albeit they often make it uncomfortably warm for him when they are all at home; and Tom and Bob, and George and Charley all leave their desks, where they have been putting down so many, and carrying so many more, all the week, and come down to the sea-shore to dance, and to swim, and to flirt, and to indulge in many other wholesome things which come under the head of proper recreation; and what a bright, gleesome crowd there is at the depot to welcome the above-named, to be sure! There are Katie and Jennie, and Maggie and Susie, all in summer attire, and grotesquely frescoed with Santa Cruz county freckles, each striving to outdo the other in demonstrations of salutation. Ah, the usual daily pastimes become nothing at all compared to the delights of these Saturday evening episodes;

and you may take our word for it, that of all the happy days at this so-called Long Branch of the Pacific, the happiest, jolliest, noisiest and best is the day on which papa comes down from the city. During the heighth of the season Santa Cruz makes a very attractive display at the beach. Indeed, at that place—

We once saw the very lady, whom we hope to know some day,
In a number of extremely pretty dresses;
But her bathing suit is certainly her handsomest array,
As our heart while going pit-a-pat confesses.

It is made of scarlet flannel, and it fits her to a T,
And it's trimmed and kilted in a manner charming;
And it has a jaunty skirt that only reaches to her knee,
(Though you mustn't think the fact at all alarming.)

For among all little ladies who have ever learned to swim
She's conspicuous in modest airs and graces,
And with dainty little trousers either dainty little limb
It is useless to remark that she encases.

And these dainty little trousers, that we perfectly adore,
At the ankle have a dainty little ruffle,
And our dainty little lady dances lightly down the shore
At a dainty little kind of double-shuffle.

And the foam upon the breakers, when among the sand it steals,
Is not whiter than her bare feet (goodness knows!) are,
While the sea-shells are not pinker than her rosy little heels,
Or her rosy little, cosy little toes are!

It's enough to turn the senses of the most cold-blooded chap
When her course towards the ocean-wave she launches,
With her lovely auburn tresses in a yellow oil-skin cap,
And her dainty little hands upon her haunches.

But the moment that her graceful shape within the water melts,
And she swims about with ease and exultation,
Then you think of sirens, mermaids, and of heaven knows what else
That is noted for its deadly fascination.

Pescadero.—Few places exist in the world—and we think none—which present such a medley of attractions as Pescadero—ocean and river fishing, boating, hunting, picnicking, driving, bathing, moss and shell gathering, berrying, and, best of all, pebble gathering. The town of Pescadero is situated in San Mateo county, one and a half miles from the sea-shore, in a beautiful valley, on both sides of Pescadero River, near the mouth of Butano creek, and contains a population of about five hundred people. The mountains are near, covered with mammoth trees, dotted all over with springs and water-courses and the perfection of picnic grounds. There are innumerable drives along the sea-shore, over and across dairy ranches, and into the mountains. The Pebble Beach, however, is the greatest attraction at Pescadero, and is about two miles from the heart of the town. According to Coast Survey officers there is no other such beach upon the Pacific and Atlantic coasts of America. This beach is about a third of a mile in length, and is covered to a depth of a foot or more all over with silicious stones of every conceivable hue and size, many of which are of the most beautiful colors, and of perfect symmetry in shape. These latter cannot be scraped up by the handful; as, like all other gems, the precious collections are scarce. The great proportion of these pebbles are common stones of a dull black, green, red

or variegated color; and, while they would make the most handsome gravel walk

CAMPING SCENE NEAR PESCADERO, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

in the world, they are contemptuously turned over by fair fingers for the precious

objects which are buried in their midst. The transparent red or opal is the most scarce, and of course the most sought after. Some of the latter resemble precious stones, and make pretty setting for jewelry. Some of the opals are quite as transparent as pearls, and a beautiful red gem, especially when wet, looks as lustrous as an imported stone. There are also what are known as water drops, which are the perfection of crystalization. As a general thing, a little preparation has to be made anterior to going upon the beach. As the gentlemen rig themselves in their poorest or most dilapidated toggery for a piscatorial diversion, so do the ladies for an excursion to Pebble Beach. The attitude employed is an irregular horizontal, with a multiplicity of comical movements and changes of position during every hour. Some of the ladies go dressed in a sort of Bloomer costume, made according to their own fancy, which is by far the most agreeable and most comfortable dress. Others go rigged like a fish-woman, and generally suffer in consequence. Once in a while some stranger declines releasing herself from her corset and bustle, but soon after taking her position discovers her mistake.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco at 8 o'clock A. M. (at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets) by cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) arriving at San Mateo (21 miles,) about 9; at San Mateo take stages for Pescadero. These are first-class Concord manufacture; the teams are as good as there are in the State, and the drivers are competent, reliable, gentlemanly and entertaining. From San Mateo to the Spring Valley Water Works the drive is as delightful as can be imagined, reminding one of the exquisite meanderings through an English park. The roads are serpentine and undulating, and embowered with an almost impenetrable shade from an infinite variety of trees of both a stately and grotesque character. From the Water Works to a place called Bruni the country undergoes a change, and from a valley you pass into a mountain region. From thence to Half-moon Bay you ascend and descend a mountain by a grade that has no superior in California. You get a glimpse of the broad Pacific from the summit; you sniff a real good old vigorous sea breeze; you experience a temporary relief from the dust; you take a thimble-full from a circulating package; you are sorry you didn't bring your overcoat, but you are glad you come. Half-moon Bay, or Spanishtown, lies at the foot of the mountain, and upon the confines of an arm of the sea. It is a neat little place and is enviably located. There are quite a number of stores, hotels and work-shops, some pretentious looking dwellings, and several hundred inhabitants. Here a relay is made and dinner taken. From San Mateo to Spanishtown it is 11 miles, over a fast road—from the latter place to Pescadero it is 19 miles, over a slow road. Four miles from Spanishtown is a place called Purissima. This is quite an attractive place for old bachelor disciples of Izaak Walton, who want to fish all the time, and who go to the country, not to get among the ladies, but to get away from them—the brutes. This place is exactly half way between San Mateo and Pescadero, and is justly celebrated for its attractive bill of fare upon all occasions. Ten miles further is the San Gregorio House. The country about here is picturesque, and the ocean near at hand. Five miles further is Pescadero, containing two or three hotels, several large stores and stables, and a number of very pretty and substantial dwellings. Pescadero Valley is one of the chief

dairies of the State, making a large amount of butter and cheese annually. The great Sanitary cheese, weighing four thousand and odd pounds, was manufactured a few miles from the town. Taking everything into consideration, this is one of the most attractive (if not, indeed, the *most* attractive,) pleasure resorts in the immediate vicinity of San Francisco. For the delightful pastime of hunting and fishing it cannot be excelled. For comfort and healthfulness, its climate presents great attractions. The drives and picnic grounds are unequalled. The scenery is of a varied character—ocean, bay, creek and river; mountain, valley, dell and forest. The hotel accommodations are good, and horses and carriages may be secured at all hours at liberal rates. The Swanton House is the favorite with all tourists, and can accommodate 200 guests. Mrs. Swanton is known all over the coast as the most agreeable hostess in the State. She sets a good table, always serves trout for breakfast (in their season,) takes pride in getting up picnic, boating and berrying parties and serving hot lunches, and in making everybody, old and young, enjoy themselves. Her pantries and cupboards are always accessible, and her cream, biscuits, pies, and cake, can be got at day or night. The gayest old clam bakes on the Pacific Coast are given at Pescadero, and Mrs. Swanton always superintends them. Ah, Mrs. Swanton, some millionaire ought to remember you in his will, for you have made it awfully merry and pleasant for many a crowd. The most attractive of the many delightful drives is one to Redwood Glen. This is 12 miles, a portion of which is upon the coast. Five miles from Pescadero is Pigeon Point, so called from the fact that the ship Carrier Pigeon was wrecked there several years ago. From Pigeon Point to Redwood Glen it is seven miles, through the redwoods of Santa Cruz county. This is one of the most popular places for picnicking. Another drive is the one to Scudder's Retreat, a most enchanting spot, about five miles from Pescadero. There are also drives up the Pescadero and Butano creeks, and also to New Year's and Franklin Points, and to Moss Beach. Immediately opposite the Swanton House, and about a quarter of a mile distant, is an elevation known as Mount Lincoln. From the summit the entire country may be observed for many miles around. There are snipe, doves, duck, geese, quail and wild pigeon in their seasons, and lots of trout in all the streams. There are thousands of acres of wild strawberries, and miles of fence covered with wild blackberries and thimbleberries. The pleasantest time at Pescadero is from April to October, although the climate is agreeable all the year. Stages run *daily* during the summer season. Moonlight drives and strolls by the sea-shore are some of the attractions during the summer at Pescadero. And that reminds us that—

'Twas a bright and moonlight evening
As they wandered on the shore,
And she gently pressed his coat-sleeve,
As she oft had done before.

And they talked about his college,
While she charmed him with her looks;
Then she called him very naughty,
Not at all well up in books.

"Have you ever read," she murmured,
"Squees' Memoir? I wish you would."
"Well, since you insist," he whispered,
"I will try and be so good."

"Take your arm away—you monster!
From my waist, you awful man!
That's not what I meant at all, sir!
There, you're breaking my new fan.

"'Twas the 'Life of Joseph Squees,' sir;
And I think you're awful bad!
Am I angry? Take me home, sir.
Yes, I am, just fearful mad!"

'Twas a bright and moonlight evening,
As he wandered on the shore;
But no maiden pressed his coat-sleeve
As she used in days of yore.

Camp Goodall.—This is a very pretty sea-shore retreat near Watsonville, Santa Cruz county, about one mile north of the mouth of the Pajaro River, and has a superior beach. It is a new place of resort, but will shortly become noted, as it has many elements of attractiveness. A correspondent of the Santa Cruz Item paid it a visit during the summer of 1882, and described it as follows: "The locality chosen for the future-famed 'Camp Goodall' is about one mile to the northward of the mouth of the Pajaro River, near the warehouse and wharf of the Pacific Coast Navigation Company, the lands occupied by the camping ground being their property and leased by them to Dr. Ford for a long term of years. At this point along the bay shore, extending from the mouth of the river in a northwesterly direction for about four miles, there is a succession of sand dunes, a feature of coast formation not frequently met with. These sand dunes are from ten to forty feet in heighth, forming a continuous wind-break the entire distance. The site selected for the camp is in the lee of these at a point where their protection is the most complete and their accessibility the easiest. Those who imagine that a camp by the sea-shore must of necessity be bleak and subject to chilling winds will be agreeably surprised at Camp Goodall. When the bay is covered with white caps, and the trees and grain fields are swaying in the wind, these sheltering sand banks will preserve the camper in quiet and comfort. On the seaward side of these dunes stretches a long, sandy beach, well adapted to bathing purposes, and which at low tide affords a splendid drive for ten miles. On the land side for some distance the fine sand contains but little soil, only just enough to give it firmness, and it is upon this that the new summer suburb of Watsonville is laid out. A little further inland, between the camp and the rich grain fields of the valley, extends an estuary of the bay from near the mouth of the river running two or three miles nearly parallel with the coast line. This body of salt water is only a few yards distant from the camp and affords boating facilities of exceptional excellence. The oarsman, at high tide, can go far up among the meadows; or, rowing or drifting down with the tide of the Pajaro River, find a fresh water stream, which he can ascend for two miles, commanding lovely views of valley, mountains and bay, and abounding in fish and game. The hotel is built adjacent to the bluff, the first floor being on a level of the camp, and the second story in the rear opening on to a plateau of sand half way up the dune. The first floor is occupied by an office, bar and billiard room, the

SAN LORENZO RIVER, SANTA CRUZ COUNTY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

second by six bed rooms and a parlor. A balcony extends on all sides, protected by a rustic railing. Adjoining the hotel on one side is a restaurant, and on the other two summer houses and some other provisions for entertainment."

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Take cars of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, at 10:40 A. M. or 3:30 P. M., and go direct to Pajaro and Watsonville, from which point omnibuses make frequent trips at low rates of fare. (Open only during the summer months.) The river supplies good fishing; and along the banks of the arm of the bay that extends past the camp, as before mentioned, quite extensive clam beds are found, and Dr. Ford has planted oysters there, as an experiment, hoping that the condition will be found favorable for their cultivation. On the beach bath-houses have been built, rafts and buoys anchored, and everything done to secure safety and comfort for bathers. Campers can be accommodated in large numbers from May 1. Pure artesian water and good pasturage on the premises. The hotel is opened on June 1, and can accommodate, in main building and in cottages, from forty to sixty people. There is splendid surf bathing. Also still water bathing in the Pajaro River; ten miles of an unsurpassed drive on the beach; five miles of a boat course on the Pajaro River (the course is provided with paddle-wheel, row and sail boats); good fishing, crabbing and hunting near the camp. A large glass pavilion fronts the sea, and is adapted for lunching parties, sight-seers, and is a superior dancing pavilion. From the pavilion is a magnificent view of the Bay of Monterey, with bathers in the foreground, while in the distance can be seen the towns of Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos, Moss' Landing, and steamers and sail vessels passing to and fro; also a superb view of the entire Pajaro Valley, with mountains in the background. Connected with the Camp, for the use of visitors, are croquet and base ball grounds, a carousal, patent swings, summer houses (fine resting places for campers and picnic parties,) etc. Adjoining the camp are stables and a race-track. Cottages, rooms, tents, tent floors, and camp ground can be had with or without board, and at reasonable rates. Persons camping out not desiring board can buy supplies at the camp. Address P. F. Dean, Manager, Watsonville, Santa Cruz county, California. One of the prettiest and tenderest things ever written was "The Name in the Sand," by George D. Prentice:

"Alone I walked the ocean strand,
A pearly shell was in my hand,
I stooped and wrote upon the sand
My name, year and day—
As onward from the spot I haste,
One lingering look behind I cast,
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And washed my line away.

"And so, methought, 'twill quickly be
With every mark on earth of me;
A wave of dark oblivion's sea
Will sweep across the place
Where I have trod the sandy shore
Of time, and been to be no more—
Of me, my day, the name I bore,
To leave no track or trace.

"And yet with Him who counts the sands
And holds the waters in His hands
I know a lasting record stands
Inscribed against my name

Of all this mortal part has wrought,
Of all this waking soul has thought,
And from these fleeting moments caught
For glory or for shame."

Aptos.—This is one of the most beautiful places in the State. It is about eight miles east from Santa Cruz, and is situated on a bluff overlooking the ocean. There is a great variety of scenery, from the Loma Prieta, which is best seen from this place, down to the vales which lie modestly along Aptos creek. There are hotel and cottage accommodations for from 200 to 250 people. There are numerous drives in the vicinity, and high cliffs of strata near, bearing many kinds of fossil shells.

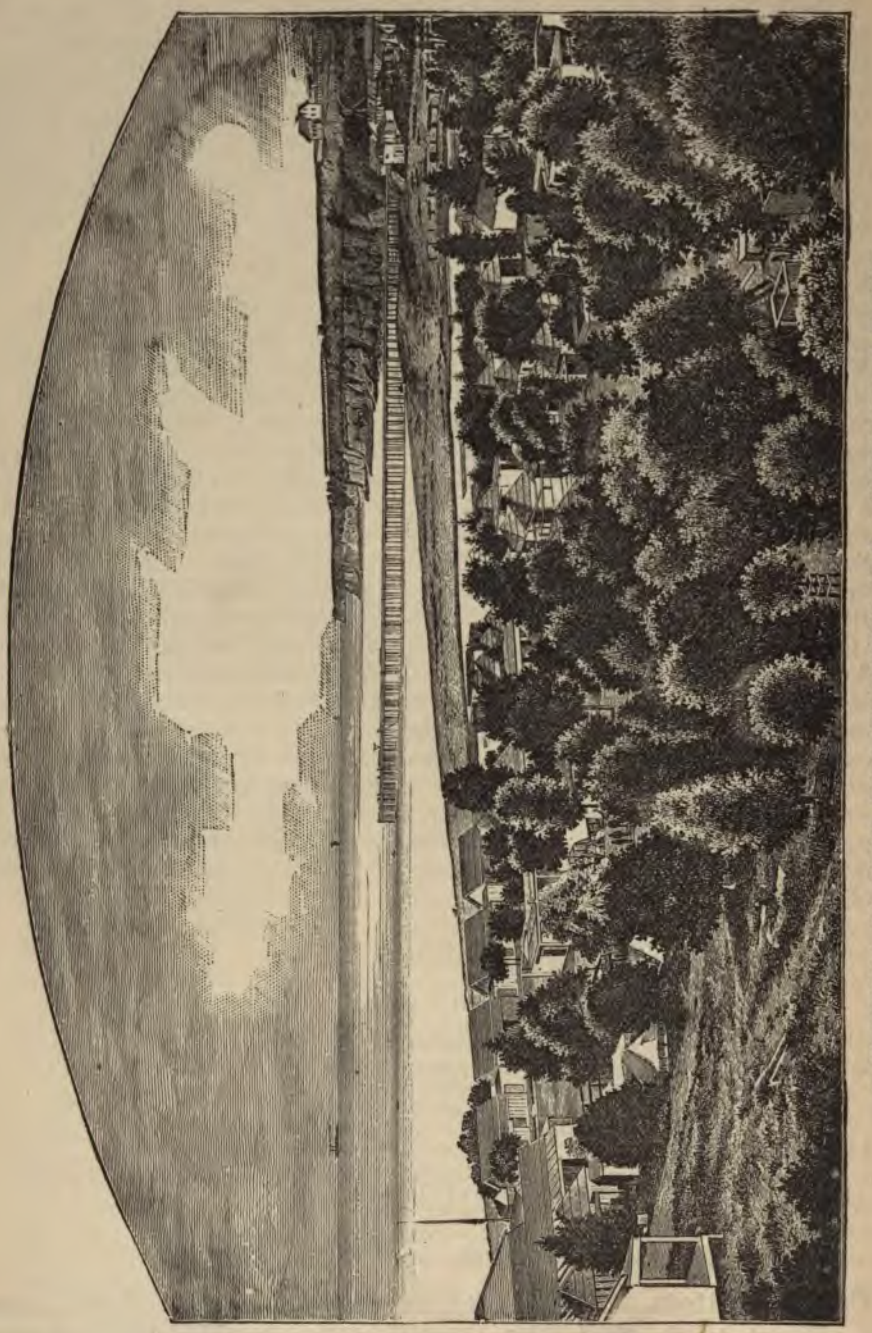
ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco by cars of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, at 10:40 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.—the former daily and the latter daily except Sundays. In their season there are deer, quail, dove, snipe, curlew, plover, and other game near Aptos; also good ocean fishing and trout in all the mountain streams. The beach is a very fine one. Loma Prieta is pronounced Loh-mah, (accent on first syllable,) Pree-aye-tah, accent on second, and means Dark Mountain (or hill). The Brooklyn Eagle, in July, 1882, entertained its readers with a description of "How Mr. and Mrs. Breezy made their Entry in the Surf," which we quote: "'Now, dear,' said Mr. Breezy, leading his wife carefully over the sands, 'you must wet your head first, and then—' 'Do you suppose I have never been in bathing before,' asked Mrs. Breezy, giving an extra tug at the skirt of her bathing suit, and looking over her shoulder to see if any vulgar men were taking in her more or less graceful costume. 'Mr. Breezy, you talk as if I had lived all my life in the backwoods of Ohio and had never got a sniff of salt water. I am just as familiar with surf bathing as you are, Mr. Breezy, and I dare say a great deal more so. You know I was brought up on the Sound, and I know—' 'But, my dear, the surf is very heavy, and you must take good hold of the rope as soon—' 'Now, Mr. Breezy, I'm not a baby,' said Mrs. Breezy, jerking her arm away from the grasp of her husband, and making a vain attempt to walk gracefully over the rough beach. 'I'd like to see the wave big enough to knock me over, and you needn't suppose I'm going to cling to that old rope and miss all the fun. The rope is all very well for the old people and the children. If you are afraid, Mr. Breezy, you had better go back to your bath-house and put on your clothes.' 'But, you know, my dear, you can't swim, and there is a very strong undertow here, they say,' said Mr. Breezy, once more grasping his wife's arm. 'Do let go of me, and for pity's sake stop acting like a fool,' said Mrs. Breezy, making a dash forward, and once more releasing her arm. 'All the people will imagine we are on our wedding tour if you keep on in this way. You just shift for yourself, and let me alone for once in your life. I know you will have all you can do to keep from drowning without bothering me. You can't swim any more than I, so I'd advise you to cling to the rope on your own account and stick to it. For my part I'd rather be drowned than appear a coward.' 'But simple prudence, my dear,' said Mr. Breezy, stumbling over a piece of drift wood in an attempt to once more reach his wife. 'If I was a man I'd swear,' said Mrs. Breezy, looking back scornfully at her better half. 'Of all the old grandmothers you go ahead. Do you think I came down here to be constantly told what I am to do? Am I of age, Mr. Breezy, or not?

Tell me that?' 'But you will stay inside the rope, wont you dear,' urged Mr. Breezy, and cursing the luck that ever brought him to the sea-shore. 'I don't know whether I will or not,' said Mrs. Breezy, striding boldly towards the breakers and folding her arms in a determined manner. 'It's just as safe outside the ropes as in, and I can take care of myself anyway, no matter where I am. Did you ever see me in a position where I couldn't, Mr. Breezy?' 'Not to my knowledge,' said Mr. Breezy, smiling in spite of the situation. 'But you are not used to surf bathing—' 'Mr. Breezy, do let up—I mean to stop that everlasting preaching,' said Mrs. Breezy, reaching the edge of the incoming tide and halting suddenly. 'Mr. Breezy, come here and take my hand.' 'But I thought you could—' 'Never mind what you thought,' said Mrs. Breezy, jumping back as a little wave lapped about her ankle. 'Take my hand, do you hear? and another wave crept in, creeping nearly to her knees. 'Will you take my hand, or do you propose to stand there like a brute and see your wife drowned?' screamed Mrs. Breezy, throwing her arms about her husband's neck as soon as he came within reach, and hanging to him like a poor relation. 'Now take me over to that rope, and don't let go of me; quick,' screamed Mrs. Breezy, as a big wave swept up to her waist. 'But you said, dear, that—' 'Do you want to get rid of me?' screamed Mrs. Breezy, clinging to her husband's hand like a vise. 'Do you want me to—drown? Oh, dear, here comes another,' and she fairly climbed up on her husband's form in a vain attempt to escape a tremendous breaker, but it was too late, and they both rolled over on the sand as the water dashed past them. 'Ugh, this is dreadful!' gasped Mrs. Breezy, finally regaining her feet and tugging at her clinging bathing-suit. 'Oh, dear, I must just look like—like a fright, and my hair is all coming down, and—and—I think I will go out. Mr. Breezy, what are you laughing at? you great, heartless brute.' But another wave caught her on a flank movement, and she once more hit the sand. 'Oh, dear—oh, Mr. Breezy, catch me. Where are you?' screamed Mrs. Breezy, distributing herself promiscuously over the beach as she struggled to get out of reach of the surf. 'Here, dear,' called Mr. Breezy, dipping a handful of sand out of his port ear, and doubtfully crawling toward his wife, and the twin wrecks made a bee line for their bathing-houses.'" And here is what Emerson says of the sea:

"Behold the sea,
The opaline, the plentiful and strong,
Yet beautiful as is the rose in June,
Fresh as the trickling rainbow of July;
Sea full of food, nourisher of kinds,
Purger of earth and medicine of men;
Creating a sweet climate by my breath,
Washing out harms and griefs from memory,
And, in my mathematic ebb and flow,
Giving a hint of that which changes not.
Rich are the sea-gods—who gives gifts but they?
They grope the sea for pearls, but more than pearls:
They pluck Force thence, and give it to the wise.
For every wave is wealth to Dædalus,
Wealth to the cunning artist who can work
This matchless strength. Where shall he find, O waves!
A load your Atlas shoulders cannot lift?

Camp Capitola.—This is another one of those beautiful sea-side resorts lying adjacent to the Santa Cruz branch of the Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) and is destined to become one of the very pleasantest places

in the State. It is five miles east from Santa Cruz, and is largely patronized by



CAMP CAPITOLA AND BEACH, SANTA CRUZ COUNTY, FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WATKINS.

parties from the interior during the months of June, July, August and September.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco by cars of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, at 10:40 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.—the former daily and the latter daily except Sundays. There are hotel and cottage accommodations for 600 people, kept by Berry & Brandon. As many of the pretty country girls who congregate in large numbers during the summer season delight in stunning bathing costumes, we take occasion to present two or three models of French suits, and how to make them: One is of blue serge, with a plaited piece of white woolen goods down the front; on either side of the plaiting is a broad band of black galloon, with white buttons placed at regular intervals all the way down; the lay-down collar is square in the back and opens wide in front; the short sleeves have the same galloon and buttons. Another costume is of red woolen goods, trimmed with scalloped bands worked with black; a black dot is in the center of each scallop; surrounding the skirt is a scalloped flounce, surmounted by two puffings headed with embroidery; down the front are two straight scalloped bands which fall over the hem; the buttons are sewed against this hem; the shoulder-pieces are puffed and bordered with narrow embroidered ruffles; a narrow band makes the collar; the trousers have a puffing with a scalloped heading. Another design for a suit is of white woolen goods; the shirred skirt is bordered with a flounce; the waist is a narrow basque; the upper part of the skirt forms a gathered chemisette; a flat navy blue or red apron in a large heart shape is over the chemisette; the narrow belt crosses over and closes in the middle in front; the short sleeves are shirred and bordered with ruffles. Parties desirous of summering at Camp Capitola should address Berry & Brandon, Soquel, Santa Cruz County, California.

Talk not to me of far-off isles
That brighten summer seas,
And tell me not that Nature smiles
On fairer scenes than these.
The waves that break upon the shores—
The sun that shines above—
The flood of amber light that pours
Its glory through the grove;

The grove itself, the mock-bird's song
(That greets the listening ear),
The well-known forms the beach that throng,
To me are far more dear
Than aught that tropic climes can show
Of beauty rich and rare—
Give me but these, let others go
To lands that seem more fair.

New Brighton, (or Camp San Jose.)—This is another new sea-side place near Soquel, and will become a competitor for summer patronage hereafter. The hotel and cottages will accommodate nearly a hundred people.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco by cars of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division,) at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, at 10:40 A. M. and 3:30 P. M.—the former daily and the latter daily except Sundays. The hotel is under the management of Mrs. A. Mangenberg, which guarantees good living at very reasonable prices. New Brighton is situated at a sheltered spot on Monterey Bay, against the northwest winds; has a firm sandy beach, making it one of the most healthy and desirable sea bathing places in California. A small ground rent will be charged to campers using their own tents, and for the use of the water. Board and

lodging $10 to $12 per week. As we have once before stated, to acquire the art of swimming is just as easy as falling off a log. Men are drowned by raising their arms above water, the unbuoyed weight of which depresses the head. Other animals have neither notion nor ability to act in a similar manner, and therefore swim naturally. When a man falls into deep water, he will rise to the surface, and will continue there if he does not elevate his hands. If he moves his hands under the water in any way he pleases, his head will rise so high as to allow his free liberty to breathe; and if he will use his legs as in the act of walking (or rather of walking up stairs), his shoulders will rise above the water, so that he may use the less exertion with his hands, or apply them to other purposes. These plain directions are recommended to the recollection of those who have not learned to swim, as they may be found highly advantageous in preserving life. One of the neatest pieces of sea-side verse we ever came across was that written by the author of "Nothing to Wear."

"The waltzes were over at Leland's,
And I stood by my chaperon's chair,
Where the breeze coming in from the ocean
Just toyed with the bangs of my hair;
And if ever a mortal was thankful,
It was I that a window was there.

For I own to you, Nell, I was choking,
And it seemed like the moment of doom;
I had spied him, my faithless Tom Hawley,
Making love—don't you think!—and to whom
But the heiress of Pillpatent's millions—
And the vulgarest thing in the room!

Now, Tom, as you know, is too handsome
For anything under the sun—
Yes, I honestly own I had flirted,
But only a little, in fun—
And 'twas clear she was trying to catch him,
If the thing could be possibly done.

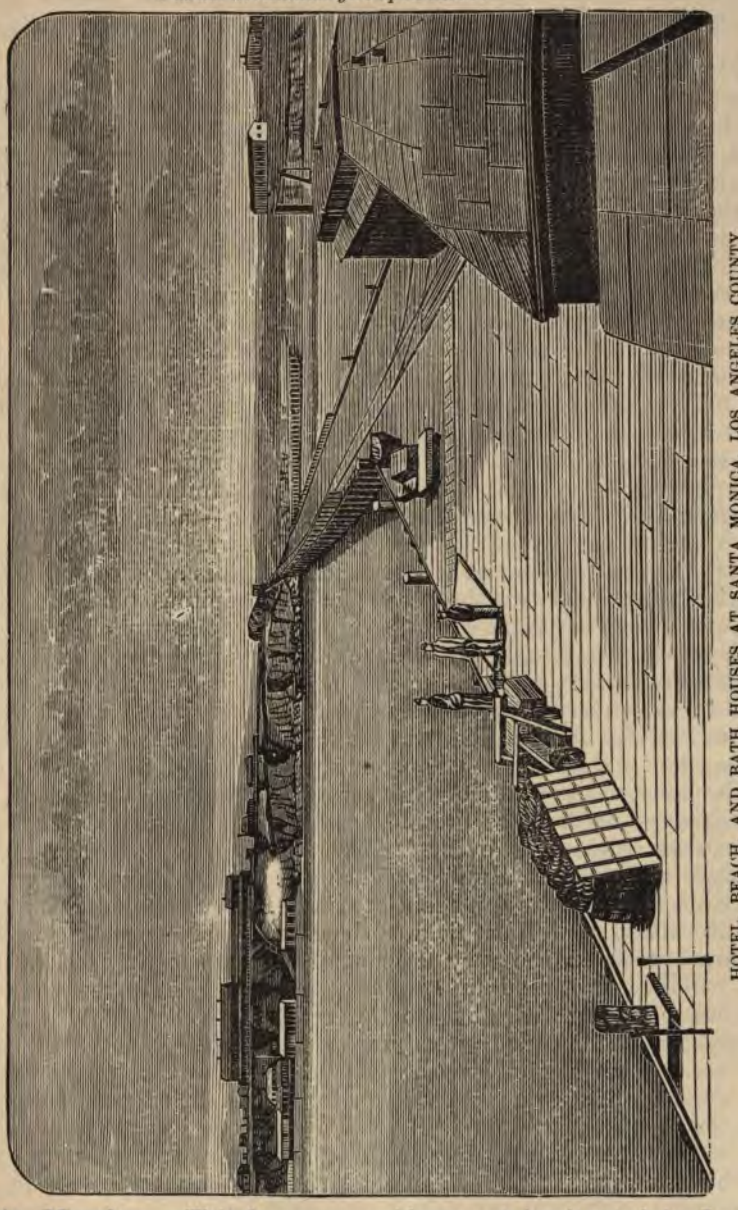
I felt in my bones 'twas all over—
The cottage, and Thomas, and bliss—
For of course 'twas a grand speculation
Which a fellow like Tom wouldn't miss;
But to think after all his palaver,
That he ever could snub me like this!

I cannot describe my emotions,
But it gave my poor heart-strings a tug;
Then I saw my old chaperon simper,
And up to me whom should she lug
But the great millionaire from Nevada,
Whose head is as bald as a jug.

The occasion, you know, proves the hero,
And it came to me just like a flash;
He's been dangling around all the season—
Yes, of course, it was dreadfully rash;
But I just thought I'd show Mr. Thomas
How to play, if the game was for cash.

'Would I walk on the breezy veranda?'
'Oh, thank you,'—now, Nell, you can guess
How it all came around, and imagine
That moment of choking distress
When I said, seeing Tom through the window,
'Indeed, sir, you—that is—why—y-e-s.'

So it's all coming off in October;
I am having my trousseau from Worth.
He's nice, Nell, and perfectly solid,
And a man of respectable birth;
But, somehow—that is—well, I don't know—
I'm the wretchedest girl upon earth!"



HOTEL, BEACH, AND BATH HOUSES AT SANTA MONICA, LOS ANGELES COUNTY.

Santa Monica.—This famous sea-side resort is situated in Los Angeles County, California, eighteen miles from the city of Los Angeles, by the Los Angeles and Independence Railroad. The town of Santa Monica is located on a high bluff, just above the beach, and in many respects has no equal in the world.

What Nice and Mentone possess only for a few months in the year, Santa Monica can boast of all the year through. Both as a summer and winter resort it is unrivaled. The writer has frequently enjoyed a bath in the surf in December; the summer climate is simply incomparable. The day is not far distant when Santa Monica will become one of the most famous health and pleasure resorts on the American continent.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street, *daily* (*via* Oakland ferry,) for Los Angeles, at 9:30 A. M., distance 482 miles, and then to Santa Monica, 18 miles; take dinner at Lathrop, and supper at Madera; breakfast next morning at Los Angeles. There is a very good hotel at Santa Monica, kept by Scott & Hodgson. There is a pavilion on the beach where hot and cold salt and fresh water and fresh and salt steam baths may be had day or night all the year round. The surf is enjoyable at any time during the year. Surf fish, ocean trout, Spanish mackerel, smelt, flounder, and other varieties of fish may be caught from the wharf at all times of the year. In their season there is an abundance of teal, mallard and canvas-back, and acres of geese; also snipe, quail, curlew and reed birds close at hand; also hare, rabbit, deer, mountain sheep and bear in the mountains near. The climate is warm all the year round. Two miles from Santa Monica is Santa Monica cañon, a most popular resort for camping parties. Indeed, at no other place that we know of are there more natural advantages than Santa Monica enjoys. There is an abundance of shade—tall, wide-spreading, handsome sycamores in profusion—plenty of good water; no bluffs to climb to reach the beach, for the bed of the cañon, which is about one hundred yards wide, is almost level with the ocean; bold, precipitous bluffs on either side make perfect shelter from winds; everything in the way of eatables—meat, bread, fruits, vegetables—are brought to the camp every day; milk, fresh drawn from the cow right in the cañon, is also delivered twice a day; two stores furnish everything wanted in the grocery line; restaurants are at hand to feed the hungry and campers who do not choose to do their own cooking, and a local meat shop and fruit stand in addition to the other supplies cater to the wants of the camper. The beach is excellent, the bathing superb—a bath-house presided over by an attenuated Teuton named Aockerblum furnishing every facility for bathers. Speaking of snipe-shooting—and there is always good snipe shooting during the rainy season near Santa Monica—the San Francisco Daily Exchange says: "There is no bird in California so good in the field as the snipe. Snipe shooting is considered by many sportsmen the very acme of the art of shooting game. Some lay their inability to bring down snipe to the difficulty of covering the bird in its peculiar zig-zag flight, but to the really good shot no bird is easier to bag than this same eccentric emigrant. It is infinitely more difficult to kill quail on the wing. However, if snipe are wild and do not lie well to the dog, which happens on windy days in particular, a good deal of skill is requisite to bring them to bag. Snipe shooting generally begins in this State about the second week in October, although the advance guard arrive in driblets toward the end of September. The early snipe shooting depends on the rain. After a heavy rain a good shot can fill his bag on any of the favorite snipe grounds in the vicinity of San Francisco and elsewhere. The snipe, by some improperly called the jack snipe, but properly designated *Scolopox Wilsonii*, or Wilson's snipe, is found in the winter season from Siskiyou to San Diego; but some localities are more famed than others. In

the different islands of the San Joaquin exceptionally good snipe shooting can be obtained. Bouldin, Venice Ranch, Wells Landing, and a portion of Sherman Island, and vicinity of the Rio Vista in the Sacramento, are the favorite haunts of snipe, and in these localities some extraordinarily large bags have been made. Collinsville is also a favorite place for snipe, and along the shores of Suisun Bay, where the cattle have eaten down the grasses, snipe are very plenty. In Marin county, Alameda and Contra Costa the snipe-shooter can find good sport. In the Amador Valley, on Dougherty's ranch, is a well-known and excellent snipe ground. Also in Sonoma county the birds are fairly plenty. And so near Santa Rosa good sport can be obtained. The dog is not considered indispensable by the snipe-shooter, many preferring to flush and retrieve their own birds. But this requires a very correct eye in order to mark the birds properly, and the sportsman who is not a good marker should not take the field without a dog. Some prefer a wide-ranging dog, who will stand the birds at a long distance, but a safe animal is a slow, steady worker, rather than a pottering dog, in fact, who will keep within easy range of the gun, and never attempt to retrieve the birds until told to do so by his master. In shooting snipe, with or without a dog, it is always better to shoot down the wind, as, unless it is blowing a hurricane, they always fly against it. By this means the sportsman gets two shots for the one he would otherwise obtain. The gun used for this sport should not be larger than a 12-bore, light and handy, and unless the birds act wild, the shooter should load with three drachms of powder and one ounce of No. 9 shot. A heavier gun can be carried with less fatigue to the sportsman in snipe than in quail-shooting, but the light gun is the best piece for this sort of work. He should also be careful to always keep on hand a few cartridges loaded with heavier shot, as when approaching water ditches he is apt to jump a pair of mallards or widgeons, and this will add variety to the bag. A varied bag is superior to that containing only one species of game, and nothing looks prettier than a nice assortment of birds at the end of a day's tramp. If a snipe stops screaming and stops in his flight after being shot at, it is a pretty good sign that he is hit hard. If his legs drop he is mortally wounded and will never fly far. In white frosts snipe are very wild, though numerous, rising in large wisps before the sportsman can come within range. Then they are almost unapproachable. One thing should always be observed in connection with snipe shooting, namely, to proceed quietly." The following description of the "Charge of the Light (clad) Brigade" is not by A. Tennyson:

Half a mile, half a mile,
Half a mile downward,
Trudging through sand and sun,
  Went the one hundred;
Downcast and slightly nude,
Stared at with glances rude,
What, though the multitude
  Giggled and wondered.

Down on the wave-washed strand,
Forms the devoted band,
Fastly linked hand in hand
  Fashion and folly;
Stared at by rake and swell,
Rustic and city belle,
Oh! but they stood it well—
  Wasn't it jolly?

Matrons sedate and staid
Watched their young nestlings wade;
Young maid and ancient maid
Jostled and tilted;
Soon in the breaker's power,
(No use to shrink or cower,)
Waiting like summer flower
But to be wilted.

Breakers to right of them,
Breakers to left of them,
Breakers in front of them
Volleyed and thundered;
Would they dare brave the swells,
In their wild, frenzied spells,
Bald heads and blushing belles?—
All the crowd wondered.

Idly the crowd on shore
Lounged on the sandy floor,
Clerks from the dry goods store
Foppish and frisky;
Doctors of divinities,
Healers with goggle-eyes,
Dealers in merchandise,
Lager and whisky;

Lawyers with child-like smile,
Grangers devoid of guile, (?)
Dandies in stunning style,
Broadcloth and dusters;
Mermaids and other maids,
Light shades and other shades,
High grades and other grades
Lying in clusters.

Forward the bathers stept,
Oh! how the breakers leapt,
Oh! how they madly swept
Shoreward and rumbled!
Caught in the naughty swirls,
Dark curls and sunny curls,
Fat girls and funny girls
Ruffled and tumbled.

Wrecked was each helpless craft,
Oh! the salt brine they quaffed,
Oh! how they shrieked and laughed,
Struggled and scrambled;
Stripped of art's mysteries,
In the receding seas,
Some on their hands and knees
Festively gamboled.

Oh! how they shoreward skipped;
Oh! how they rained and dripped;
Oh! how they boothward tripped
When it was over;
Musing on sands and salts;
Musing on ringlets false;
Dreaming of hop and waltz—.
Maiden and lover.

When shall their mem'ry fade?
Oh! the gay show they made
Freely and fully!
Worse halves and better halves,
Big calves and little calves—
By George! 'twas bully!

THE MINERAL SPRINGS OF CALIFORNIA.

"*Imprimis*, my darling, they drink
The waters so sparkling and clear;
Though the flavor is none of the best,
And the odor exceedingly queer;
But the fluid is mingled, you know,
With wholesome *medicinal things*,
So they drink, and they drink, and they drink,
And that's what they do at the springs.

* * * * * * *

"In short—as it goes in the world—
They eat, and they drink, and they sleep;
They talk, and they walk, and they woo;
They sigh, and they laugh, and they weep;
They read and they ride, and they dance,
(With other unspeakable things);
They pray, and they play, and they pay,
And that's what they do at the Springs."

VIRGINIA, Alabama, Tennessee, Arkansas, Kentucky, Mississippi, Wisconsin, and New York, in particular, contain more or less hot or cold mineral springs. California, however, has a greater number than all of those States—and superior ones, too, on the whole. The waters of our Paso Robles, Paraiso, Gilroy, Harbin, Byron, Seigler, and of other hot springs, are undoubtedly as beneficial for sciatica, rheumatism, gout, paralysis, palsy, and cutaneous complaints, as the famous waters of the Hot Springs of Arkansas. The cold soda and Vichy of Santa Clara County are as palatable and every bit as efficacious as the waters of Saratoga; the hot mineral waters of Lake, Napa, Sonoma, Plumas, Colusa, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, San Bernardino and San Diego Counties are, we believe, superior to any Eastern waters except, possibly, those of Arkansas; while many of the cold sulphur, soda and chalybeate springs of Napa, Colusa, Lake and Sonoma Counties excel even those

of Bethesda (Wisconsin), Iuka (Mississippi), and Saratoga (New York). Our springs are all so accessible, too, that they are visited by tens of thousands of people every summer who are healthy and strong, and who do not actually require, so far as they are aware, the healing and restoring virtues of mineral waters; but who occasionally join the annual caravan of invalids in order to enjoy that elixir which is supposed to be contained in a change of atmosphere, water and scene.

We have read a great deal that has been said of both European and American waters—thermal, alkaline, chalybeate, and others; we have visited, in years past, many of the famous springs of America, and we have also visited all of the California places of which we now write during the summer and fall of 1882; we have perused statements of physicians and patients, regarding this or that water, and we have seen and examined analyses made of a number of waters; we have, on the whole—and especially since the commencement of this book—sought carefully to determine how much efficacy there is, respectively, in the waters; change of climate, diet and scene; imagination, etc.;—and that all of the above are not inconspicuous parts in that element of rejuvenation and repair which, it is claimed, many hot and cold mineral waters possess, we surely believe—still, we are unable to present a really satisfactory analysis of the foregoing, and must content ourselves with descriptions of the waters as they appear, and also to present such analyses as have been made, or as we have been able to obtain, and the names of persons making such analyses, so far as they could be obtained. In order, likewise, to impart as much information as possible on this subject, we herewith reproduce a portion of a valuable and interesting paper, entitled the "Mineral Springs of California," by F. W. Hatch, M. D., Secretary of the State Board of Health, which appeared in the Pacific Rural Press of June 3, 1882, before presenting our own views and descriptions—thus: "Various classifications of mineral waters have been made. The simplest is the best for present purposes. They are all based upon the predominance of some one or more principal ingredients. Hence, we have the alkaline waters, the distinguishing constituents being carbonates or bicarbonates of soda, potassa, lime, magnesia, etc., and containing considerable carbonic acid gas; the salines, most of them being aperient, with the chlorides of sodium and magnesium, sulphates of soda, potassa and magnesia, etc.; sulphurous waters, characterized by the presence of sulphureted hydrogen, in other respects being alkaline or saline, in accordance with the predominance of one or the other class of ingredients; and the chalybeate, containing a certain proportion of iron in combination with substances belonging to one or another of the above classes. Then, again, we have the thermal waters of different degrees of temperature, from 75° to 100°, or even 140°. Waters of the alkaline class, known also as carbonated or acidulous waters, have been chiefly advised in certain affections of the stomach and intestines, catarrhal in character; in bronchial catarrh uncomplicated by cardiac disease; in gout, for the relief of which they have attained celebrity; in chronic rheumatism, in functional disturbances and engorgement of the liver, in catarrh of the bladder, in diabetes mellitus, and in dropsy. They are advised in the

dyspepsia attended with excessive acidity of the secretions, with sour or rancid eructations and regurgitations, and flatulent distention of the abdomen. Pure alkaline waters are seldom purgative; but, being usually associated with the salines, they may become so. They are often more properly alkalo-salines. They are commonly decidedly diuretic, and correct an acid condition of the urinary secretion. Hence, probably, their utility in rheumatism. For the chronic forms of this disease they are used internally or in warm baths, and are of decided efficacy. The saline waters are aperient, diuretic, and excitant to the liver and its secretions, and to other members of the glandular system. They are, as before stated, commonly associated with one of the other classes, and hence their medicinal effect will be accordingly modified. Many of them are thermal. They are used both internally and for bathing, and have been found efficient in various cutaneous diseases, in scrofula, and in gout and rheumatism. They have also been employed successfully in diabetes and Bright's disease; in calculous concretions of the gall-duct, and in uterine engorgements. Both of the above classes of mineral springs are frequently associated with iron in greater or less proportion, and hence are called chalybeate waters, whenever the iron is in sufficient quantity to become prominent. Chalybeate waters possess, in a high degree, the virtues of the ferruginous preparations, being in a form acceptable to the stomach, and which is readily introduced into the blood, improving its quality and effecting the gradual removal of those states of the system known as chlorosis and anæmia. They are of great benefit in disturbance of the functions of the uterus, characterized by amenorrhœa, when accompanied with a debilitated condition of the system, and also in excessive menstruation. Probably the improved hygienic conditions by which the patient is surrounded add greatly to the salutary effect of these waters. The medicinal effects of sulphurous waters depend mainly upon the combination of sulphureted hydrogen with the ingredients already described as composing the saline, alkaline, and chalybeate waters. They are admitted, however, by all authorities, to exert a sedative action peculiar to themselves, more or less marked, according to the quantity of the sulphureted hydrogen they contain. To the same substance is due, in part, their diuretic action. They have attained considerable reputation in chronic skin diseases, and in scrofula. For their curative virtue in chronic rheumatism they have very justly gained a great notoriety, but in such cases their efficacy seems to depend more upon their external use, in warm baths, than upon their internal administration. [In paralysis, without organic lesion, they are of service, while in the same disease attended with cerebral or spinal apoplexy, they are regarded to be injurious.—Stille.] [In engorgement of the liver, abdominal plethora, and hemorrhoids, the saline-sulphur waters have long been justly esteemed as trustworthy remedies.—Walton.] According to Dr. Thompson (Cycl. of Pract. Med.), they are injurious to those laboring under general plethora, or are affected with inflammatory fever. In lead-poisoning they constitute a very valuable remedy, effectually eliminating the poison from the system. They are also strongly advised, used internally, and as baths, in cases of amenorrhœa or defective menstruation, and in chlorosis. From what

has now been said—which is but a general outline of the history of mineral springs and their uses—it may readily be understood that they are complex agents, varying according to their combination and temperature, and not to be used indiscriminately or ignorantly. That they are capable of doing great good has been abundantly demonstrated; that they may exert a power for evil is not less certain; and these opposite effects may result, not alone from the different kinds of water used, but also from the method of using it. For example, a saline or alkalo-saline water may be purgative or diuretic, almost at the pleasure of the person taking it. Large draughts taken before breakfast will probably produce an aperient effect; smaller ones at intervals during the day will be diuretic. As to the quantity to be taken during the day, it may be stated, as a general rule, to be two or three glasses before breakfast, and as many during the day. It is better to pause, or even walk for a few minutes between each glass. Mineral waters should not be used within an hour of the time of meals. When visiting the Ætna Spring, the writer was informed by visitors that a full draught of the water, taken soon after meals, invariably caused vomiting. Small doses are often preferable to large ones. Except in the case of aperient waters, designed to regulate the bowels, a principal effect sought to be obtained is that resulting from the alterative action of the water—a slow modification of the system, a gradual stimulation of the organic processes—by which the secretory organs are improved and glandular obstructions removed. Thus, judiciously used, many of the waters may prove a valuable tonic; while, taken with less caution, the principal purposes of their administration may be thwarted. Ordinarily, several weeks of treatment are required to fulfil the indications. Mineral waters taken with all due care occasionally disagree, or they are strangely inefficient, or even do harm in cases apparently suited to their use. In such instances, competent medical advice is needed to correct the trouble, to regulate, increase, or diminish the quantity taken, or to change the time of taking it. The external use of mineral water is often more efficient in disease than its internal administration. It is attended, too, with greater risks. It may be cold, tepid, warm, or hot. Certain general rules have been laid down regulating the use of baths. They are better employed on an empty stomach, as in the morning before breakfast, or at bed time, or an hour before dinner. When two baths are used daily, as is the custom at many watering places, probably the best times are before breakfast and an hour before dinner; or, when it is desirable to promote perspiration, in the evening, the patient retiring to bed immediately. Cold baths should, as a general rule, not be of longer duration than five minutes; warm baths, fifteen minutes; hot baths, five to fifteen minutes. In some cases, especially when the bath is used for cutaneous diseases, the patient may profitably remain in for a much longer period, even from half an hour to an hour. As a general rule, and especially for delicate persons, active exercise should be avoided while in the bath; and always, on coming out, the bather should be well rubbed over the whole body with a coarse towel. Hot baths are decidedly stimulating in their action, increasing the force of the circulation and exciting the heart. When applied to the human body they are never nega-

tive in their influences, but will do either much good or much harm, according to the judgment and skill with which they are employed. * * * They should never be prescribed merely for the name of a disease, however carefully its nomenclature has been selected. The precise existing state of the system, whatever may be the pathology of the disease, ought always to be carefully looked to before a course of hot bathing is directed. Hot baths should never be used by persons having organic diseases of the heart, or are the subjects of hemorrhage from the lungs, or of a plethoric condition, with tendency to cerebral congestion, as indicated by vertigo or swimming in the head. Warm baths are likewise contra-indicated in such cases in proportion to their temperature. Cold bathing, though considered tonic in its effect, should be avoided by those much debilitated, and in whom reaction is feeble or slow in coming on. Consumptives, even in the early stage of disease, should keep away from these watering places. Many of them are well adapted by location and climate for persons of this class, it is true, and so far may be resorted to; but there is no fact in medicine, or in the history of consumption, more fully attested than that the treatment of that disease by mineral waters, especially the saline and alkaline waters, and their combinations, is positively hurtful. Practically, the history of our mineral waters, as derived from an actual knowledge of their effects upon disease—intelligent observation of the results of treatment with those afflicted with diseases properly diagnosticated—would, if it could always be secured, furnish us a much more reliable guide in forming just conclusions of their value in any given case than the theoretical reasonings of the chemist. Such accurate information, in the early history of medicinal springs, is not always to be obtained; popular rumors, or *even the reports of individuals upon their own experience*—of cures effected in their own persons—are to be received with much suspicion, on account of probable diagnostic errors and the misinterpretation of symptoms. Fortunately, we have the experience derived from the mineral springs of Europe as a guide, which have become so well known as curative agents in various diseases that we are able, with a reasonable degree of accuracy, to associate their effect with certain known combinations of ingredients; and it is true that these effects in general correspond with what the materia medica teaches should be expected from the results of analysis. The same is true of many well-known springs of other States in this country—notably, those of Virginia. The mineral waters of California bear a marked resemblance in their chemical composition with some of those of Europe and Virginia, and from a knowledge of the latter we may draw rational conclusions as to the remedial virtues of the former. The analysis of the chemist is of great value as supplying data by which our springs can be compared with waters which have secured wide fame because of the cures they have effected, and the co-relative benefits conferred. It would seem eminently fitting that the State should undertake work of this kind with reference to our mineral springs, because the effort should be systematic and comprehensive, *and its results should be lifted above all suspicion of individual interest in the facts set forth. Sets of analyses procured by the owners of the properties will always be open to suspicion, even if*

NAPA SODA SPRINGS AND HOTEL, SIX MILES FROM NAPA, NAPA COUNTY.

they were really faultless." The recommendations of Dr. Hatch in this respect are worthy of general consideration—are they not?

Napa Soda Springs.—These celebrated springs, whose waters have been famous for more than thirty years past, are situated on the mountain side forty-five miles north of San Francisco, in a valley rendered almost classic by the brush of the painter and the pen of the tourist. An illustration upon the preceding page represents a side view of the location at the head of a cañon in the mountains which form the eastern boundary of the Napa Valley, six miles northward from Napa City. From this point, about one thousand feet above the level of the valley beneath, the artists Keith and Virgil Williams transferred to their canvas the natural beauties of a landscape so rich in towering peak and emerald-enameled vale, sinuous creek and open bay, russet-brown hill-side and grain-veneered field, that their pictures form some of the most pleasing gems in many of our best art collections. The valley below, for twenty-five miles, with its rectangular fields of vari-colored crops, looking like an elongated chess-board; the bay, reflecting from its sun-lit waters the white-winged sails of a portion of the world's commerce; and the mountains all around, with Tamalpais, presenting in contrast his graceful outline to Diablo's heavier front;—form, together, a panorama of contrasting beauty and impressiveness. And, as if to leave no doubt upon this point, there arises over and beyond all these the great sea view, which gives the final and a kingly grace to this charming place. Such daily sights as this made Alexander Smith a poet; and tend to dispel all narrrowness from the soul of the spectator. This illimitable stretch of vision, which allows no earthly object to stay it, but at the horizon blends with the spacious heavens, where the setting sun seems to bathe himself in the deep ere he rainbows the orient with his pathway of fire, truly "lends enchantment to the view," and gives additional zest to rural enjoyment and the life Arcadian.

Looking to the local pictures which make the place attractive, we find groves of patriarchal trees—the live oak (*Quercus agrifolia*), and the black oak (*Quercus Sonomensis*), with boughs gracefully festooned with the gray Spanish moss or the "dark, druidical mistletoe," and which almost command respect for their stately pre-eminence, dignity of strength, and inviting fullness of shade.

Other trees of lesser growth, with tops as wide-spread as those that grace the English lawns—some having arms gnarled and shaggy, and others with boughs that droop as gracefully as the Eastern elm—adorn the open grounds. The eucalyptus towers high above its neighbor, the mountain pine, in its graceful aspiring. The Italian cypress adds an exotic charm to the natural scenery, and the palm tree, the almond, the olive, and the orange (growing from seeds here sown), give variety to the view, and testify at once to the semi-tropical mildness of the climate and the generous fertility of the soil. Along the ravines and gulches, and overshadowing the walks, are the buckeye (*Aesculus Californica*), redolent of perfume; the brilliant laurel (*Areodaphne Californica*), a fine evergreen with fragrant leaves; the ash (*Fraximus Oregana*); the large-leaved maple (*Acer macrophylla*); and, most magnificent of all, the madroña (*Arbutus Men-*

ziesii), with bright-green waxen leaves; these, with the dark-brown manzanita, producing its bright-red berry, constitute the natural forest scenery of the mountain sides. Of the beautiful flowering shrubs, are the *Ceanothus* (California lilac); the *Spiræa;* the sweet-scented and favorite *Calycanthus*, with color of a deep claret; the dog-wood (*Cornus*), conspicuous for its snowy-white flowers; the snowberry (*Symphoricarpus*); the *Azalea occidentalis*, having deliciously sweet-scented white and yellow flowers in profuse abundance; the chestnut (*Castanea chrysophylla*), and the wild rose. Numerous living springs of fresh water burst from the mountain sides at such an elevation as to send the natural flow over the entire one thousand acres which constitute the springs property, and throughout the year this water is as cold as though it flowed over subterra-

PAGODA SPRING.

nean beds of ice. Along one side of the property a mountain brook gathers the hill-side offerings of congenial springs, as it curvets and frets itself through cañon passes; now loitering to gather fresh strength against a temporary embargo, and then dashing away in a white gush of waterfall—now with swift current dancing about the bends and eddies of sycamore-guarded banks, and again filling the deep rock-encircled pool (where the speckled trout coyly display their beauties, and anon hide themselves away), whose crystal waters temptingly invite to a grateful bath. On the other boundary a rocky gorge resounds with the ripple of numerous streamlets, until the swelling torrent of winter's rain sends the combined waters raging over a perpendicular fall ninety feet in height —a miniature Niagara. Inviting paths, miles in extent, laid out under the per-

sonal supervision of a landscape gardener, lead, with gentle grade, to the various points of interest—now to a grottoed cave, and anon to a mountain grove—here to a vine-covered bower, and there across a rustic bridge, beneath which living waters leap and sparkle, and terminate at last at the summit of Castle Peak, beneath whose outlook rolls the whole broad panorama of Napa Valley. Reservoirs, dug from their rocky beds, holding many thousands of gallons, gather the waters for domestic use; and the stone quarried from the spot supplied the material for the buildings that adorn the premises. An orchard in full bearing furnishes varied and abundant fruit; and the vineyard of choicest selection has demonstrated its merits by the numerous premiums from our State fairs that have already endorsed its wine. But the feature which most peculiarly distinguishes this favored spot, and makes it therefore specially attractive, is its mineral springs, which have become famous for their exhilarating and curative powers. From the hidden treasury of Nature's chemistry a perennial flow of about four thousand gallons daily is developed,—mingling iron, soda, magnesia, lime and muriate of soda with free carbonic acid gas in such happy combination as to impart pleasure, health, and physical improvement as the result of their use. From more than twenty of these springs is poured forth the article well-known in the commercial world as "Napa Soda." The water is bottled and sold just as it flows, pure from Nature's laboratory, with all her sparkling freshness still upon it. No adulteration mars its native health-giving and tonic properties, and its long and continuous use in the market attests its merit. The same elements are held in solution which give to the Carlsbad Springs in Bohemia their rank as one of the first in the world.

PAGODA SPRING.—A beautiful pagoda is built over one of the springs, the solid stone pillars and floor forming a most appropriate setting for the natural stone basin, whence flow the waters which refresh, purify and regulate the system, and restore its strength and energy. Sitting in one of the huge rustic rockers, shaded by the roof of the pagoda, none but a stoic could gaze upon the natural loveliness surrounding without growing enthusiastic. Within easy reach are growing orange trees, loaded with golden fruit, through the thick foliage of which a glimpse of the brilliant blossoms of oleander can be seen, while the perfume of roses and jasmine impregnates the air with sweet odors. Engraved on a marble tablet over this pagoda spring is the following invocation, being the same as that inscribed in golden letters by imperial decree above the springs at Carlsbad:

"To suffering man from Nature's genial breast
A boon transcendant ever mayst thou flow;
Blest holy fount, still bid old age to know
Reviving vigor; and if health repressed
Fade in the virgin's cheek, renew its glow
For love and joy; and they that in thy wave
Confiding trust and thankful lave,
Propitious aid, and speed the stranger band,
With health and life renewed, unto their native land."

THE ROTUNDA.—Among the most notable buildings at these springs, the elegant new rotunda is an object of continuing interest. Built of whitest stone,

it reflects clear across Napa Valley, and its windows strike the distant beholder as glittering plates of steel. Circular in form, it towers up to a height of seventy-five feet, surmounted by a glass cupola which reflects for many miles alike the rising and the setting sun. It is one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and is an attractive work of mechanic art. As one enters the building, on the right is the office, with all appointments complete, including the post-office and a telephone communicating with Napa City, and thence by telegraph with any part of the world. On the opposite side is a reception room, neatly arranged for convenience, for the use of lady guests. The court or center of the building, nearly one hundred feet in diameter, is fitted up as a grand parlor and ball-room, handsomely carpeted and furnished, and lighted by a huge gas chandelier of thirty-two lights, and sixteen feet in diameter. Extending around this entire circle is a wide promenade. On the outside of this promenade are arranged the rooms for guests, all of which are hard-finished, have gas and water therein, and each of which has a window looking out upon the landscape. The number of rooms in this circular building is fifty, and they are constructed *en suite*.

THE CLUB HOUSE—Is another building of white stone, dressed rustic with smooth-cut corners, columns and openings. It is architecturally a beautiful structure. Within it are the bar-room, billiard-rooms, bagatelle table, bowling alleys, wash-room, and seven rooms for guests, all fitted up with gas fixtures, stationary wash-stands and first-class furniture. Without giving a particular description of each of the remaining improvements on this place, we name them generally, including the Tower House, Ivy House, Garden House, Music Hall, and Bottling House wherein the Napa Soda Water is corked and sealed for market. The new dining hall is isolated from the remaining buildings and is of unique appearance. It measures 77 feet by 28 feet, and is flanked by a commodious kitchen at one end and rooms for servants at the other. The roof is constructed in the shape of a high arch, and this again is crowned with a cupola. The dining hall proper is cheerful, light and airy, and a large glass chandelier illumines the whole with gas in the evening. From a huge reservoir on the mountain side pipes conduct water to all portions of the premises and to fire-plugs at the different buildings. Gas mains are also laid through the grounds, which are supplied from two gasometers through four-inch mains, and at night the premises are lighted with street gas lamps.

NAPA SODA BATHS.—Besides bath-houses, wherein are hot and cold water, and in which a "Napa Soda Water" bath can be had, there is also in a ravine below the springs proper a swimming pool cut out of the solid rock 200 feet long and from six to twelve deep, through which runs a living stream the year round. The following is an analysis representing the constituents of one quart of water, reported by Prof. Louis Lanszweert:

	Grains.		Grains.
Bicarbonate of Soda	3.28	Sulphate of Soda	0.46
Carbonate of Magnesia	6.53	Siliceous Acid	0.17
Carbonate of Lime	2.72	Alumina	0.15
Chloride of Sodium	1.30	Loss	0.62
Subcarbonate of Iron	1.96		
		Residuum from evaporation	17.19

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 8 A. M. daily and 4 P. M. daily *except* Sundays, for Napa, 41 miles; at Napa take carriages for springs, six miles, over a delightful road, which is kept sprinkled most of the dry season. The hotel at the springs is open all the year round. The manager's name is W. J. Kelly, to whom all letters should be addressed. Colonel J. P. Jackson, of the Evening Post, is the owner of the property.

White Sulphur Springs.—In a very beautiful grotto—it might be termed—two and a half miles from St. Helena, Napa County, is White Sulphur Springs, once *the* fashionable resort of San Franciscans during summer. There are nine springs, of substantially the same medicinal properties, varying only in temperature and in the relative proportion of their solid constituents. Of three of these a quantitative analysis was made in August, 1871, by Prof. LeConte, the result being the following, in a wine gallon:

	No. 2.	No. 6.	No. 7.
Temperature of Spring	89.6 F.	86.0 F.	69.8 F.
Specific gravity	1.00026	1.00040	1.00038
Solids.		Grains.	
Carbonate of Lime	1.25	2.45	5.56
Carbonate of Magnesia	0.62	0.56	4.36
Sulphate of Soda	8.26	11.33	12.84
Chloride of Sodium	21.72	23.41	14.23
Choride of Calcium	1.32	0.86	0.78
Chloride of Magnesium	0.87	2.22	0.65
Sulphides Sodium and Calcium	2.65	1.85	1.62
Total	36.69	42.67	40.04
Gases.		Cubic Inches.	
Sulphureted Hydrogen	6.15	4.25	trace.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 8 A. M. daily and 4 P. M. daily *except* Sundays, for St. Helena, 60 miles; at St. Helena take carriages for springs, two and a half miles. The hotel is not at present open to the public.

Ætna Springs.—These springs lie at or near the upper end of Pope Valley, Napa County, at an altitude of one thousand feet. They are easy of access from the town of St. Helena, from which they are sixteen miles distant, by an excellent graded road over Howell Mountain. The location is a pleasant one, the surroundings wild and picturesque, and the atmosphere dry and sufficiently equable. Cottages have been erected for the comfort of visitors, while the grounds afford ample facilities for camping. There are two principal springs, seemingly nearly identical in composition. The temperature is 98° Fahrenheit, and the water is used mainly for drinking purposes. Another, with a temperature of 106° Fahr., supplies the bath-house. The two first-mentioned springs are clear and sparkling, carbonic acid gas being seen to be continually bubbling at the surface. There are also other springs near called soda springs, said to contain iron. The Ætna Springs, though open to the public for only a few years, have already attained considerable reputation, and appear to be rapidly gaining the confidence of certain classes of invalids. Testimonials—perhaps a better test of the value of a mineral water than the most elaborate analysis—from intelligent persons, some of them medical men, have been given, of relief afforded by the use of the

water in renal affections, rheumatism, neuralgia, hepatic engorgement, and other similar diseases. They have been compared, not inaptly, in composition and effects, to the Ems water of Europe. The following comparative analyses, that of the Ems by Professor Fresenius, of Wiesbaden, in 1871, and that of the Ætna by J. A. Bauer, of San Francisco, in 1878, have been published:

Contents in a gallon.	Ems. Grains.	Ætna. Grains.	Contents in a gallon.	Ems. Grains.	Ætna. Gr'ns.
Carbonate of soda	84	75	Chloride of sodium	62	29
Carbonate of magnesia	7	14	Silica	3	trace
Carbonate of lime	10	10	Total solids	170	137
Carbonate of iron	trace		Carbonic acid, cubic inches	59	58
Sulphate of soda	trace	8	Temperature, degrees Fahrenheit	115	98
Sulphate of potash	3				

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street at 8 A. M. (daily) for St. Helena, Napa County, thence by stage or carriage sixteen miles. The hotel is managed by William H. Lidell, and is kept open all the year. Address the manager at Ætna Springs, Napa County. Chancellor Hartson, Internal Revenue Collector, owns the property. Board and baths, $10 per week. The Ætna Springs stages will leave the depot at St. Helena daily upon the arrival of the cars at 11:30 A. M. People leaving San Francisco at 8 A. M. will reach the springs at 4 P. M. same day. The springs are found at the head of Pope Valley, in the midst of a small plain nearly encircled by hills and mountains, some of which rise abruptly to a height of some 1,500 feet above the valley, which itself is a thousand feet above sea level, and where a pure and dry and balmy atmosphere prevails. The scenery is a happy commingling of beauty and grandeur. It is a spot where the wearied worker may find rest for hand and head; where the lover of nature may pass many days in contentment; where the indolent may bask in sunshine or in shade; where the active may find exercise in scaling mountain cliffs; where the sportsman may find hunting grounds well stocked with deer, hare, quail, squirrel, and occasionally a bear; where the angler may fish in the numerous mountain streams and meet with good luck; and where the sick and well may enjoy luxurious and health-giving baths, in water medicated and warmed to blood heat in Nature's mysterious subterranean laboratory. The bath houses, cottages, and other buildings about the springs, make quite a settlement, and afford comfortable accommodations for a large number of guests, where there are almost unlimited facilities for campers.

Calistoga Springs.—In 1858 Samuel Brannan purchased the property known as Calistoga Springs, and spent more than a hundred thousand dollars on improvements, which included a large hotel, a number of pretentious cottages, suitable bath-houses, and artistic ornamentation of premises. The grounds cover some six thousand acres; and, although greatly neglected, betray evidences of former cultivation and care. Since 1868 the property has changed hands many times, the hotel has been burned, and an air of general neglect pervades the entire scene. There are some twenty hot springs in all, most of the waters of which are strongly impregnated with iron, sulphur and magnesia, and variously adapted to the wants of either sick or healthy persons. There are facilities for cold, hot, steam, vapor or chemical baths. The following is an analysis of one gallon of water from one of the springs (temperature 97°) made by J. F. Rudolph, of Sacramento:

	Grains.		Grains.
Chloride of sodium	22.250	Sulphate of magnesia	0.466
Chloride of calcium	3.263	Silica	6.500
Carbonate of soda	3.406	Alumina—trace	
Sulphate of soda	1.616		
		Total	37.501

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 8 A. M. daily, for Calistoga, Napa County, distance 68 miles. The grounds are only a few hundred yards to the right of the railroad station. The cottages are still in good order, and are called the Tehama, Occidental, Revere, Waverly. Woodward, Winan's, Lindell, Belvidere, Metropolitan, Ralston, St. Nicholas, Garrison, Reese, Adelphi, Clarendon, Tremont, Delavan, Planter's and Leland's cottages. They are about one hundred and fifty feet apart from each other, and are peculiarly adapted to the accommodation of families and parties. There are post, express and telegraph offices, and several livery stables in the town of Calistoga, and good hunting and fishing near at hand.

Mark West Hot Sulphur Springs.—This favorite watering place is located in Sonoma County, twenty-eight miles north of Napa City, nine miles from Calistoga, and four miles from the wonderful Petrified Forest, on the county road leading from Calistoga to Santa Rosa. The waters of these springs have long been well thought of by health and pleasure seekers. The springs are beautifully located at an elevation of seven hundred feet above the sea level, at the junction of four cañons forming a miniature valley in the shape of a horse-shoe, produced by the bend of Mark West Creek. The hotel and grounds are at the base of three noble mountains, which are called Mounts Washington, Lincoln and Grant. It is claimed by many that the medicinal properties of the waters at Mark West Springs are unequalled by any in the State, and that the hot sulphur baths are a certain cure for rheumatism, catarrh and neuralgia; invigorating to debilitated constitutions, and a relief for kidney complaints, dyspepsia, liver complaints and indigestion. There is an iron spring on the premises that is highly praised. No analysis has been made of the waters of these springs.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street at 8 A. M. for Calistoga, 68 miles, and then by stage or carriage to Mark West Springs, 10 miles, *via* the Petrified Forest. The property is owned by a wealthy gentleman of San Francisco, and is managed by John Simpson, whose address is Mark West Springs, Sonoma County. There are accommodations for 150 guests, and the hotel is kept open the year round. There are numerous delightful drives, and hunting and fishing in their seasons. Independently of the benefit to be derived from the mineral waters, no more desirable residence can be found for delicate persons during the summer and fall months. The air is invigorating, never oppressively hot, the thermometer ranging from 60° to 80° during the summer months, rendering exercise in the open air admissible and devoid of fatigue at any hour of the day. The waters are known to be tonic, alterative and diuretic. Anemia, nervous asthenia and dyspepsia will usually yield to the invigorating influence of the waters. Their tonic and alterative influence is very manifest in most of the functional diseases of the liver, in chronic irritation of the mucous membranes of the stomach and bowels, in constipation, hemorrhoids and general plethora.

Harbin Springs.—One of the best known places to ailing San Franciscans

is Harbin Springs, situated in a cañon, seventeen hundred feet above the sea, nearly at the base of a spur of the Coast Range, about twenty miles from Calistoga. There are few more beautiful or picturesque places anywhere, and we doubt if there is any scenery in the neighborhood of any of our springs to surpass it. There are here numerous springs, possessing substantially the same medicinal and chemical properties. Like some others of which mention has been made, these are thermal, the principal spring having a temperature of 118° at its source. From this the water is led into bath houses, arranged in such a manner that baths can be obtained of any desirable temperature, either hot or tepid, according to the distance from the source of the supply. Connected with each bath are facilities for the application of steam. There are a main hotel and annex and a number of cottages; the meat, poultry, butter, cream, vegetables, and fruit are all provided on the place. No analysis has been made of the waters.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Go to Calistoga by ferry and cars, 68 miles, and then by stage to Harbin, Lake County, twenty miles, which leaves Calistoga daily, Sundays excepted—time from San Francisco, nine hours. The hotel is owned and kept open all the year round by Richard Williams. Board per week (baths free) from $12 to $15; also good accommodations for campers. The hotel and cottages will accommodate from 200 to 250 people. There are good trout streams near by, and plenty of deer and smaller game in the mountains. The post-office address is Calistoga.

Adams Springs.—Situated in Lake County (3,500 feet above the sea), five miles from Glenbrook. The waters are cold and said to be very recruiting and repairing to persons afflicted with chronic dyspepsia, liver and kidney diseases, etc. The following analysis of a gallon of water was made by Professor Thomas Price, of San Francisco:

	Grains.		Grains.
Carbonate of lime	28.714	Silica	7.218
Carbonate of magnesia	99.022	Organic matter	2.811
Carbonate of soda	57.036	Salt of potash—traces	
Carbonate of iron	.517	Nitric acid—traces	
Chloride of sodium	4.112		
		Total	199.430

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Go to Calistoga, 68 miles, by rail and ferry, and then by stage to the springs, *via* Glenbrook, 31 miles, or by way of Middletown and Harbin Springs, 25 miles. The address of the proprietors is Miller & Stolle, Glenbrook, Lake County. There are accommodations for seventy-five people. Telegraphic communication. Nine miles from Clear Lake. Board and hotel rooms per week, $12; board and cabin rooms per week, $10; board without rooms, $8; reductions made to families by the month; campers in the immediate vicinity of the springs will be charged $1 per week each; baths for regular boarders, free; baths for campers, 25 cents, open all the year; cabin rooms unfurnished, $2.50 per week.

Seigler Springs.—Situated in Lake County, about two miles from Adams Springs, in an open, inviting section of country. They consist of hot and cold sulphur, soda, iron, arsenic and other waters, and have long been recognized as possessing great healing properties; and many cases of rheumatism, stiff joints, dropsy, scrofula, skin diseases, gravel, diabetes, dyspepsia, catarrh, chills and fever, lead poisoning, painters' colic, constipation of the bowels, diseases of the

stomach and liver, Bright's disease of the kidneys, and impurities of the blood, have either been cured or relieved. The hotel and cottages will accommodate one hundred people. Analyses were made of these waters some years ago for Alvinza Hayward, but they have been misplaced and cannot be found.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—By rail and ferry of the Central Pacific Railroad to Calistoga; thence by stage to the springs, *via* either Glenbrook, 33 miles, or Lower Lake, a little further. The Seigler Springs stage will connect with the stage from Calistoga at Lower Lake on Monday, Wednesday and Friday; at Glenbrook on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Time from San Francisco, 12 hours. This place is kept open all the year round, and is owned by John Spaulding, and managed by W. T. Garratt, whose address is Seigler Springs, Lake County. There are hot sulphur and arsenic baths and a hot swimming bath. There is good trout fishing near, and some game.

Bonanza Springs.—Also in Lake County, two miles from Seigler, six from Glenbrook and eight from Lower Lake. Being well elevated and surrounded by magnificent pine and oak timber, it is one of the coolest and most pleasant places in the country during the summer months. Accommodations for forty people. There are a number of springs, containing a variety of mineral waters —iron, soda, magnesia, silicum, sulphur, etc., besides pure cold mountain spring water. Baths can be had of any desired temperature. There is no analysis.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Same as to Seigler Springs, either by Glenbrook or Lower Lake. H. Fern is owner and manager, and his post-office address is at Lower Lake. Good trout fishing a few miles off. Free stage from Lower Lake to these springs, if notification of departure is sent to Mr. Fern.

Howard Hot and Cold Springs.—These springs, fourteen in all, are also in Lake County, two miles from Seigler Springs, three miles from Adams Springs, five miles from Harbin Springs by trail, six miles from Glenbrook or Bassett's, six miles from Lower Lake, and thirty-three miles from Calistoga. There are one hot and two cold iron springs at this place; one hot and one cold magnesia; one cold silica, one alum, one borax, one soda, and others. There is also a hot plunge and other baths. The elevation is 2,220 feet above the sea. Beside the main hotel and cottages, which will accommodate fifty people, there are twelve cabins which will accommodate from twelve to thirty-six persons. It is stated that these waters effect positive cures of Bright's disease, dropsy, rheumatism, gout, catarrh, dyspepsia, scrofula, asthma, salt rheum, liver and kidney complaints, and skin diseases. There are no analyses of these waters.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Go to Calistoga, and then take stage for Glenbrook or Lower Lake, same as if going to Seigler or Bonanza Springs. This place is kept by August Heisch, and is open most of the year. Board, room and baths, $10 per week. Shady camping ground, stable for horses. Persons leaving San Francisco, Oakland, Sacramento or Woodland in the morning will arrive the same evening at the springs.

Anderson Springs.—Also in Lake County, nineteen miles from Calistoga, Napa County; five miles from Middletown, and ten miles from the Great Geysers, between which and Anderson's Springs there are good wagon roads. The place is in a small cañon in the midst of a forest, and can accommodate fifty

persons, exclusive of campers. The main spring is about 150 yards from the hotel, and contains sulphur, iron, magnesia, arsenic and traces of several other minerals. There are seven or eight other springs, and it is claimed that their waters will either cure or relieve rheumatism, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, dyspepsia, dropsy, etc. No analyses.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—To Calistoga by Central Pacific Railroad, and then by stage Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from April to November. Address Dr. Anderson, or Anderson & Patriquin, Anderson Springs, Lake County. Board, per week, from $10 to $15. Cooking and attention good—the mother and sisters of Dr. Anderson being in charge of the household.

Pearson Springs.—Also in Lake County, fourteen miles from Lakeport, and one and a half miles from Blue Lakes. There are five springs at this place, all cold, among which are a soda, sulphur, sulphur and soda, and gas springs. No analyses. The gas spring is gently cathartic, and its continued use is said to be an excellent remedy in habitual constipation; it is also diuretic, and is supposed to exert a specific influence upon the liver, relieving cases of jaundice. It has a reputation as a tonic. The sulphur and soda spring is resorted to for the purposes to which that class of waters are usually applied, and has the asserted merit of curing obstinate catarrhal affections and sick headache. It is used more than any of the other waters for bathing purposes, being artificially heated for the purpose. The water of the soda spring is used as a beverage.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Go to Calistoga by cars and ferries of the Central Pacific Railroad, distance 68 miles; then by Fisher's stages Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, to Lakeport, 48 miles; and then on following mornings to the springs, 11 miles. Open from May until October. Good fishing and hunting all around. Can accommodate 60 people. The scenery is grand and diversified.

Witter Springs.—Also in Lake County, one mile east of Pearson Springs. There are several springs, all cold; the principal one, most relied upon by the afflicted, going under the emphatic name of the "Dead Shot," reference being had to its remarkable efficacy in chronic rheumatism and in skin diseases—scrofulous and otherwise. It is cold. In addition, there is one sulphur spring, which is artificially heated for bathing purposes, and one chalybeate spring. No analyses.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Same as to Pearson Springs. There is a good hotel and a number of cottages and cabins, also, enough to accommodate seventy-five persons in all. There is mountain, valley and lake scenery, and plenty of hunting and fishing.

Hot Borate Spring.—This spring is also in Lake County, near Lakeport, and an analysis was made of its waters some years ago by Doctor Moore, of San Francisco, as follows:

	Grains.		Grains.
Chloride of potassium	Trace.	Sulphate of lime	Trace.
Chloride of sodium	84.62	Alumina	1.26
Iodide of magnesium	.09	Carbonic acid, free	36.37
Bromide of magnesium	Trace.	Silicid acid	8.23
Bicarbonate of soda	76.96	Matters volatile at a red heat	65.77
Bicarbonate of ammonia	107.76		
Biborate of soda	103.29	Total, in one gallon	484.35

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—To Calistoga by cars and ferries of the Central Pacific Railroad daily, at 8 A. M., 68 miles; Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays to Lakeport, 48 miles. The spring is not at present much visited.

Highland Springs.—Also in Lake County, four miles from Kelseyville, and twelve from Lakeport. There are ten springs here, each one having its peculiar mineral value and special medicinal qualities. Some contain iron, some soda. Others, again, are charged with iron, sulphur and magnesia, etc. Some combine all these chemicals. The temperature of the springs vary, the coolest being 60° and warmest 82° in summer. The baths combine the various medicinal qualities of four of these springs, having a wonderfully invigorating and strengthening effect, acting as a strong tonic. The douche bath is extremely popular. It is given by applying a heavy stream of mineral water, of about 80° in temperature, about six inches wide, which falls a distance of ten feet, having the most wonderfully invigorating, appetizing and strengthening effect on the system. One spring, called "The Dutch Spring," is pronounced by tourists who have been to the various springs of Germany to be exactly the same as the famous Ems Spring. There are no analyses of these springs.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—To Calistoga, 68 miles, by Central Pacific Railroad. Then by stage, 40 miles, to Kelseyville, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays; and then by carriage or stage to springs, four miles. There is a good hotel and several cottages, and accommodations for 100 people. There is good hunting near by, and trout fishing a little way off.

Cook's Springs.—These hot sulphur and other mineral springs are situated in Indian Valley, Colusa County, thirty-two miles from Williams, on the Northern Division, or Branch, of the Central Pacific Railroad. The waters are believed to be very efficacious in cases of rheumatism and kindred complaints, dyspepsia, scrofula, etc. No analyses.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 8 A. M., daily (except Sundays), for Williams, 125 miles, and then by stage to the springs Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, 32 miles. There are lots of game in the vicinity, including black and brown bear. W. V. Benson, the proprietor, may be addressed at Williams, Colusa county.

Hough's Spring.—This health resort is in Lake County, thirty-two miles from Williams. It is pleasantly situated, at an altitude of 2,000 feet above the sea, and is in the midst of a handsomely wooded country. The waters are cold and almost tasteless, but are said to be good for dyspepsia, kidney and liver complaints, and malarial disorders. No analyses.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 8 A. M. daily (except Sundays), for Williams, 125 miles; then by stage (daily from May until October, and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, October to May), 32 miles. Game of all kinds abounds in the immediate neighborhood. This property has recently passed into new hands, a hotel has been built, and other improvements made. Dr. Linderberger, resident physician. Public school and post-office. Room and board, $9 to $10 per week. Open all the year. Convenient three-room cottages, containing stove, table and bedstead, for rent at $3 per week. For further information address C. F. Lewis, Hough's Spring, Lake County, California.

Allen Springs.—This charming retreat, having been recently purchased and very much improved by the present proprietor, is situated in the Coast Range of mountains in Lake County, forty miles west of Williams, and three miles east of the Bartlett Springs, at an altitude of 1,800 feet above tide water. The waters from these springs have been submitted to a qualitative analysis by Wm. T. Wenzell, analytical chemist in San Francisco, and found to contain, viz: "Chlorides of sodium, magnesium, potassium, bicarbonates of magnesium, sodium, calcium, sulphate of sodium, phosphate of iron, silica and carbonic acid; strongly aerated with carbonic acid; salts of sodium and magnesia predominated, while the relative amount of calcium carbonate present is small; therefore, the medical value of the water is superior. Samples of two other springs have also been analyzed, and found to differ in some important particulars. The water contains a large amount of iron, less of magnesium salts and the bicarbonate of sodium, and less strongly aerated." There are five springs in all, the waters of which are claimed to be good for the cure of kidney affections, dyspepsia, rheumatism, paralysis, erysipelas, chills and fever; also for all forms of skin diseases.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave at 8 A. M. daily (except Sundays), for Williams, 125 miles, and then by stage daily from May until October for the springs, 40 miles. Good facilities for bathing—mineral steam baths, mineral hot, warm or cold baths—attached to the hotel. Telegraph, post-office and express office attached. Neat cottages, with cooking stoves and cooking utensils, for rent. Fresh water conveyed in pipes near them. Good hotel accommodations; board by the day, $2 to $2.50; by the week, $9.50 to $15. Special arrangements made for families. Good hunting and fishing near by. For further information address James D. Bailey, proprietor, Allen Springs, Lake County.

Bartlett Springs.—This is one of the most famous and popular places in California. It is in Lake County, forty-three miles from Williams. These springs were discovered in 1870, by Greene Bartlett, an old hunter (still living), who was cured of a case of chronic rheumatism while camping near what is now known as the main Bartlett Spring. At present there is a main hotel and twelve other hotel buildings and sixty cottages. The place is owned by Bartlett, McMahon & Clarke, and kept by C. R. Clarke and J. C. Crigler, who can accommodate four hundred people. When the writer was at this place in September, 1882, the hotel and cottages were all full, and there were 500 people in camps near by. There are several springs in this vicinity; and, although not all on the Bartlett property, are accessible to guests at the hotel. The one farthest from the hotel is a gas spring, as it is called. Great volumes of carbonic acid gas escape from this spring continually, causing the water to have every appearance of the ebullition of boiling water, yet no water runs away from the spring. This gas is so strong that birds and animals fall dead in passing over it, and it would soon kill a man. Visitors place their feet in to remove corns, bunions, etc. To the south from the hotel a distance of two hundred yards there are two ordinary soda springs, an iron and a magnesia spring. There is more or less of carbonic acid gas in all of this water. The soda and other springs in this series are quite palatable. Near

by is a sulphur spring. It is cold, and not so much of a favorite as the others are with the visitors. The main spring is a wonder, and is well worthy a visit to the place just for the sake of seeing it alone. It is near the head of a lateral cañon, putting into the mountain to the east of the main cañon. It is now walled up with composition stone, and a pavement of the same material is laid around it for a distance of several feet. A jar-shaped chamber, about two feet in diameter and three feet high, is constructed directly over the spring, having outlets similar to those of public fountains in many large cities. The volume of water is so great that quite large streams are flowing out of three sides of the chamber at once, while a pipe leads to the hotel, and one to the barreling and bottling house. It is estimated that the stream of the spring will flow fully three inches miners' measure. This water is peculiar in that it does not taste much differently from ordinary spring water, and the presence of the mineral is hard to detect. The iron that is in it is shown by the colored deposit, but that is very small. The tufa formation is very light, but more of a borax nature than soda. The taste of the water is rather pleasant, but not strongly mineral at all, hence it is generally a favorite with all who visit the springs from the first. This main spring is known as the Bartlett Spring, the others being only mere contingencies, as it were, and it is from this one that the most of the visitors use water. None of the waters of these springs have been analyzed. All of them are cold, but are artificially heated for bathing purposes. The water of the main (or Bartlett) spring is pleasant to the taste, is cathartic, and very decidedly diuretic; it is also alterative; and the fact cannot be denied that it has been shown by abundant testimony to be of very considerable efficacy in many cases of chronic rheumatism, skin diseases, and hepatic and renal affections. It is much esteemed in dropsy, in uterine catarrh, and in functional derangements of that organ; in neuralgia and chronic malarial affections. The hotel is very well kept, and is never closed.

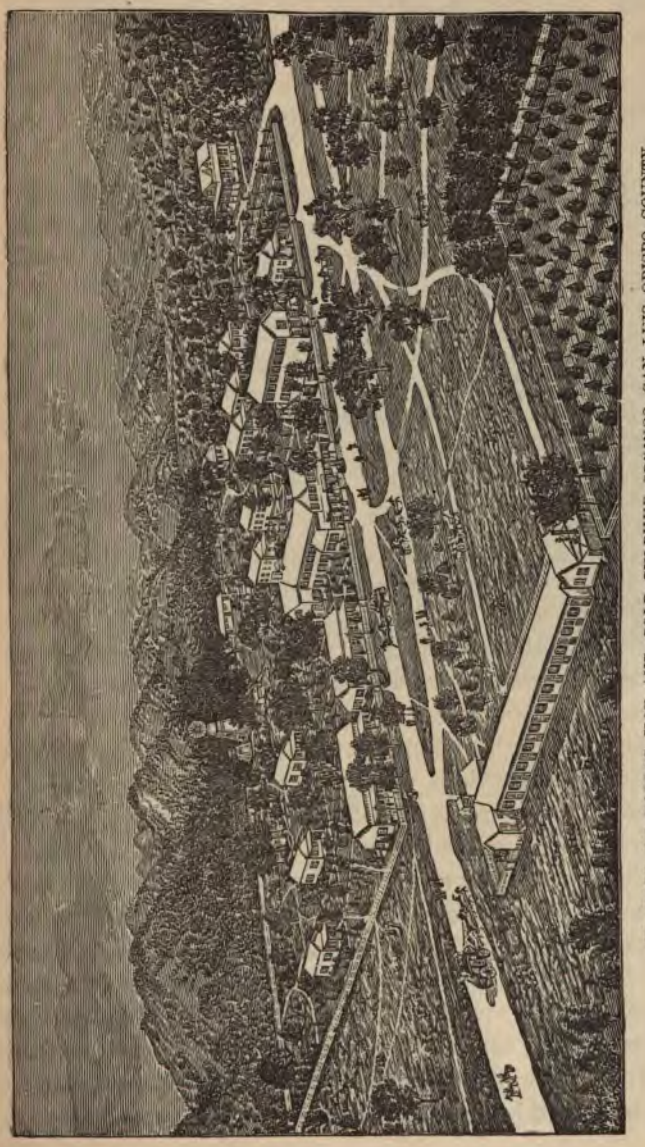
ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), for Williams, Colusa County (daily except Sundays), 125 miles; then to springs, 43 miles, by stages, daily from May to October, and Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, other months. Cache Creek and other creeks and rivers near by are full of trout; and in their seasons there are deer, black and brown bear in great abundance near by, and also grouse, gray squirrels, rabbit, quail, and other game. Address C. R. Clarke, J. C. Crigler, or Clarke & Crigler, Bartlett Springs, Lake County, for further information. There are post, express and telegraph offices at the springs. The scenery is grand and delightful all around, and there are good roads to Lakeport, 26 miles; Lower Lake, 26 miles, and Upper Lake, 16 miles. Open all the year.

El Paso de Robles Hot and Cold Sulphur Springs.—Undoubtedly the waters and mud baths of these springs are unequalled in the world for their permanent cures of many kinds of distressing complaints, as thousands of people of the Pacific Coast and elsewhere who have been afflicted with rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, scrofula, salt rheum, and other skin diseases can readily attest. Hundreds of persons have arrived at these springs on crutches, and at

the end of two or three months thrown them away forever. The springs are in San Luis Obispo County, and take their name from the rancho upon which they are found—El Paso De Robles. They are situated in the beautiful valley of the Salinas River, about thirty miles from San Luis Obispo, and two hundred and twenty-eight from San Francisco. For miles above and below the springs the valley is a natural park, formed by long stretches of level plains, broken at intervals by low hills, and all studded with graceful white and live-oak trees, with occasional groups of native shrubs, the whole forming a most picturesque landscape. In the midst of this scene of natural beauty the waters burst forth from the earth duly prepared in Nature's laboratories, to minister to the diseases of man. The climate at Paso Robles is as near perfection as can be found in the United States. The atmosphere is pure and entirely free from malarial poison. Owing to these climatic advantages, the Paso Robles Springs are accessible during the winter months, and bathing is equally safe and beneficial at all seasons. The accommodations at Paso Robles are first-class in every particular. Attached to the hotel there is a large reading room, barber shop, telegraph office, etc. A number of commodious cottages surround the main building, which are tastefully and comfortably furnished, and are especially convenient for families who desire the privacy of home. The principal spring is situated seventy-five yards from the hotel. A stone basin or reservoir is built around it. The flow of water is about four thousand five hundred gallons per hour, being an ample supply for all the requirements of the numerous bath-rooms which are located near at hand. There are two plunge baths, through which the water is continually running, thus ensuring perfect cleanliness and equal temperature. The bath-rooms are supplied with every convenience, and with water direct from the main spring. Temperature of the water, 110° Fahrenheit. The late Dr. E. M. Morse, one of the leading physicians of Washington, D. C., in his day, wrote an extended treatise upon the medicinal properties of these springs, from which the following paragraph is quoted: "After watching the effects of these Paso Robles Hot Sulphur Mud and Soda Springs for many months, cautiously, and at first skeptically, I have noticed the following results: They have a strong alterative effect. They are generally laxative in their action and remarkably diuretic at first. In cases of mercurial poison, and even rheumatism, the waters seem to work out the materia-morbi visibly through the skin, as evidenced by the blotches, eruptions and occasionally ulcers. But the greater the determination to the skin is, the more apparent are the good effects of the water. I have met several gentlemen, some of whom have tried the waters of Carlsbad, some the Virginia Springs, and the Hot Springs of Arkansas, who have assured me that, from their own experience and their observation of those around them, the waters of Paso Robles are the most powerful mineral waters they ever drank. One thing that speaks powerfully in favor of these springs is the implicit confidence with which all who have tried them rely upon their virtues, and the more they see of them the more they believe in them. When we reflect that many of the cases here are of the most obstinate and intractable character, generally sent here as a last hope,

we can form some idea of the great value of these springs." The following is an analysis of one imperial gallon (7,000 grains) of the main hot sulphur spring at Paso Robles (temperature 110° Fahr.), as made by Professors Price and Hewston, of San Francisco:

	Grains.		Grains.
Sulphureted hydrogen gas	4.45	Silica	.44
Free carbonic acid gas	10.50	Bicarbonate of magnesia	.92
Sulphate of lime	3.21	Bicarbonate of soda	50.74
Sulphate of potassa	.88	Chloride of sodium (common salt)	27.18
Sulphate of soda (Glauber's salts)	7.85	Iodide and bromides—traces only	
Peroxide of iron	.36	Organic matter	1.64
Alumina	.22		93.44



EL PASO DE ROBLES HOT AND COLD SULPHUR SPRINGS, SAN LUIS OBISPO COUNTY.

There are several other springs in the vicinity of those mentioned, the most remarkable of which is the Sand Spring, with a mean temperature of 146°. Then there are the soda and white sulphur springs—great favorites. These flank the mud spring on either hand; one being north and the other south of, and both about two hundred feet distant from it. Neither of these springs is housed, though both have quite a strong flow of valuable mineral water. The temperatures of the waters of these springs are about 80°. Six hundred yards east of the main spring and near the bank of the Salinas is the iron or chalybeate spring. This has but a moderate flow of cold water and is prescribed in cases of enemia. One of the great and distinctive features of Paso Robles, however, is the celebrated Mud Bath, which is six feet deep

and eight feet square. From the bottom spring the waters, with a mean temperature of 140° Fahrenheit. The house which covers the mud bath is divided through the center by a raised platform. On one side of this is a plunge bath of tepid gas and sulphur-impregnated water; on the other is the famous mud bath. The worst cases of rheumatism readily yield to the mud bath treatment. The following is an analysis of one imperial gallon (7,000 grains) of the mud springs (temperature 140° Fahr.):

	Grains per Gal.		Grains per Gal.
Sulphureted hydrogen gas	3.28	Carbonate of magnesia	3.10
Carbonic acid gas	47.84	Carbonate of soda	5.21
Sulphate of lime	17.90	Chloride of sodium	96.48
Sulphate of potassa—traces		Organic matter	3.47
Sulphate of soda	41.11		
Silica	1.11		168.30

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, by cars of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division), at 10:40 A. M. daily for Soledad, 143 miles; then take stage (which runs daily) to the springs, 85 miles. The owners and managers of Paso de Robles Springs are D. D. Blackburn, J. H. Blackburn, and D. W. James. The address is Blackburn Brothers and James. Two hundred guests can be accommodated. Paso Robles is a regular post-office station, and there are two mails daily to and from the springs. Wells, Fargo & Co. have an agency, and special rates are allowed the guests. The Western Union Telegraph Company have an office in the hotel. For the accommodation of guests there is a well-stocked store supplied with general merchandise and the choicest brands of wines, liquors and cigars; also an assortment of first-class drugs. In connection with the hotel is a first-class livery stable. D. E. Barger, M. D. formerly of San Francisco, is now resident physician of the springs and has full control of the medical department; the baths and waters are also under his direct supervision. Medical advice and attendance free. There is good hunting and fishing near, and splendid roads for driving. The place is kept open the year round. El Paso de Robles is pronounced Ail Párs-so day Róh-blais, and means the Pass of the Oaks; Luis Obispo is pronounced Loo-ees Oh-bees-poh, and means Louis the Bishop.

Paraiso Springs.—Among the new health resorts that have become famous during the past six or seven years, the Paraiso Hot Soda and Hot Sulphur Springs have taken a foremost place, and are already renowned for their many permanent cures of rheumatism, dyspepsia, diabetes, neuralgia, kidney and liver complaints. They are beautifully situated in what may be termed a grotto in the Coast Range, one hundred and fifty miles from San Francisco, seven only of which are by stage. Paraiso is a most charming retreat in many respects aside from its health-renewing attractions. There are rivers and valleys and woods and mountains all around; and many drives—that to the old Soledad Mission being the most delightful, as the landscape view in that vicinity is unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur. There is a large hotel and many cottages on the premises, the former affording pleasant quarters; but by far the most attractive suites of apartments are those in the sunny cottages, which form a picturesque group about the springs. There is ample accommodation for one hundred and fifty guests. There are hot soda and hot sulphur baths, two new mud baths, a

laundry, verandas, a billiard table, parlor, music hall, delightful sleeping apartments, first-class fare at the table, and fine livery accommodations. These cottages are so arranged that every room has the benefit of the sunshine as well as of the beautiful view, comprising plains, rivers, mountains, etc. The luxuries and comforts of city life are here blended with the freedom of the country. The bath houses are near the center of the grounds at a convenient distance from both hotel and cottages. The elevation is 1,400 feet, and there are trails to the neighboring mountain tops 300 feet above the springs. Paraiso is a resort not only for those seeking health—it is the Mecca of many hundreds of San Franciscans who occasionally dismiss study and business care and seek that most essential of all things to a busy man—recreation. Its attractions are so genuine, so far beyond all that is false and meretricious, that no one experiences anything like satiety. Indeed, Paraiso grows upon one like a friend. There is a natural

PARAISO HOT AND COLD SODA AND SULPHUR SPRINGS, MONTEREY COUNTY.

simplicity, an elegant repose, a breezy freshness about the spot which captivate the senses and fascinate the mind. Season after season you will meet the same faces, and this contributes to give a home-like aspect to the place. The following is an analysis made of one gallon of the water taken from the main Soda Spring (120°) in 1871, by A. Cichi, of Santa Clara, Professor of Chemistry, etc.:

	Grains.
Matter Volatile on ignition, so called organic matter	5.25
Silica	2.62
Alumina and iron	1.60
Magnesia—trace	
Chloride of potassium	0.35
Chloride of sodium	3.50
Sulphate of soda	35.50
Carbonate of soda	4.23
Sulphate of lime	4.32
Carbonate of lime	1.43
Total	58.80

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division), corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, daily, at 10:40 A. M. for Soledad, one hundred and forty-three miles by rail; then by stage to the springs, seven miles. This place is kept open all the year by J. P. Reeve, proprietor, to whom all letters may be addressed. There is a post-office and an express office at the hotel. Board per day, $2.00; by the week, $14; by the month, $50; and baths free, as at all the other springs. There are lots of game in the mountains near, and excellent trout fishing three miles away. A physician is in attendance, and four pieces of music are employed during the fashionable season. There are grounds for campers, and free drives for guests daily. A correspondent writes: "The fame of the wonderful cures wrought by the soda waters is spreading far and near. Even inflammatory rheumatism, that dread disease, upon which sulphur water has no effect, readily yields its power of agonizing torture to the soda water. The temperature of the water (in which there are both plunge and side baths) is about 120° Fahrenheit. The water contains 35.50 grains of sulphate of soda to the gallon. This sulphate of soda (written otherwise Glauber's Salts) is used universally as a cathartic. Great luxury is enjoyed in the sulphur baths, which combine with the soda springs and iron springs to make this one of the most wonderful health resorts in the world. Among the diseases which yield to these waters are liver complaint, rheumatism, neuralgia, inflammatory rheumatism, kidney trouble, eczema, dyspepsia, sick headache, and all skin diseases."

Gilroy Hot Mineral Springs.—The name of these springs is a household word throughout the State, and they have long been celebrated for their efficacious waters. There are several of these springs, the main one—and the one which gives the place its importance—being 109° to 115° of temperature, and composed of sulphur, alum, magnesia, iron, iodine and traces of arsenic. The waters are used for both bathing and drinking, and are particularly efficacious in cases of rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, scrofula, general debility, and "general let-down." They are also remedial in cases of gout and chronic derangements of the liver, and produce temporary relief if not permanent cures. Consumption and kindred complaints receive no benefit whatever from the use of these waters in any way. This main spring pours forth a great volume continually, and only varies the numbers of degrees presented above. The facilities for bathers are very complete. There are sixteen large bath-rooms, provided with sprinklers of cool water. There is also a mud bath for the cure of rheumatism, scrofula, and other complaints. Then there are two plunge, or swimming baths, respectively for ladies and gentlemen. In each of these is a cold shower, and connected with each plunge is a dressing apartment and a "sweat room." A large drinking fountain is erected over the main spring, which is only a few yards from the bath-houses. This fountain is kept covered, so that no foreign substances can get into it at any time. The waters run from this fountain to the plunge and other bath-houses. Near by are two cold sulphur springs, and six miles away is a natural soda spring, the waters of which, as they are dipped from the spring, sparkle and effervesce like champagne. The hotel is one of the completest and best to be found at any of our watering places or health resorts; is handsomely furnished throughout, all the rooms containing stationary wash-basins and other

modern improvements. There is a large parlor, with piano, etc., and a dining-room which will seat over a hundred persons. Then there is another large two-story building with seventeen rooms; and there are, beside, nineteen cottages. There is a post-office, express and telegraph offices, a bar, and billiard-room, fountains, and shade trees, stables, and carriage and saddle horses. A daily stage is run between the springs and the railroad each way, and there are numerous delightful drives and walks. The proprietors can accommodate 200 people, although they have had at one time 250. The hotel rates are liberal and the baths are free. The place is not what is usually termed a fashionable resort, and one can be perfectly independent in regard to dress, and may gain health and strength, while both are often frittered away by dress and dissipation at gayer and more stylish places. It is a delightful place to bathe and hunt and fish and sleep and dream and rest and forget the busy, whirling city, with all its work, worry, and disappointment. No analyses.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave at depot corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, by cars of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division), at 10:40 A. M. daily for Gilroy, 80 miles by rail; then by stage to the springs, 14 miles, over a very delightful road. The place is kept open the year round by the owner, Mr. R. Arrick. It is supplied with a post-office, express office, and telegraph office, and has good facilities for campers.

Madrone Mineral Springs.—These springs are situated twenty-five miles southeast of San José, and six miles north of Gilroy Hot Springs. They are at an elevation of about 2,200 feet, and located in a beautiful and picturesque cañon at the foot of the "Pine Ridge." The drive from Madrone to the springs, a distance of twelve miles, is through some of the finest mountain scenery in the Coast Range. Parties will find here natural soda water, the principal properties being soda, iron and magnesia. There is also a spring strongly impregnated with iron and arsenic, and a white sulphur spring. The guests are furnished with hot and cold baths. No analyses.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division), corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, on Mondays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 10:40 for Madrone, 69 miles; then to the springs by stage, 12 miles. O. D. Arnold is proprietor and manager.

Summit Soda Springs.—These splendid springs are situated twelve miles from the Soda Springs station on the Central Pacific Railroad, and are said to contain great curative powers in cases of rheumatism, catarrh, asthma, neuralgia, etc. The following is an analysis of a gallon of water—chemist not known:

	Grains.		Grains.
Carbonic acid, 186.35 cubic inches		Oxide of iron	1.75
Bicarbonate of lime	43.20	Silica	2.06
Carbonate of magnesia	4.20	Alumina	1.75
Carbonate of soda	9.50	Potassa—trace	
Chloride of sodium	26.22		
		Total	88.68

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—By Central Pacific Railroad to Soda Springs station, 191 miles; then by trail (carriage road is washed away) to springs, which are owned by Moses Hopkins, but not kept open for the public at present.

Byron Hot Springs.—Seventy miles from San Francisco is Byron Hot Springs, which has already justly become one of the most popular resorts of the kind in the State. This place is pleasantly situated in a foothill of the Coast Range, about sixteen miles from Mount Diablo. The climate is as near perfection as can be—the days are warm and the nights generally cool the year round. There are hot and cold sulphur, soda, iron and magnesia springs—several of them with a temperature of 135°—and pure drinking water fresh and cold from inexhaustible mountain springs. There are a number of hot sulphur bath-houses and mud baths, and there are accommodations at present for from 100 to 150 persons, and the delightful place is kept open all the year round.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco at depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 9:30 A. M. and 4 P. M. for Byron Station, 68 miles; and then by stage to the springs, only two miles. A correspondent of the Wine and Tobacco Journal wrote as follows to that paper in April, 1882: "The grounds at the springs are being improved, adorned and beautified each year, while the buildings are constantly being enlarged to accommodate the increasing number of guests, who are attracted by the advantages of the resort. A large addition is now being made to the dining-hall. Several cottages for families are also being erected, and the entire building has been newly refurnished. New baths for the accommodation of invalids are being placed in position, and here we find what is perfectly marvelous—white sulphur water, salt water, salt and sulphur water, water containing a combination of iron and magnesia, all either hot or cold, with a mean temperature of 135°. We also find mud baths which are performing most marvelous cures. These baths were known to the Indians and Spanish long before California was known to the civilized world, and the Indians even yet hand down from one to the other traditions of the wonderful cures performed here. There is no doubt that these waters possess peculiar curative powers, and those afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, catarrh, kidney and cutaneous diseases, and an impure state of the blood, will find these baths a certain cure. Hundreds have used them and found almost instant relief." These springs are owned by Mr. L. R. Mead, Secretary of the Risdon Iron Works. For further information address N. G. French, Manager of Byron Springs, Byron P. O., California.

Other Springs.—There are a number of other springs in our State more or less noted, which the author does not deem necessary to refer to in detail, after the foregoing elaborate descriptions of many of the most famous ones, or else they are inaccessible by the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads and their branch lines, as follows: *Gordon's Springs*, Lake County; *Skaggs' Springs* and *Litton Seltzer Springs*, in Sonoma County; *New Almaden Vichy Water Springs*, *Pacific Congress Springs*, and *Alum Rock Spring*, Santa Clara County; *Tolenas Spring*, Solano County; *Campbell's Springs*, Sierra County; *Lane Mineral Springs*, Calaveras County; *Tuscan Springs*, Tehama County; *Wilbur Springs*, *Simmon's Hot Sulphur Springs*, and *Mrs. Lottie Blanck's Hot Sulphur Springs*, Colusa County; *Volcanic Mineral Spring*, Inyo County; *Magnetic Spring*, Santa Cruz County; *Warner's Ranch Springs*, San Diego County; *San Bernardino Hot Springs*, San Bernardino County; *Fulton Wells*, Los Angeles County; *Santa Barbara Hot Sulphur Springs*, Santa Barbara County; *Hot Sulphur Spring* and *Soda Springs*, Plumas County; *Tassajara Springs* (a wonder), Monterey County, and *Warm Springs*, Alameda County.

FAMOUS WINTER RESORTS OF CALIFORNIA.

"Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold orange grows in the deep thicket's gloom,
Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose?"

AND, surely, such a land is Southern California, which embraces, geographically, Monterey, San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara, Ventura, Los Angeles, San Diego, San Bernardino, Kern, Tulare and Fresno Counties; but more particularly embraces that section of our State walled up by the Coast Range on the one hand and washed by the waters of the Pacific on the other; and does not, really, include the three last-named counties, which are much colder during the so-called winter months and very much warmer during what is termed summer. Los Angeles, Ventura, Santa Barbara, San Diego and San Bernardino Counties form what is generally known as "Semi-Tropical California,"—an appellation bestowed upon those lovely sections of country by the author of this book, in his various writings, but more conspicuously in a volume called by that name, published by Bancroft & Company in 1874. No tourist should leave California without visiting this highly-favored country—

"Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel, and myrtle, and rose."

Indeed, the sun shines upon no region of equal extent in the world which offers so many and such varied inducements to men in search of homes and health as Semi-Tropical California—the most central and leading city of which is

Los Angeles.—Los Angeles, with its vineyards and groves of semi-tropical fruits, is, perhaps, the city of all others, next to San Francisco, which tourists are the most eager to see. Taking all things into consideration—equability of tem-

perature, healthfulness of climate, grand mountain scenery, productiveness of soil, railroad and ocean facilities, accessibility, etc., etc.—it has no superior in the world as a place either to winter in or to permanently reside. The writer of this book lived under his own vine and fig tree seven years in the city of Los Angeles, and during that time sat upon the veranda of his *chalet* every evening from January to December (except rainy ones) in his shirt sleeves, and slept under blankets every night during that time. There is a deliciousness of atmosphere about the summer nights of Los Angeles that can be felt in no other part of the world outside of Southern California; and reminds one of Bryant's apostrophe to the west wind, commencing—

"Spirit that breathest through my lattice."

But the winters of Los Angeles—ah! While all is rude, and cold, and leafless, and flowerless, and changeable in all the States east of the Sierra, in Los Angeles wind and weather are almost perfection; and heaven and earth seemingly conspire, in sunshine and blue sky, in leaf and blossom, and golden fruit, to make this period the very crown of the year. From the plaza, down the long hazy sweep of the main thoroughfare of the city, all is wrapped in verdure and bloom. The bright pepper and acacia and eucalyptus trees stand full against the darkness of the orange and the lemon, the latter shedding lustre rather than shadow, however, from all sides of their gracefully penciled towers of everlasting leafage. The grass in the gardens, on each hand, is like the "freshly-broken emeralds" that Dante saw; hyacinths and tuberoses are springing up, and every slope is inhabited by modest members of the flowery kingdom; while the ivy and honey-suckles, that climb over the porches of pleasant domestic altars, glitter with fresh tips of constant growth; and everywhere there are roses—such roses as rival those of Pæstum, or of the Bosphorus—white, cream, blood-red and plush—freighting the very atmosphere with their incomparable odors and aromatic sweets. The drives which abound are pleasant, historical, and exhilarating. You may drive out to the delightful orange groves of the Stonemans, the Wilsons, the Shorbs and the Roses, and feast your eyes upon a miniature Paradise, and a cluster of gardens only approached, poetically, by what Aladdin's might have been; or you may visit the old church of San Gabriel, where the splash of fountains mingled its melody with the chants of neophytes long before the close of the hostilities which secured us national fame and freedom; or you may dash down to a beach where the foaming billows of the Pacific roll distantly away to a tropical southern sea. And when you return, by the soft starlight of heaven's imperishable garniture, you may sit in the coolness of the evening, away into the twilight shadows, till there comes stealing upon nocturnal zephyrs the ravishing sweetness of myriads of flowers, which lose their fragrance lifting their cups to catch the dew which falls from heaven; and you may listen to the uncaged mocking-bird in every grove, and in almost every garden, as it makes night musical with the mimic notes of the whole tribe of feathered songsters at rest, a warbling that only ceases upon the piping of the linnet, which thrills the city with its morning songs.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave San Francisco foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 9:30 A. M., and arrive at Los Angeles about 8 o'clock the following morning—distance, 482 miles. There are a large number of hotels in the city—the Cosmopolitan, Weaver's, Pico, and St. Charles being first-class. Then there are many really good boarding houses; many livery stables and stores; three banks, and four daily newspapers; Catholic, Episcopal, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches. The city is lighted with gas and by electric lights. There are lovely carriage drives to Pasadena, to San Gabriel, Sierra Madre Villa, and railways running daily to all points north, south, east and west. Los Angeles County is traversed by the Los Angeles, the San Gabriel and the Santa Ana rivers, with numerous creeks and runs, all of which afford plentiful sources for irrigation. It is bounded by the counties of Ventura, Kern, San Bernardino and San Diego. It has deposits of coal, petroleum, tin, gold and silver. The extreme fertility of the soil has obscured its mineralogical strong points hitherto, although petroleum, coal and brea are being very profitably produced. It is the orange grove region of the State of California, and its vineyards yielded more than one million dollars' worth of wine and brandy in 1881, although not one hundredth part of its capabilities in this line have as yet been developed. Los Angeles County produces more Indian corn than all the rest of the State of California put together. The wheat yield of the county is making the most gratifying advances, the crop being ample for the support of its own people, with a large surplus for export to Arizona and Europe. The fact that on irrigated lands from eight to fifteen tons of alfalfa can be raised on a single acre during the year, points this county out as the future dairy region of the State. As Joseph D. Lynch, in his Illustrated Herald, says: "Almost everything grown on earth can be raised in Los Angeles County. The pomegranate flourishes side by side with the potato, the banana with the tomato, the orange, lime and apricot with the peach, pear and apple. The yield of the grape is so prolific that a statement of the fact excites the astonishment and even incredulity of any one who is only acquainted with the meagre yield of the European vineyards. The guava and the plum, the olive and the squash, are found in Los Angeles County in the most loving companionship side by side. There are in this county to be found communities which poll a vote of four or five hundred that have only been six or seven years in establishing themselves in durable prosperity, the ground-work of all being simple agriculture and horticulture." There is an endless amount and variety of game everywhere in the vicinity of Los Angeles, and especially during the winter months, when the bear, quail, geese and ducks are plenty and fat. There is always good surf fishing at Santa Monica and at Wilmington, and trout fishing in the San Gabriel. The City of Los Angeles has 21,000 inhabitants.

Riverside.—One of the most extraordinary exemplifications of the generous nature of the soil and climate of Southern (or Semi-Tropical) California has been realized in Riverside, where the author of this book shot antelope, quail and rabbit by the buggy load fifteen years ago, and which was the centre of a number of unimproved ranches not worth a dollar an acre except for purposes of grazing. Here is, indeed, a transformation scene—but we shall let Frank Pixley, the editor of the Argonaut, who stopped at Riverside on his way home lately from the East, present to our readers his impressions of the place: "I return to California glad and thankful that it is my home. Every time that I return

from other lands; the more I wander, and the more I see, the more I am impressed that this is the happy Canaan—the holy land; that God, when he made the world, and had gathered the experience of all His efforts, said to himself: 'I will now illustrate the crowning glory of My labors with the production of a perfect spot. I will give it wealth of soil and wealth of precious metals; I will enrich it with nature's grandest productions; I will give it splendid mountains, rich and gorgeous valleys, grand and stately forests; I will thread it with magnificent rivers and beautiful brooks; its grasses shall be nutritious; its soil shall produce in generous quantities the best of fruits. I will smile down through cloudless skies upon its beautiful fields; I will fan it with breezes from my broadest sea; I will waft to it the odors of spices and the perfumes of tropic lands; and in the ripeness of time its people shall be great-hearted and generous, liberal and just; and there, in all the perfection of its soil and the salubrity of its climate, shall be found the highest social condition of which the creation of My image is capable.' I stopped at Riverside. A paragraph will dispose of it till I have opportunity for further description. Of all the places in Europe and America that I have ever seen, this is incomparably the most interesting, most prosperous and most beautiful. If my readers will imagine twelve thousand acres of fruit-groves, vineyards and gardens lying under the shadow of a snow-clad mountain range, upon a level and beautiful plain, watered by two parallel artificial rivers, and through it for ten miles a broad, strait avenue as wide as Van Ness, lined on either side with hedges of palm, cypress, magnolia, pepper and eucalyptus; running through a continuous orchard of orange, olive, lemon, lime, peach, apricot and vineyard; all reposing under the sunshine of a cloudless sky; inhabited by intelligent, cultured, and wealthy people, living in cottages *ornee* and homes of luxuriant ease and architectural adornment that would not shame the most aristocratic quarter of our city—they can form some idea of the colony at Riverside. Within its limits unimproved and watered land is worth three hundred dollars per acre, and in the ten years of its existence there has been no instance of a forced sale for debt. There are a thousand places in Southern California where this marvel may be reproduced."

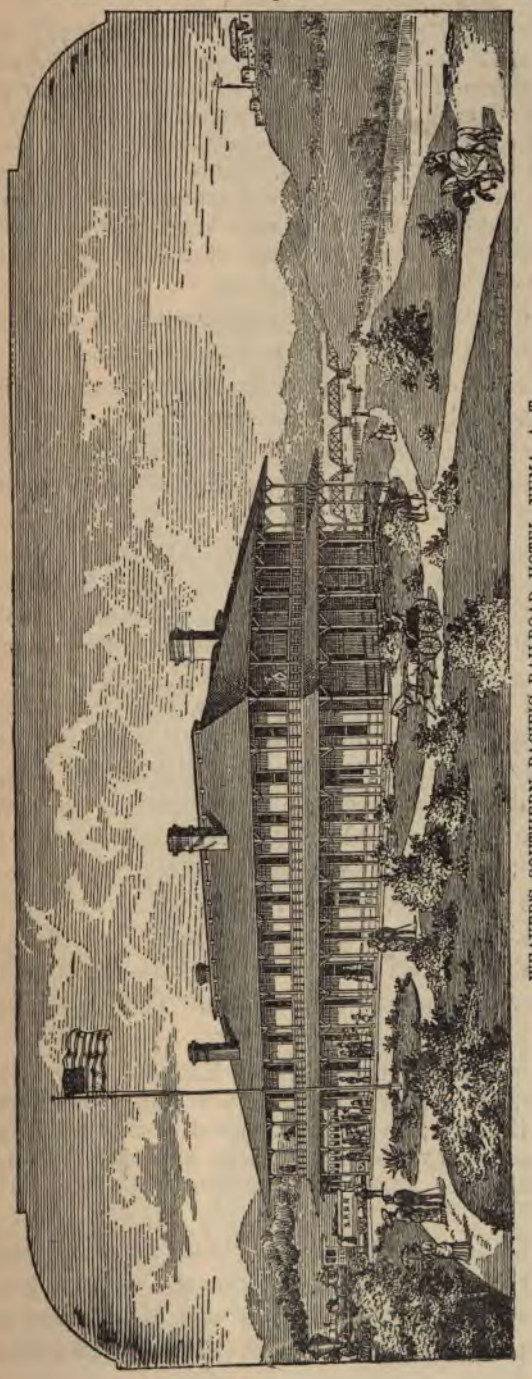
ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street daily (*via* Oakland), at 9:30 A. M. for Colton (San Bernardino County), distance, 540 miles; then five miles by California Southern Railroad. There are good hotel accommodations, and there is plenty of game in the foothills and river bottoms near.

San Diego.—Situated upon the bay of that name is one of the most noted and most favored of California's winter resorts—San Diego. And what has been said of Los Angeles may be said of San Diego, except that, if anything, it is even more healthful than its delightful neighbor.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot foot of Market street (*via* Oakland), at 9:30 A. M. for Colton (San Bernardino County), distance 540 miles; then 126 miles to San Diego over the California Southern. The Horton House at San Diego is one of the best on the coast. There are two daily papers at this place, and there is splendid fishing in the bay and outside, and plenty

of game all about. There is very little rain in San Diego, and the wind blows balmily from the clear west ten months in the year.

Yuma.—In reality, Yuma is in Arizona, just across the Colorado River from Fort Yuma, from which it takes its name. And it must be confessed that, for persons afflicted with asthma and consumption, Yuma has attractions that no other accessible place that we know of possesses. The dryness of the atmosphere, the absence of malaria, the infrequency of rains and perpetual warm weather, all go to make up a climate unsurpassed in absolute perfection to the invalid. Here, one troubled by asthma recovers, as a matter of course. The consumptive has every chance possible in nature to regain health and strength, as the lungs are not put to any extraordinary or unexpected strain by sudden changes of temperature. A correspondent of the Morning Call some time ago wrote: "The sanitary advantages of this place cannot be over-estimated, possessing, as it does, excepting the extreme heat of summer, the finest climate in the world. There are but three months of the year when the heat is at all oppressive, and during the other nine months the climate is perfect. Even in summer the atmosphere is so dry that the heat has no serious effect. The rapid evaporation of perspiration keeps the skin cool. Sunstrokes are unknown here, and there are no epidemics of any kind whatever. Yuma would long ago have been a chosen resort for invalids had



WEAVER'S SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD HOTEL, YUMA, A. T.

there been any accommodation for their comfort." One of the loveliest trips we ever made in our life was up the Colorado River from Yuma to Fort Mojave and return.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave foot of Market street daily (*via* Oakland), at 9:30 A. M. for Yuma, distance 731 miles. The Southern Pacific Hotel at Yuma is one of the new institutions of that city that its people can point to with pardonable pride. A large addition has been recently added to the building, which now affords the traveler first-class accommodations. The hotel is under the immediate supervision of Mr. H. Weaver, who seems to intuitively understand the requirements of the weary traveler, and attentively administers to his every want. Mr. Weaver also keeps the hotel at Indio station on the Colorado desert, to meet the wants of travelers by rail, which is conducted as carefully as that at Yuma.

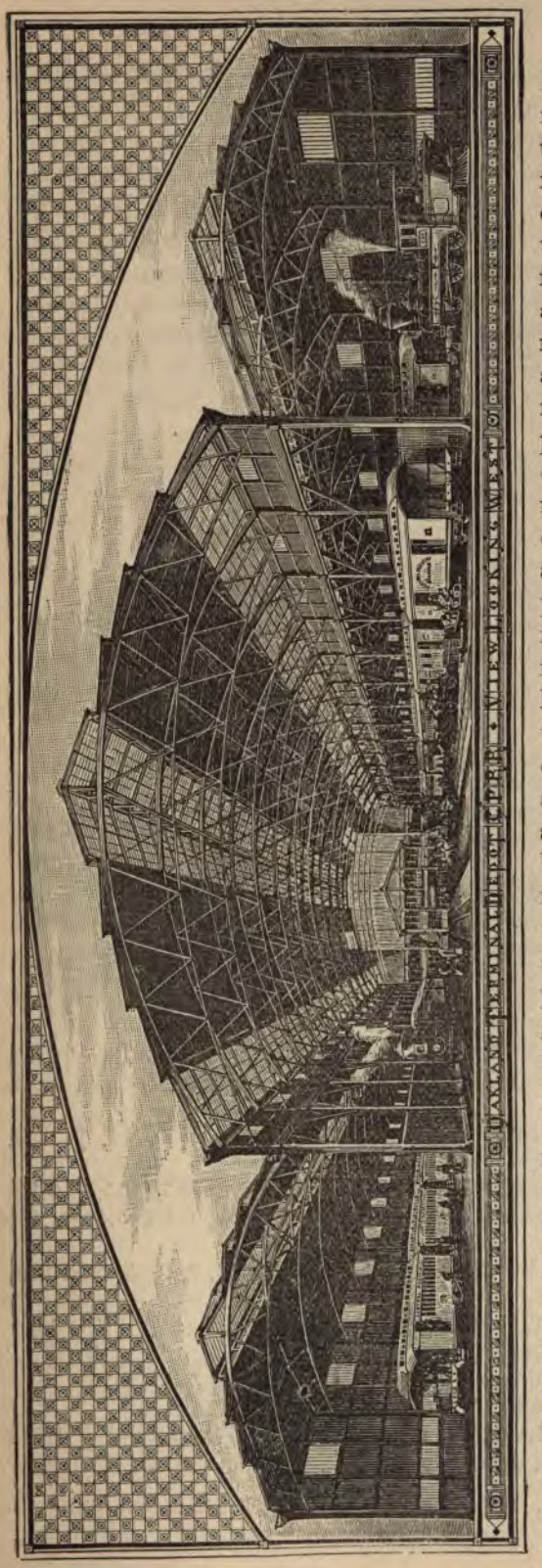
Santa Barbara.—There are those who are impressed with the opinion that Santa Barbara has no superior as a winter resort anywhere in the world. We cannot quarrel with any one who entertains that opinion, partly because we, too, think a good deal that way. Certainly, no place is more exquisitely situated, and there is no more refined society anywhere; and as it is a part of Semi-Tropical California, its healthfulness of climate and equability of temperature must be always admitted.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave foot of Market street daily (*via* Oakland), at 9:30 A. M. for Newhall, 452 miles; then to Santa Barbara by stage, 80 miles. There are several good hotels in Santa Barbara, the principal one being the Arlington, which is first-class in all respects. There is good hunting and fishing near.

San Jose—Sometimes called the "Garden City," is a place of many attractions. It is fifty miles from San Francisco, and is the county-seat of Santa Clara County. There are a number of good hotels, the Auzerais House being strictly first-class. There are two daily newspapers and a number of weeklies, several banks, and many schools, universities and churches. There are many beautiful drives in the vicinity of San José—the Alameda, leading from San José to Santa Clara, being the most attractive, having rows of willows on each side of the way, planted by the missionaries in 1799, for the purpose of shading the walk which connected the pueblo of San José with the mission church, occupying a site near the church now standing in Santa Clara. The population of San José is about 20,000.

ROUTE OF TRAVEL, ETC.—Leave depot of Southern Pacific Railroad (Northern Division), corner of Fourth and Townsend streets, at 8:30 and 10:40 A. M. daily; 3:30 P. M. daily except Sunday; and 4:30 P. M. daily, distance fifty miles. A description of this beautiful route may be seen on pages 165 and 166. The New Almaden Quicksilver Mines are fourteen miles from San José.

Oakland and Vicinity.—Oakland is *the* suburb of San Francisco, and lies upon the opposite side of the Bay of San Francisco from the metropolis—five miles from ferry slip to ferry slip; between seven and eight miles to Broadway, and just seven miles to the Sixteenth-street Station, *from* San



Francisco. Oakland is held by many travelers and writers to be the most beautiful and most delightful suburb in the United States. It certainly has the right to claim unsurpassed ferry and railway facilities, a genial climate, perfect accessibility and magnificent surroundings. It is flanked by Alameda and Berkeley, each a large and flourishing suburban town. The population of Oakland comes close on to 35,000. The homes of the rich are very beautiful, and the drives within and outside the city are numerous and delightful. No place in the world can show so much shrubbery and so many flowers the year round. Like Brooklyn, Oakland is a city of churches, while her public and private educational institutions are numerous and take high rank. There are several good hotels, the Galindo being strictly first-class, although its rates are moderate. The streets and avenues are all or nearly all shaded by oaks, from which the place takes its name. The crowning glory of Oakland, however, is the new depot and ferry-house of the Central Pacific Railroad, and which is the largest and completest structure of the kind at present in the world, an illustration of which is herewith presented. This western terminal station of the Central Pacific Railroad rests upon a pier of earthwork and rock running out into San Francisco Bay from its eastern shore a distance of one and a quarter miles, having a wharf and ferry slip at its western extremity. The building is constructed in three main divisions longitudinally. The central part is 120 feet wide and

sixty feet high, and accommodates overland trains, and the divisions on either side of this are sixty feet wide and forty feet high, being exclusively for suburban trains running to and from Oakland, Alameda and Berkeley, connecting with the San Francisco ferry steamers. At the west end of the main or central division are two commodious waiting rooms for passengers. The upper or main waiting-room, 120x130 feet, connecting by side aprons with the saloon deck of ferry steamers, and the lower waiting-room, connecting by end apron with the main deck of steamers, give quick and easy passage to and from the boats. The building also contains a restaurant and various offices and apartments for railroad employees. The structure, 1050 feet in length, covers an area of over four acres, and is constructed mainly of wood and iron, the supports resting on concrete and pile foundations. The roof, covered with corrugated iron and glass, gives abundant light during the day, and at night the building is illuminated with electric lights generated by machinery on the premises. Alameda, which is also reached by the ferry-boats and cars of the Central Pacific Railroad, contains many very pretty suburban homes. Berkeley is a lovely place and contains the State University. Piedmont, three and one-half miles from Oakland, and nearly four hundred feet above the bay, is unsurpassed in loveliness of site and situation. Here is a fine hotel, kept open the year round, and near by are cold white sulphur and iron springs with curative properties.

ROUTES OF TRAVEL TO AND FROM OAKLAND, EAST OAKLAND, ALAMEDA, BERKELEY, WEST BERKELEY AND PIEDMONT:

To (Broadway) Oakland—The first boat of Oakland ferry leaves San Francisco at *6 A. M., next at *6:30, and every half hour until 7 P. M., remaining boats leaving at 8, 9:30, 11, *12.

From (Broadway) Oakland—At *5:32 and *6:02 A. M., 6:32, and every half hour thereafter, ending with 7:02, then 8:02, 9:32 P. M., last boat leaving at 11:02.

To East Oakland—*6, 6:30, then hourly to 6:30, 7, 8, 9:30, 11, *12.

From East Oakland—*5:21, 5:51, 6:21, 6:51, then hourly to 7:51, 9:21, 10:51.

To Alameda—*6, *†6:30, 7, *††7:30, 8, *†8:30, 9, *†9:30, 10, 11, 12 A. M., 1, 2, 3, *†3:30, 4, *†4:30, 5, *†5:30, 6, *†6:30, 7, *8, 9:30, 11, *12.

From Alameda—*5:15, *5:45, 6:15, 7:10, *†7:35, 8:10, *†8:35, 9:10, *†9:35, 10:10, *†10:35, 11:10, then hourly until 4:10, then *†4:35, 5:10, *†5:35, 6:10, *†6:35, 7:15, *††7:35, 9.15, 10:45.

To Berkeley—*6, *6:30, 7, *7:30, 8, *8:30, 9, ‡9:30, 10, ‡10:30, 11, ‡11:30, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 4:30, 5, 5:30, 6, 6:30, 7, 8, 9:30, *12.

From Berkeley—*5:45, *6:15, 6:45, *7:15, 7:45, *8:15, 8:45, ‡9:15, 9:45, ‡10:15, 10:45, ‡11:15, 11:45, 12:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:15, 4:45, 5:15, 5:45, 6:15, 6:45, 7:45, 9:15, *10:45.

To West Berkeley—*6, *6:30, 7, *7:30, ‡8, *8:30, 9, 10, 11, 2, 3, 4, *4:30, 5, *5:30, 6, 6:30, 7.

From West Berkeley—*5:45, *6:15, 6:45, *7:15, 7:45, 8:45, 9:45, 10:45, 1:45, 2:45, 3:45, 4:45, *5:15, 5:45, *6:15, 6:45, *7.15.

Creek Route—From San Francisco—*7:15, 9:15, 11:15, 1:15, 3:15, 5:15.

Creek Route—From Oakland—*6:15, 8:15, 10:15, 12:15, 2:15, 4:15.

To Piedmont—On Sundays, street cars run upon the arrival of every train from 9 A. M. until 5 P. M. On week days not so often.

*Except Sunday. †Via East Oakland. *†Via East Oakland except Sunday. ‡Sundays only.

San Francisco, the Metropolis of California.—The object of the author of this volume is to point out to the permanent residents of San Francisco and to tourists visiting the Metropolis the many health and pleasure resorts lying upon and adjacent to the lines of the Central and Southern Pacific Railroads and their branches, and to present such descriptions of scenery, conditions of climate, locations of places, character of attractions, curative properties (or claims of curative properties) and analyses of waters of mineral springs, routes of travel, and such other information as it might be possible for him to obtain; and the foregoing is the result of continuous travels and observations from May until December, 1882. And while it was not his object, and while he did not deem it necessary to present a description of San Francisco, still, he cannot conclude without some reference to the Metropolis of the Pacific Coast, thus: In May, 1850, the City of San Francisco first entered upon its formal and legally recognized existence as an independent municipality. The County of San Francisco had been duly organized the month preceding. For upwards of six years the two distinct governments contemporaneously maintained independent administrations within the same geographical limits. On the first of July, 1856, the Consolidation Act, uniting the two under the name and title of "The City and County of San Francisco," was passed. The total land area of the city and county is 26,681 acres; its average breadth, from bay to ocean, being four and one-half miles by six and one-half miles in length. The peninsular on which the city is located is about thirty miles long by fifteen wide, the city and county occupying the western end. The total value of real and personal property for the year 1882 was $253,000,000. There are 1,100 streets, avenues and alleys, which appear on the map of the city, and 30,000 buildings. There are 113 church organizations, all of which have houses of worship in various parts of the city—Baptists, eight; Congregationalists, eight; Episcopalians, eleven; Evangelical, eight; Hebrew, seven; Methodist, sixteen; Presbyterians, sixteen; Catholic, twenty-seven; Swedenborgian, one; Unitarian, one; Miscellaneous, ten. The total value of school property in the city amounts to nearly $1,000,000. It has five first-class theatres and opera houses, four Chinese theatres and twenty-one other proper places of amusement, including Woodward's Gardens. It has nineteen academies and places of art; it has a large number of public buildings, including a U. S. Mint; it has nineteen banks of deposit and thirteen savings banks; it has the best fire department in the world, with one hundred and seventy-five fire alarm boxes, one hundred and forty-five miles of wire, three hundred and twenty men, seventeen steamers, fifteen hose carriages, seven hook and ladder trucks, five miles of carbolized hose, one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two hydrants, and sixty cisterns holding two million one hundred and twenty-one thousand nine hundred gallons; one hundred and ten halls; twenty-four gardens and parks; five gymnasiums; forty-nine hotels, the Palace (the largest in the world), the Baldwin, Occidental, Lick and Grand, being first-class; thirty-eight hospitals; thirty-three libraries and reading rooms; forty military organizations; sixty-nine clubs and social societies; one hundred and sixty-eight

OCEAN AND BAY, AS SEEN FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

newspapers, among which are the daily and weekly Chronicle, Call, Bulletin, Post, Alta, Examiner, Exchange and Report; seventeen religious and three hundred and sixteen benevolent societies; seventy-eight protective associations; five immigration and sixty miscellaneous societies; twelve street car lines—including five cable roads, which are of great interest to tourists. The population of San Francisco, according to the census of 1880 was 234,116; in 1882, about 290,000. The Bay of San Francisco is full of places of interest, conspicuous among which are Alcatraz, Goat and Angel Islands, Black Point, Lime Point, etc., etc. Some of the most attractive places and leading objects of interest in and around San Francisco are the Palace Hotel, the cable roads, Chinese quarters, Golden Gate Park, Russian and Telegraph Hills, Presidio, Cliff House, Woodward's Gardens, Oakland Ferry Building, Safe Deposit and San Francisco Stock Board Buildings, and other buildings, and the handsome residences along the California Street cable road.

HACK AND CAB REGULATIONS.—Hacks and cabs are allowed to make the following charges, and any claim for an excess of these rates can be severely dealt with: *Hacks*—One person, not more than one mile, $1.50; two or more persons, not more than one mile, $2.50; four or less, by the hour, first hour, $3.00; and each subsequent hour, $2.00. *Cabs*—One person, not more than one mile, $1.00; Two or more persons, by the hour, first hour, $1.50; and each subsequent hour, $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO POST-OFFICE HOURS, ETC.—*Week Days:* General delivery, 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Registry Office, 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Stamp Window, 8 A. M. to 4 P. M. Money Order Office, 9 A. M. to 3 P. M. Carriers' Office, 8 A. M. to 5 p. M. *Sundays:* General delivery, 1 P. M. to 2 P. M. Stamp Window, 9 A. M. to 10 A. M. Carriers' Office, 1 P. M. to 2 p. m. Letters within the United States, per half ounce, three cents; Drop Letters (at letter carrier offices), per half ounce, two cents; at non-letter carrier offices, one cent. Rates to nearly all foreign countries, five cents per half ounce. Third-class matter embraces books printed and blank, newspapers, circulars, proof sheets, prices current with prices filled out in writing, legal proceedings, deeds, way-bills, bills, bills of lading, invoices, insurance documents, hand bills, posters, engravings, envelopes, lithographs, photographic views, printed blanks, printed cards; postage, one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof. All third-class matter must be open for inspection. Fourth-class matter consists of blank card board, patterns, letter envelopes and paper, merchandise, models, sample cards, ores, metals, minerals, seeds, bulbs, scions, drawings, plans; postage, one cent for each ounce or fractional part. Packages weighing over four pounds will not be carried in the mails. *Money Orders*—Charges are as follows: on Orders not exceeding $15, ten cents; over $15 and not exceeding $30, fifteen cents; over $30 and not exceeding $40, twenty cents; over $40 and not exceeding $50, twenty-five cents. Orders issued for sums not exceeding $100. Letters can be registered by paying postage in full, and a registration fee, in stamps, of ten cents. The following articles are unmailable: packages containing liquids, poison, glass, explosive chemicals, instruments, flour, sugar, or any other matter liable to deface or mutilate the mails.

TIME AT 12 O'CLOCK (NOON) IN SAN FRANCISCO AND (DIFFERENCE OF) TIME OF DAY AT VARIOUS OTHER PLACES:

A. M.	H.	M.	S.
Astoria, Oregon	11	54	12
Canton, China	3	43	00
Honolulu, S. I.	9	39	8
Melbourne, Australia	5	48	00
Pekin, China	3	56	00
Sydney, Australia	6	14	00
Singapore, E. I.	3	8	00
Shanghai, China	4	12	40
Yeddo, Japan	5	30	00
Yreka, California	11	59	30
P. M.			
Acapulco, Mexico	1	26	28
Aspinwall, Isthmus	2	50	40
Berlin, Prussia	9	3	35
Boston, Mass.	3	25	48
Cape Good Hope	9	32	50
Charleston, S. C	2	50	40
Chicago, Ill	2	19	44
Cincinnati, O.	2	32	16
Constantinople	10	9	44
Detroit, Mich	2	38	12
Fort Yuma, A. T.	12	31	18
Frankfort, Ger.	8	43	24
Galveston, Texas	1	50	32
Geneva, Switzerland	8	34	42
Halifax, N. S	3	55	36

P. M.	H.	M.	S.
Havana, Cuba	2	41	00
Lima, Peru	3	1	36
London, England	8	9	31
Los Angeles, Cal	12	16	30
Louisville, Ky	2	27	4
Mexico, Mex	1	33	44
Montreal, Canada	3	15	44
New Orleans, La.	2	9	40
New York City	3	14	00
Nevada City, Cal	12	5	15
Oregon City, Or	12	0	40
Panama, Isthmus	2	52	40
Paris, France	8	19	24
Philadelphia, Pa	3	9	22
Portland, Maine	3	29	8
Rio Janeiro, Brazil	5	17	8
Rome, Italy	9	00	3
Sacramento, Cal	12	3	58
Santa Fe, N. Mexico	12	55	44
Salt Lake City	12	41	40
St. Louis, Mo	2	9	4
St. Petersburg	10	11	20
Toronto, Canada	2	52	00
Vienna, Austria	9	15	35
Washington, D. C	3	2	00

THE CELEBRATED

PARAISO HOT MINERAL SPRINGS,

MONTEREY COUNTY, CAL.

Soda Water, Sulphur Water, Iron Water—Hot and Cold—and the Newly-Discovered Natural

MUD BATHS.

FAVORITE RESORT OF BOTH SICK AND WELL. SUMMER CLIMATE UNEXCELLED. WINTER CLIMATE UNEQUALLED. FIFTY MINUTES FROM R. R. STATION.

J. P. REEVE, - - - - - - - Proprietor.

Two Sulphur Plunge Baths and Sulphur Side Baths. Two Soda Plunge Baths and Soda Side Baths
Two Mud Baths (accommodations for both Ladies and Gentlemen).
One Natural Iron Spring.

☞ ALL OF THESE BATHS ARE WITHIN FIFTY FEET OF THE HOTEL. ☜

Among the diseases cured by these waters are Rheumatism, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Troubles, Dyspepsia, Eczema, Erysipelas, Gout, Intermittent Fever, Sick Headache, and all Skin Diseases. The hearing of many has been restored by use of the Soda Water.

These Springs were first used by the founders of Soledad Mission, 100 years ago. Such wonderful cures were wrought by the waters that the Indians believed a Spirit dwelt therein.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF SODA SPRING.—In one gallon of water were found:

	Grains.
Matter Volatile on Ignition, so-called Organic Matter	**5.25**
Silica	**2.62**
Alumina and Iron	**1.60**
Magnesia, trace.	
Chloride of Potassium	**0.35**
Chloride of Sodium	**3.50**
Sulphate of Soda	**35.50**
Carbonate of Soda	**4.23**
Sulphate of Lime	**4.32**
Carbonate of Lime	**1.43**
Total	**58.80**

Temperature of Soda Spring, 118 deg. F.

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS OF SULPHUR SPRING shows a large percentage of Sulphate of Soda, Sulphate of Lime, Peroxide of Iron, Bicarbonate of Magnesia, Organic Matter, Sulphate of Potassa. Temperature of Sulphur Spring, 114 deg. F.

THE MUD BATH combines the properties of both Soda and Sulphur Springs.

Round-trip Tickets, at reduced rates, can be obtained at all Stations of the S. P. R. R.

☞ TERMS: By the Day, $2.00; By the Week, $14.00; By the Month, $50.00. ☜

"THE GEYSERS," at once a Gem and Wonder.

THE GEYSER HOTEL

IS OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND, and made Especially Attractive from APRIL 15TH TO OCTOBER 15TH.

STEAM AND HOT SULPHUR BATHS, FROM WATERS POURING NATURALLY AND DIRECTLY FROM THE SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN.

☞ Nothing like it anywhere else in the World. ☜

Swimming Baths, 400 ft. long, of Clean Mineral Water,

—AND—

MEDICATED STEAM BATHS.

Since the Season of 1882, the Hotel has been enlarged and renovated, new Cottages have been built, and Bathing facilities improved.

For an elaborate description of the Geysers, please see Pages 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48 and 49 of this Book.

The trip can be made either way in from eight to ten hours, by either Calistoga or Cloverdale. See advertisements in Daily Papers.

All who are weary of the fog, dust and din of the City may find solace and pleasure in this charming retreat.

ADDRESS —

W. FORSYTH, Proprietor, Geysers, Sonoma County, Cal.

BLUE LAKES HOTEL,

LAKE COUNTY, CAL.

This delightful place of Summer Resort is located in Lake County, 12 miles from Lakeport, Lake County, and 18 miles from Ukiah, Mendocino County. It is reached from San Francisco by Railroad to Calistoga, then to Lakeport by Fisher's line of Stages that leave Calistoga on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Also, from San Francisco by Steam-boat and Railroad to Cloverdale; from Cloverdale to Lakeport by Stage every day. Also, from Cloverdale to Ukiah by Stage every day. Communication between Lakeport and Ukiah every day (Mail route). Fare from San Francisco to Blue Lakes *via* Calistoga, $8; *via* Cloverdale and Lakeport, $8; *via* Cloverdale and Ukiah, $9 25. The Blue Lakes (three in number) are about 2,500 feet above the sea, thereby having a pure and healthful atmosphere. The Hotel has recently been refitted with new Furniture and Fixtures, and many improvements for the comfort and pleasure of Guests. Nothing that can be done to make the stay of those seeking rest and recreation pleasant and satisfactory will be omitted. Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Hunting and Beautiful Mountain Scenery. The best of Pure Cold Water, and a White Sulphur Spring near the house (one-quarter mile), may be mentioned as among the attractions of the Blue Lakes' Summer Resort.

Terms, $2 per Day, or $12 per Week. For further information, address the Proprietor,

THEODORE DEMING, Bertha Post-Office, Lake County, California.

[For a fuller description see Pages 115, 116, and 117 of this Book.]

THE GALINDO HOTEL,

OAKLAND, CAL.

W. H. STEDMAN, - - PROPRIETOR.

The Galindo is the only First-class Hotel in the City of Oakland.

It is situated on Eighth Street, a few doors from Broadway.

As a Summer Resort for San Francisco people, and as a Winter Resort for Eastern Visitors, Oakland is unsurpassed.

Taking every thing into consideration, the Galindo is the best Hotel for Families on the Pacific Coast. The Table is second to none, attention perfect, and Rates Reasonable.

[See description of Oakland in this Book.]

THE WINDSOR,

DENVER, COLORADO.

THE LARGEST AND MOST ELEGANTLY APPOINTED HOTEL IN THE WEST.

Located in the business centre of the City, in close proximity to the Union Depot, and with a commanding view of the Rocky Mountains.

The only Hotel in the City having Turkish and Russian Bath-Rooms. Parties visiting Colorado, either for business, pleasure or health, will find the accommodations at the Windsor unsurpassed.

BUSH, TABOR & CO., PROPRIETORS.

SANTA MONICA HOTEL,

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA.

SCOTT & HODGSON, - - - PROPRIETORS.

A First-class Hotel, situated only one hundred yards from the beach and depot, commanding a magnificent view of the ocean. Climate charming, both in winter and summer.

Twenty miles of elegant sea-beach for driving and riding, affording opportunities for the collecting of sea-mosses and shells. Magnificent mountain scenery within a few miles, the cañons of which produce beautiful ferns; while they, and the neighboring lakes and lagoons, supply abundance of game for the sportsman. Hundreds of pounds of fine sea fish are daily caught from off the wharves near by.

This favorite sea-side resort enjoys all the advantages and conveniences for SEA-BATHING, has large bath-house, with hot and cold fresh and salt-water baths on the beach directly in front of the Hotel.

Rooms can be secured before arrival by telegram. Address

SCOTT & HODGSON.

[See Page 191 for further description.]

EL CAPITAN HOTEL,

MERCED, CALIFORNIA.

H. A. BLOSS, - - - PROPRIETOR.

All Trains stop at this point from 10 to 25 minutes.
Hotel open all the year round for the reception of guests.
During the summer season, Stages run daily to the Yosemite Valley from Merced.
Passengers from the East and South take breakfast at EL CAPITAN.
MEALS and LUNCHES served at the shortest notice.
Foreign and Domestic Wines and Liquors kept constantly on hand; also, a full line of Cigars and Malt Liquors.

LATHROP HOTEL,

LATHROP, CALIFORNIA.

STACKPOLE & LINCOLN, - - PROPRIETORS.

The proprietors would inform travelers to and from San Francisco, that all Trains stop at the Lathrop Hotel long enough for passengers to get meals. All Trains for Sacramento, Stockton, Los Angeles and the East stop here 25 minutes.

MEALS 50 CENTS.

Refreshments of all kinds kept constantly on hand, including superior California Wines, Eastern Ales and Beer, and a good line of Foreign and Domestic Liquors and Cigars.

[Chas. L. Wetherbee, late Occidental Hotel, San Francisco; L. E. Fuller, formerly Brevoort House, New York.]

BUCKINGHAM HOTEL,

Fifth Avenue and Fiftieth Street, opposite Cathedral,

NEW YORK.

WETHERBEE & FULLER, - - - PROPRIETORS.

rangers will here find excellent accommodations, at reduced prices, during the summer months.

This new and elegant house is very centrally located for the reception of guests, either permanent or transient. It is charmingly situated, being a central point amidst the most fashionable residences, churches, &c., &c.; near the Grand Central Depot, within three minutes' walk of the Elevated Roads and Madison Avenue Cars. The ventilation, heating and plumbing are arranged on the most approved principles. The Hotel is conducted on the European plan, patronized by the best families of Europe and America, with a Restaurant of unsurpassed excellence, and at reasonable charges.

THE WILKINS HOUSE,

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA.

The Best Hotel in the City! First-Class in all respects!

Located on Pacific Avenue, one Block from the Telegraph, Express and Post Offices.

Having been recently enlarged and refitted, affording superior accommodations to Families and Tourists.

All rooms light and sunny, in both suite and single. Spacious grounds connected with the Hotel, containing swings and croquet grounds. Street Cars pass the door every ten minutes for the beach. A First-class Livery Stable connected with the House. TERMS REASONABLE.

Special Rates made with Families. Carriages in attendance at all trains and steamers to convey passengers to the Hotel free of charge.

P. V. WILKINS, PROPRIETOR.

[See Pages 171 to 179 of this Guide.]

DEPOT HOTEL,

ELKO, NEVADA.

Passenger Trains going West stop 25 mins. for Breakfast at 7 a. m.
Going East, Supper at 7.40 p. m.

MEALS, $1,00.

COFFEE AND LUNCH STAND CONNECTED WITH HOTEL.

JAMES CLARK, PROPRIETOR.

COGSWELL'S

SIERRA MADRE VILLA,

SAN GABRIEL, LOS ANGELES CO., CAL.

A First-class Hotel in the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains, 1,800 feet above the sea. Climate near perfection, summer and winter. In the midst of an Orange Grove, with all the comforts of a home, overlooking the San Gabriel Valley. It is not equaled by any place in the State for a summer or winter residence. Four miles from the Depot, and thirteen miles from Los Angeles.

The House is furnished with gas in every room, hot and cold water, and the carriage runs to Depot and Post-Office twice a day.

For Terms and Rooms, address—

W. P. RHOADES, Lessee, San Gabriel, Los Angeles Co., Cal.

[See Pages 89, 90 and 91.]

"THE FINEST SPECIMENS OF LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHY IN AMERICA."

WATKINS'

WORLD-RENOWNED

PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS

—OF—

PACIFIC COAST SCENERY.

NEW SERIES.

EMBRACING THE VERY CHOICEST VIEWS OF THE FOLLOWING

CELEBRATED LOCALITIES:

YOSEMITE, BIG TREES,

GEYSERS,

MONTEREY, SANTA CRUZ,

ARIZONA, COLUMBIA RIVER, ETC., ETC.

ALL SIZES FROM STEREOSCOPIC TO IMPERIAL.

PRICES REASONABLE.

TOURISTS

VISITING SAN FRANCISCO

ARE RESPECTFULLY INVITED TO CALL AND INSPECT THESE MAGNIFICENT VIEWS AT THE

PHOTOGRAPHIC PARLORS,

No. 427 Montgomery Street, { —Between— California & Sacramento Sts., } SAN FRANCISCO.

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

MUSIC DEALERS,

Cor. Kearny and Sutter Sts.,

Branch Store, cor. Market and Dupont Sts., SAN FRANCISCO.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Sherman, Clay & Co. Upright Pianos.

Warranted to Stand the

Trying Climate of the Pacific Coast.

AGENTS FOR THE CELEBRATED

WEBER PIANOS

AND

ESTEY ORGANS.

Prices lower and terms of payment easier than any other reliable house. For everything in the Music line, call on or address —

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO.,

Catalogues sent upon Application. *SAN FRANCISCO.*

TOURISTS

from all parts of the

WORLD

ICHI BAN.

Pronounce ICHI BAN the most interesting Store in the world.

GREAT FREE EXHIBITION

OF THE WONDERS OF JAPAN.

JAPANESE PACKERS (the best in the world) at ICHI BAN pack Goods to send by Mail, Express or Freight to any part of the world, whether purchased at Ichi Ban or elsewhere.

OPEN EVENINGS.

22 & 24 Geary Street, (near Palace Hotel,) San Francisco.

THE BALDWIN,

THE LEADING HOTEL OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

This Hotel was completed and opened in May, 1877, and is conducted on the American Plan.

Over $3,500,000 having been expended by Mr. BALDWIN in its construction and furnishing, THE BALDWIN is the most elegantly-appointed Hotel in the world.

Situated on Market Street, at the intersection of Powell and Eddy Streets, and fronting on four principal streets in the business centre, t is convenient of access to and from all quarters of the City.

Eight lines of Street Cars pass its doors.

Hotel Coaches and Carriages in waiting at all Steamer and Railway Depots. TOURISTS' HEADQUARTERS.

Special accommodations for FAMILIES and LARGE PARTIES.

Prices the same as at other first-class Hotels, $2½ to $5 per day.

BRUSH HARDENBERGH, Chief Clerk.
M. A. FRENCH, Cashier.

H. H. PEARSON, Proprietor,
Formerly Proprietor of the COSMOPOLITAN, San Francisco.

YOSEMITE, "1883."

GREAT REDUCTION IN TIME!

ONLY FOUR DAYS FOR THE ROUND TRIP,

VIA THE

New Madera and Merced Route, including the following Points:

Inspiration Point,
Bridal Vail,
El Capitan,
Cathedral Rock and
The Sentinel,
Three Brothers and
Yosemite Falls,
Union and
Glacier Points,
and
The World-renowned
Mariposa Groves
of Big Trees.

In order to get choice of seats, write or telegraph, in advance, the number and day of departure, to

SAM. MILLER,

No. 2 New Montgomery Street (Palace Hotel), San Francisco.

PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. D. Sharon, Lessee.

Geo. H. Smith, Chief Clerk.

The PALACE HOTEL, occupying an entire block in the center of San Francisco, is the model Hotel of the World. It has double the accommodations of any other hotel in the city. It is thoroughly fire and earthquake-proof, has broad, easy stairways and five elevators. Every room is extra large, light and airy. The system of ventilation is perfect, combining flue from fire place, inlet flue for fresh air from outside, and outlet flue to the roof. A bath and closet adjoin every room. All rooms are easy of access from broad, light corridors, leading from the glass-covered court in the center of the building. The central court illuminated by the electric-light, its immense glass roof, broad balconies around it on every story, its carriage-way and its tropical plants, is an attractive feature, one hitherto unknown in American Hotels. Guests entertained on either the American or European plan. The Restaurant is an adjunct to the Hotel, and is the finest in the city. Room with Board, Three Dollars per Day; Room with Board, Four Dollars per Day; Room without Board, One Dollar per Day and upwards.

Lines of horse-cars connecting directly with all principal streets, business centres, leading places of amusement or resort, and all notable localities, constantly traversing the entire city, even to its remotest suburbs, run directly by or within a minute's walk of the Palace. At the neighboring foot of the city's Grand Central Avenue, which passes directly under its northern front, are the stations and docks of the Great Overland Railway Terminus, with the piers and slips of the principal steam ferries, which swiftly bridge the broad Bay in every habitable or pleasurable direction. A few blocks south lie the immense docks and basins of the P. M. S. S. Co., with their grand fleet of Trans-Pacific Mail Steamships for the Sandwich Islands, China, Japan, Australia, India, and the nations of the Orient.

Ninety-six thousand two hundred and fifty square feet, or nearly two and a quarter acres, underlie the stupendous structure itself, while the sub-sidewalk extensions increase the basement area to upward of three acres. Its general form is an immense, triplicate, hollow quadrangle, including one grand central crystal roofed garden court, flanked by a lesser and parallel court on either side. Seven lofty stories surmount the deep and airy basement, and through a considerable portion it has eight. The lower story has a height of over twenty-seven feet; the uppermost, sixteen. Four artesian wells, having a tested capacity of 28,000 gallons an hour, supply the great 630,000 gallon reservoir under the central court, besides filling seven roof tanks, holding 130,000 gallons more. Three large steam fire-pumps force water through 45 4 in. wrought iron upright fire mains, reaching above the roof, and distribute it through 327 2½ in. hose bibs, and 15,000 feet of five-ply carbolized fire-hose, thus doubly and trebly commanding every inch of the vast structure from roof to basement, within and without.

Five patent safety-catch hydraulic elevators, running noiselessly within fire-proof brick walls, ascend even to the roof promenades. Electric fire alarms, self-acting, instantly report at the office the exact locality of any fire, or even of extraordinary heat in any parlor, bed room, closet, hall, passage, stairway, or store room. Special hotel watchmen regularly patrol all parts of the building every thirty minutes, day and night. A self-acting and self-registering tell-tale indicator instantly reports at the office any neglect or omission of their duty. Besides all these precautions, a fire-proof iron staircase, inclosed in solid brick and stone, and opening through iron doors, upon every floor, ascends from basement to roof. Every floor has its exclusive annunciator, and its own tubular conductors, carrying all letters for the post-office directly to the main letter box in the general office. A pneumatic dispatch tube instantly conveys letters, messages, or parcels to and from any point of the different floors. The grand central court, 144 by 84 ft., has a carriage and promenade entrance through the east front on New Montgomery street, of 44 feet width, expanding into a circular drive way fifty-two feet in diameter, surrounded by a marble-tiled promenade and a tropical garden of rare exotics, with choice statuary and artistic fountains. Within this court, opposite the main entrance, is the music pavilion, in which the instrumental band, exclusively attached to the Palace, render choice selections at stated intervals, during every afternoon and evening.

Off the central court open the main entrance to the hotel office, 65 by 55; entrances to the breakfast room, 110 by 55; the grand dining room, 150 by 55; the music and ball room, 65 x 55; the ladies' lower reception parlor, 40 by 40; reading room of the same size; billiard rooms, 65 by 40; barber shop and bath rooms, 40 by 40; committee rooms and other general apartments, devoted to the pleasure or convenience of guests and patrons.

On the second floor are private dining rooms, children's dining hall and the ladies' drawing room, 84 by 40. *The total number of rooms exclusively for guests, above the garden floor, is 755*, most of which are twenty feet square; none less than 16 by 16. They are equally well finished and furnished throughout.

Within and without, in all approaches, appointments and belongings, the kingly structure, far surpassing not only in size but in grandeur, all the hotels of Europe and America, richly justifies the proprietor of its happily chosen name—The Palace Hotel.

The salubrious and equable character of the climate (the Thermometer at San Francisco, in Summer, ranging from 60 to 70 degrees Fahrenheit, and in Winter from 55 to 60 degrees) extends such an inviting welcome to travelers, that every endeavor has been made to have the PALACE fully harmonize with it in its attractive features, by combining the comforts and conveniences of American and European Hotels, with the greatly prized luxuries of Oriental life.

A. D. SHARON, Lessee.

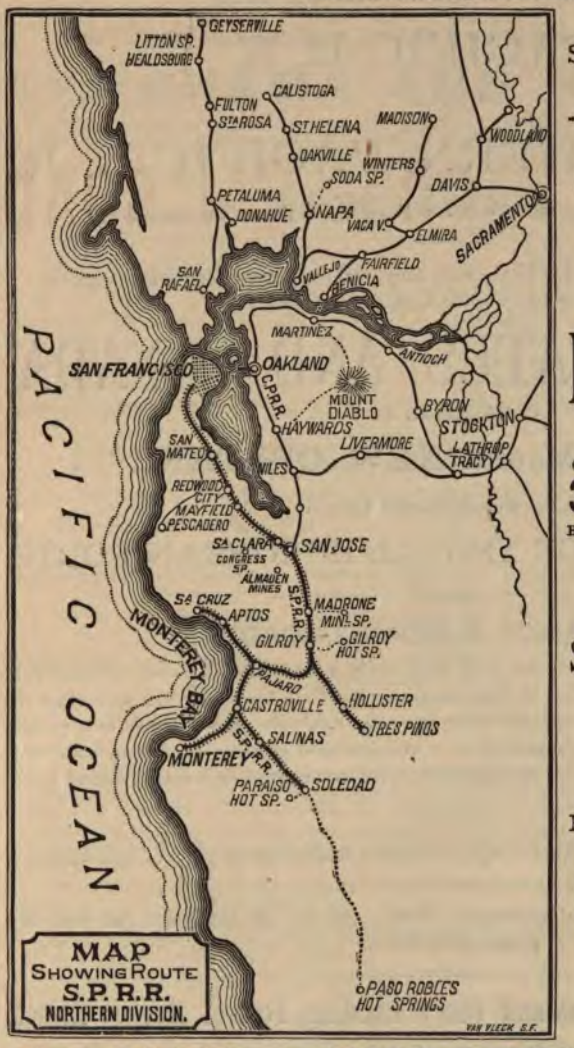
NORTHERN DIVISION

SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD.

THE FOLLOWING WELL-KNOWN

SUMMER AND WINTER RESORTS

are reached by this Line:



MAP
SHOWING ROUTE
S.P. R.R.
NORTHERN DIVISION.

PESCADERO,

SANTA CLARA,

SAN JOSE,

Madrone Mineral Springs,

GILROY

HOT SPRINGS.

MONTEREY,

"The Queen of American Watering Places."

ONLY $3\frac{1}{2}$ HOURS { BY RAIL FROM SAN FRANCISCO.

APTOS, SOQUEL,

AND

SANTA CRUZ.

PARAISO

HOT MINERAL SPRINGS.

EL PASO DE ROBLES

HOT AND COLD

Sulphur Springs,

AND THE

Only Natural Mud-Baths

IN THE WORLD.

SPECIAL ROUND-TRIP TICKETS

TO ABOVE POINTS CAN BE OBTAINED AT THE

Passenger Depot, Townsend St., bet. Third and Fourth Sts., also at Ticket Office, Palace Hotel,

No. 2 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET, SAN FRANCISCO.

A. C. BASSETT,
Superintendent.

H. R. JUDAH,
Ass't Pass. and Ticket Agent.

(See Previous Page.)

QUICK TIME AND CHEAP FARES

— FROM —

AUSTRALASIA, CHINA AND JAPAN

— TO —

New York, Galveston, New Orleans and European Ports.

The Great Trans-continental All-rail Routes, *via* the

CENTRAL PACIFIC R. R.

— OR —

SOUTHERN PACIFIC R. R.,

Are now in complete running order from San Francisco to the Atlantic Sea-Board.

Through Express Trains leave SAN FRANCISCO daily, making prompt connections with the several Railway Lines in the East, for all Cities of the

UNITED STATES AND CANADA,

CONNECTING AT

NEW YORK and NEW ORLEANS

With the several Steamer Lines to

ENGLAND, FRANCE AND ALL EUROPEAN PORTS.

SILVER PALACE SLEEPING COACHES,

Second to none in the world, are run daily from SAN FRANCISCO to the ATLANTIC COAST. These Drawing-room Cars by Day, and Sleeping Cars by Night, are unexcelled for comfort and convenience to the passenger while *en route*—combining the elegance of a private parlor, and all the accommodations pertaining to a well-furnished sleeping apartment, with comfortable Couches, Clean Bedding, etc. A competent porter accompanies each car, to attend to the wants of our patrons.

Children not over Twelve (12) years of age, Half-fare; under Five (5) years of age, Free.

100 lbs. of Baggage per full-fare passenger, Free. 50 lbs. of Baggage per half-fare passenger, Free.

Through Ticket Office: Oakland Ferry Landing, Foot of Market Street,

San Francisco, California.

A. N. TOWNE,
General Manager.

T. H. GOODMAN,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

OCCIDENTAL & ORIENTAL STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

GENERAL OFFICERS.

LELAND STANFORD, President, San Francisco, California.
C. F. CROCKER, Vice-President and General Manager, San Francisco, California.
D. D. STUBBS, Secretary, San Francisco, California.
T. H. GOODMAN, General Passenger Agent, San Francisco, California.

JAPAN and CHINA LINE.

Steamers leave Wharf, cor. First and Brannan Sts., at 2 p. m., for

YOKOHAMA AND HONGKONG,

Connecting at YOKOHAMA with Steamers of the MITSU BISHI COMPANY for Hiogo, Nagasaki, Shanghae, and other Japanese and Chinese Ports, and at HONGKONG with Steamers for East Indian, Australasian and European Ports.

SAILING SCHEDULE, 1883.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO FOR HONGKONG.	STEAMER.	FROM YOKOHAMA FOR SAN FRANCISCO.
Thursday, January 18th	**ARABIC**	**Saturday, March 10th.**
Tuesday, January 30th	**OCEANIC**	**Friday, March 23d.**
Saturday, February 10th	**COPTIC**	**Tuesday, April 3d.**
Tuesday, March 6th	**GAELIC**	**Friday, April 27th.**
Saturday, March 17th	**BELGIC**	**Tuesday, May 8th.**

PASSAGE RATES AS FOLLOWS, SUBJECT TO CHANGE:

PAYABLE IN U. S. GOLD COIN.	* First-Class or Cabin.	European Steerage.	Chinese Steerage.	Distances from San Francisco.
San Francisco to Yokohama, Japan	$250 00	$ 85 00	$51 00	4,800 miles.
" **Hiogo,** "	268 00	98 00	58 00	5,100 "
" **Nagasaki,** "	285 00	111 00	63 50	5,550 "
" **Shanghae, China**	305 00	125 00	71 00	6,000 "
" **Hongkong,** "	300 00	100 00	51 00	6,400 "
" **Singapore, India**	380 00	.....	.....	7,850 "
" **Penang,** "	400 00	.....	.....	8,250 "
" **Calcutta,** "	450 00	.....	.....	9,900 "

CHILDREN under 12 years of age, one-half rates; under five years, one-quarter rates; under one year, free.

SERVANTS accompanying their employers will be charged two-thirds of cabin rate, without regard to age or sex, and will be berthed and served with meals according to ship's regulations.

250 lbs. Baggage allowed each adult first-class or cabin passenger; 167 lbs. each servant; 150 lbs. each European Steerage; 100 lbs. each Chinese steerage; proportionate to children. Excess Baggage charged for at ten cents per lb.

* **Round-trip Tickets to Yokohama and Hongkong,** good for twelve months, will be sold at a reduction of 12½ per cent from regular rates.

An allowance of 20 per cent on return passage will be made to passengers paying full fare to Yokohama or Hongkong, or *vice versa*, who re-embark within six months from date of landing, and an allowance of 10 per cent to those who return within twelve months.

* **Round-trip Tickets** rom San Francisco to Yokohama and return, good for three months from date of arrival at Yokohama, $350.

Families, whose fare amounts to four full passages, will be allowed seven per cent reduction on cabin rates to Yokohama or Hongkong.

Exclusive Use of State-Rooms can be secured by the payment of half-rate for extra berths.

Prompt attention paid to telegraphic reservation of state-rooms or berths. Cabin plans on exhibition and passage tickets for sale at the

C. P. R. R. CO'S GENERAL OFFICES,

Room 74, cor. Fourth and Townsend Streets, San Francisco, Cal.

CAMP CAPITOLA,

"THE GREAT CAMPING GROUND OF THE PACIFIC COAST."

Situated on the Beautiful Bay of Monterey,

NEAR SOQUEL, SANTA CRUZ CO., CAL.

CAMP CAPITOLA.

FIRST-CLASS HOTEL—Situated on the Beach.
COTTAGES TO RENT—Furnished or Unfurnished, at Reasonable Rates.
LIVERY AND FEED STABLES—On the Ground, where good Carriage and Saddle Horses can be furnished.
TELEGRAPH, EXPRESS AND MAIL FACILITIES—To all parts of the State.
THE FINEST BEACH FOR SURF BATHING ON THE COAST.
GOOD TROUT FISHING AND ABUNDANCE OF GAME—In the Vicinity.
BEAUTIFUL DRIVES TO POINTS OF GREAT INTEREST.
THE RAILROAD DEPOT—Where all trains stop, is situated close to the Camp Grounds.
HAVE YOUR BAGGAGE CHECKED TO SOQUEL—The name of the Railroad Station.
FOR DESCRIPTION OF "CAMP CAPITOLA"—See opposite page.
FOR ROUTE OF TRAVEL—See page No. 187 of this book.

—CAMP CAPITOLA—

IS OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

☞ **RATES MODERATE.** ☜

For further particulars, address—

BERRY & BRANDON,

☞ See opposite page.

SOQUEL, CAL.

DESCRIPTION OF

CAMP CAPITOLA,

NEAR SOQUEL, SANTA CRUZ CO., CAL.

This Great Sea-side Camping Resort is SITUATED ON THE BEAUTIFUL BAY OF MONTEREY, and is the oldest Camping Ground on the Pacific Coast.

Until within the past three years this place was visited only by Campers bringing their own tents and camping outfit, but so very popular has the place become that upwards of

SIXTY COTTAGES

have been erected, and the Hotel enlarged so as to accommodate Fifty additional boarders. Extensive improvements have also been made to the Camp Grounds.

A NEW LODGING HOUSE

of two stories has just been completed, containing twelve large rooms with closets, all nicely arranged and hard finished, also a large Ladies' Parlor, 40 x 60 feet, with glass front facing the Ocean and Bathing Beach; this room is elegantly furnished and contains a large logwood fire-place. A broad Piazza surrounds this building at both first and second stories. Sanitary regulations strictly enforced.

THE RAILROAD DEPOT

where all trains stop is situated on the Camp Ground only a short distance from the Hotel—a great convenience to Tourists, Visitors and Campers.

TELEGRAPH, EXPRESS AND MAIL FACILITIES

to all parts of the Pacific Coast furnished on the grounds.

The New Lessees, MESSRS. R. D. BERRY & FRANK BRANDON, of San Jose, Cal., have leased this delightful sea-side resort for a term of years. These gentlemen are well known, and their popularity and thorough knowledge of this character of business is a guarantee that everything possible will be done by them for the comfort and accommodation of their guests.

THE HOTEL IS FIRST-CLASS

in every respect, and will, together with the entire Camp, be **OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF CAMPERS, TOURISTS and VISITORS, MAY 31st, 1883,** and thereafter will be OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

GOOD WATER

in abundance is brought in through iron pipes and distributed throughout the Camp.

SPLENDID FISHING

can be had in the numerous Trout streams which abound in the vicinity. For Salt-water Fishing there is no better place on the whole Pacific Coast.

BEAUTIFUL DRIVES

to points of great interest, such as Santa Cruz, Light-house, Natural Bridge, Laguna Falls, Scott's Creek Falls, Ben Lomond Road, Pebbly Beach, Evergreen Cemetery, Powder Mill Works, Big Tree Grove, Magnetic Springs, Loma Prieta, Aptos, and many other interesting places.

For ROUTE OF TRAVEL See Page 187 of this Book.

DESIRABLE LOTS

for building residences, or for tenting purposes, can be purchased at very reasonable rates. Apply to MR. F. A. HIHN, Proprietor of Camp Capitola, Santa Cruz, Cal.

☞ SEE OPPOSITE PAGE.

ONLY EIGHTY-EIGHT MILES OF STAGING

OVER THE MOST CHARMING ROUTE IN CALIFORNIA TO THE

YOSEMITE

BY THE NEVADA STAGE COMPANY'S UNEXCELLED COACHES.

A FIRST-CLASS STAGE LINE

Over these Short, Easy, Picturesque and Interesting Routes to the

YOSEMITE VALLEY

AND CALAVERAS BIG TREE GROVES,

—VIA—

SONORA, COLUMBIA, MILTON AND CHINESE CAMP,

(BIG OAK FLAT ROUTE.)

ELEGANT STAGES

Manufactured to Order for this Company, upon the most improved models, so as to secure Comfort and Safety.

Careful and Experienced Drivers.

ROUND TRIP TICKETS

AT REDUCED RATES

—VIA—

Oak Flat AND Calaveras Big Trees,

THE NATURAL BRIDGES

—AND THE—

TUOLUMNE BIG TREES,

and all Intermediate Points, via

NEVADA STAGE CO.

(Big Oak Flat Route.)

DRIVING A STAGE COACH LOADED WITH PASSENGERS THROUGH THE STUMP OF A BIG TREE, 31 feet in diameter, on the Big Oak Flat Road.

General Office: 2 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET,

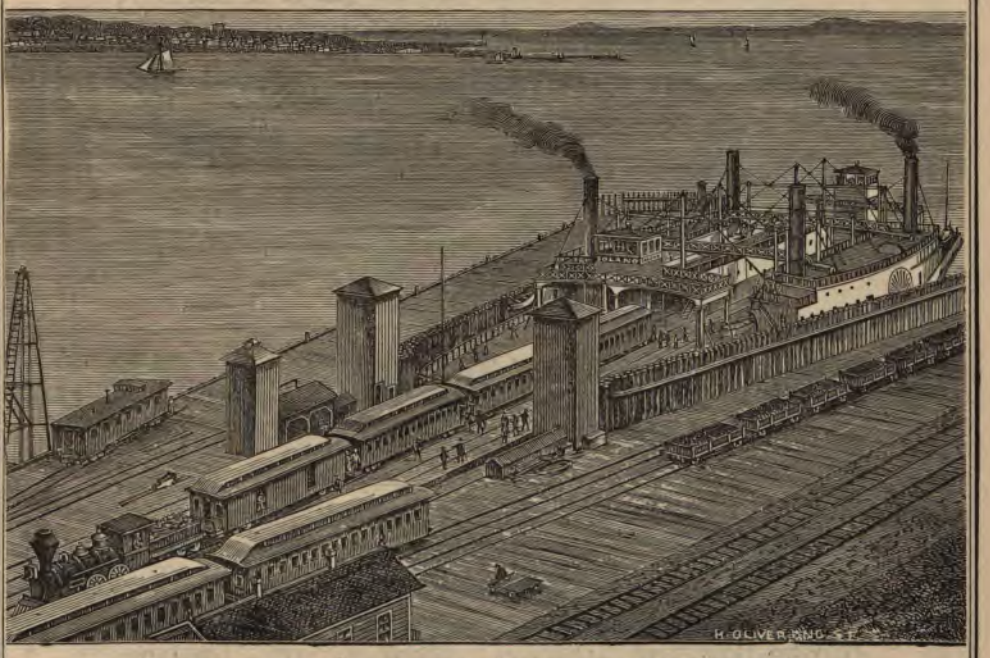
Under Palace Hotel, San Francisco.

V. H. PEASE,
General Manager.

J. KNOWLTON, JR.,
General Agent.

The Double-ender, Transfer Boat **SOLANO** is the largest boat of her class afloat, her dimensions being as follows: length over all, 424 feet; length on bottom, 406 feet; height at sides, at center, 18 feet 5 inches; at ends, from bottom of boat, 15 feet 10 inches; moulded beam, 64 feet; extreme width over guards, 116 feet; camber, or reverse shear of deck, 2 feet 6 inches. Draught, light, 5 feet; loaded, 6 feet 6 inches. Registered tonnage, 3541 31-100 tons.

THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD PASSENGER TRANSFER STEAMER "SOLANO" AT HER DOCK AT PORT COSTA.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE "SOLANO" AND DOCK (OR SLIP) AT PORT COSTA.

E. J. COLEMAN,
President.

J. HENLY SMITH,
Vice-President.

PACIFIC TRANSFER CO.

Checks and Weighs Baggage at Hotels, Residences, and Office of the Company;

Transfers Trunks, Merchandise and Parcels from one part of the City to another; Transfer Wagons deliver Baggage from all Incoming and to all Outgoing Trains and Boats.

Freight Delivered or Shipped Promptly, when Bills of Lading or Orders are left with, or Consignment made to, the Company. Carriage and Coach Tickets sold on all Trains and Boats by the Messengers of the Transfer Company as Agents of the United Carriage Company.

GIVE YOUR BAGGAGE CHECKS TO AGENTS ON EVERY TRAIN.

Office, 110 Sutter Street, Opp. Lick House, San Francisco, Cal.

THE FIRST NATIONAL GOLD BANK

OF SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

Paid-up Capital, $1,500,000, Gold. **Surplus Fund and Undivided Profits, $280,000.**

PRESIDENT, R. C. WOOLWORTH. VICE-PRESIDENT, D. CALLAGHAN. CASHIER, E. D. MORGAN.

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CORRESPONDENTS:

LONDON	Baring Bros. & Co.	HAMBURG	Hesse, Newman & Co.
"	Bank of Montreal.	NEW YORK	National Bank of Commerce.
PARIS	Hottinguer & Co.	BOSTON	Blackstone National Bank.
DUBLIN	Provincial Bank of Ireland.	CHICAGO	First National Bank.

This Bank is prepared to transact a general Banking Business. Deposits received. Exchange for Sale on the Principal Cities of the United States, Great Britain, Ireland and the Continent. Commercial Credits issued, available in Europe, China and Japan. Collections attended to, and prompt returns made at the lowest market rates of Exchange.

CAMP GOODALL,

Watsonville, Santa Cruz County, California.

Splendid Beach and Surf Bathing, the best on the Coast; also Still-water Bathing in the Pajaro River. Ten miles of unsurpassed drive on the beach. Good Fishing, Hunting, Crabbing and Boating near the Camp. From the Pavilion is a magnificent view of the Bay of Monterey, the Towns of Monterey, Santa Cruz, Soquel, Aptos and Moss Landing; also a magnificent view of the entire Pajaro Valley, with mountains in the back ground. Connected with the Camp, for use of visitors, are Croquet and Base Ball Grounds, Patent Swings, etc. (Fine Resting Place for Campers and Picnic Parties.) Adjoining the Camp are Stables and Race Track.

Climate Warm and Equable. Pure Artesian Water.
First-class Hotel, with table supplied with the best the market affords.
Cottages, Rooms, Tents, etc., can be had with or without board.

This is undoubtedly the best Camp in the State. Has a superior location, being on the shore of Monterey Bay, half way between Monterey and Santa Cruz, twenty miles to each place; four miles from Watsonville. Stages Connect with Noon and Evening Trains. For further particulars address—

CHARLES FORD, PROP'R.

THE GREAT WONDER OF THE PACIFIC COAST IS THE

CALIFORNIA-STREET CABLE ROAD.

LEAVES CORNER OF KEARNY AND CALIFORNIA STREETS every few minutes from sunrise to midnight, daily, and runs through the most attractive thoroughfare in San Francisco. The handsomest residences in the city are on either hand along this line. FARE ONLY FIVE CENTS.

Remember the Corner—Kearny and California.

THE UNITED CARRIAGE CO.,

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

General Business Office, No. 2 New Montgomery Street.

TO TRAVELERS:

Visitors to San Francisco will find our *Carriages* and *Coupes* superior to all others, and they will be furnished at moderate and uniform rates. They can be found in front of the General Office, No. 2 New Montgomery Street, and the following carriage stands:

PALACE HOTEL,	LICK HOUSE,	THE BALDWIN,	FASHION STABLES, 221 ELLIS STREET,
GRAND HOTEL,	OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,	OAKLAND FERRY,	OUR DEPOT, 615 HOWARD STREET,

AND AT THE FOLLOWING TELEGRAPH OFFICES:

Nos. 222 Sansome, 883 Sutter, 205 Sutter, 2016 Fillmore, 961 Mission,
N. W. Cor. Powell and Union Streets, And Cor. Mission and 20th Streets,

Where Foremen are stationed to receive orders.

By special arrangements with the transportation companies, and for the *protection of passengers*, tickets for our carriages are sold on all the incoming railway trains and passenger steamers by the agents of the PACIFIC TRANSFER CO. Upon arrival at the landing, ticket-holders are met by our agents and conducted to their carriages, and are protected against *imposition and violence*. Our agents, drivers and coachmen, when at the passenger landings, wear the badge — UNITED CARRIAGE CO. — on their hats or caps. Trust no one who does not wear this badge.

OUR CARRIAGES ARE KNOWN:

1st.—By the *monogram* "U. C." on the door.

2d.—By the numbers on the lamps. They are numbered from 400 up to 499; none below 400 or above 499. No other carriages or coupes are numbered in the four hundreds.

3d.—By the drivers' gold badge bearing our name, and the carriage number, which the driver must exhibit on demand.

TELEGRAPHIC CARRIAGE ORDERS.

By arrangement with the *Pacific Bell Telephone Co.*, our Carriages and Coupes can be instantly signaled for from any of their signal boxes or telephones in the City, at any hour, *Day or Night*.

RATES, JANUARY 1st, 1883.

Between any points within the District bounded by Twelfth Street, Franklin Street, Broadway and the City Front, or for one One Mile.

FOR A ONE-HORSE COUPE.

One or two passengers	$1 00
Each additional mile	50
Calling and shopping — first hour	1 50
" " each subsequent	1 00
Theatres, both ways, coupe reserved	3 00
Through the Park	4 00
" " and to end of Beach road	5 00
" " and Cliff — return *via* Point Lobos Turnpike	6 00
" " and Cliff — return *via* the Park	7 00

FOR A TWO-HORSE CARRIAGE OR COUPE.

One or two passengers	$1 50
More than two passengers	2 00
Each additional mile for each passenger	25
Calling and shopping — first hour	2 00
" " each subsequent	1 50
Theatre loads, both ways — carriage reserved	4 00
Around the Park	5 00
" " and to end of Beach road	7 00
" " and out on the Beach	8 00
Cliff House, *via* Park, and return *via* Point Lobos Turnpike	8 00
" and around the Park and return	10 00
" *via* Park and return *via* Ocean House	12 00
Alms House, *via* Park	7 00

Hand Baggage free. Detentions after the time for which carriages are ordered will be charged by the hour.

JAMES McCORD, Superintendent.

T. A. SCOTT. JAS. McCORD.

McCORD & SCOTT,

FASHION  STABLES

221 ELLIS STREET.

A Choice Line of Livery Horses and Vehicles of every variety. Saddle Horses a Specialty.
Careful and experienced Drivers furnished for the use of
TOURISTS AND PRIVATE PARTIES.

ORDERS can be left with UNITED CARRIAGE CO'S AGENT at the following places: No. 2 NEW MONTGOMERY STREET, Palace, Grand, Lick, Occidental and Baldwin Hotels, or sent by TELEPHONE to Stable.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

H. M. YERINGTON,
Pres. and Gen. Supt.

D. A. BENDER,
Gen. Freight and Pass. Agt.

Carson and Colorado Railroad.

GENERAL OFFICES, CARSON CITY, NEVADA.

THE ONLY DIRECT AND NATURAL ROUTE

FOR FREIGHT AND PASSENGERS

—: TO ALL POINTS IN :—

SOUTHERN NEVADA,

Mono and Inyo Counties, California.

This road is in process of construction to Mohave, Kern County, California. Its proposed connection with the Southern Pacific and Atlantic and Pacific Railroads, is now (February 1st, 1883) in operation to Benton, Mono County, California, a distance of 193 miles from Mound House (connection with Virginia and Truckee Railroad), and will be extended during the coming spring and summer to the lower end of Owen's Lake, Inyo County, California. Passenger trains make close connection at Mound House with express trains of Virginia and Truckee Railroad, which connect at Reno with east and west-bound trains of Central Pacific Railroad.

The Company's line follows, in the main, the open country of the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevadas, traversing a number of extensive and productive farming and grazing valleys well watered by the Carson, Walker and Owen's Rivers and their tributaries, all having source in the Sierra Nevada.

The mountain ranges on either side of the line, between Hawthorne and Owen's Lake, embrace the following well-known and productive mining districts: Mount Cory, Aurora, Bodie, Lundy and Tioga, having Hawthorne as a shipping point; Garfield, Gillis Mountain, Santa Fé, Downeyville, Ellsworth and Grantsville, having Luning as a shipping point; Soda Springs, Belleville, Candelaria, Silver Peak, Montezuma, Alida, Gold Mountain, Benton, Bishop Creek, Cerro-Gordo, Coso, Darwin, Beveridge, Panamint, etc.

Although the sections of country which the Carson and Colorado Railroad will penetrate are at this time comparatively undeveloped, it is believed that upon completion of its line the varied and extensive mineral — Salt, Sulphur and Borax deposits — agricultural and grazing valleys tapped, will command immediate and deserved attention throughout the country, and offer to the miner, stockraiser, mechanic, etc., all of the inducements for settlement and business which a new and promising country naturally presents.

Owen's River Valley, from 60 to 75 miles in length, is a region of farms, containing many fine Orchards and Vineyards. Apples, Pears, Peaches, Plums, etc., flourish finely; and as to Grapes, it is said by men of extended knowledge and European experience in the wine business that this valley possesses similar features to the most favored wine districts of Europe, and will produce wines of a superior class. Its climate is remarkably dry, equable throughout the year, and most salubrious. West of the valley the Sierra Nevada rise to an imposing height, Mount Whitney, the "nose" of the Sierra, having an altitude exceeding 15,000 feet; one may ride to the top of this great mountain, the view therefrom being unsurpassed in variety and grandeur. Tourists may leave the Central Pacific Railroad at Reno, thence by rail to Owen's Valley, and from thence to the summit of Mount Whitney, and to the Cataracts of Kern River, where grand scenery also abounds, as well as the additional charm of the finest hunting and trout fishing on the American Continent — affording altogether a trip rivaling in interest one to the famous Yosemite.

JOHN D. YOST. H. S. CROCKER.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.

(SAN FRANCISCO AND SACRAMENTO)

THE LEADING

STATIONERS AND PRINTERS

OF THE PACIFIC COAST.

Bookbinding, Blank Book Manufacturing,
Wood Engraving, Copperplate Printing,
and Lithography.

ALL DEPARTMENTS IN SAME BUILDING.

The most extensive, varied and complete stock of goods in our line ever brought to the Pacific Coast.

Novelties in Stationery and Fine Goods

SUCH AS

Photograph Albums,	**Promenade Bags,**	**Glove Boxes,**
Autograph Albums,	**Card Cases,**	**Jewel Cases,**
Odor Cases,	**Dressing Cases,**	**Portemonnaies,**
Inlaid Writing Desks,	**Handkerchief Boxes,**	**Cigar Cases,**
Cigarette Cases,	**Opera Glasses,**	**Necessaires.**

AGENTS FOR

CRANE'S FINE PAPERS

AND

FAIRCHILD'S GOLD PENS AND PENCILS.

H. S. CROCKER & CO.

215, 217, 219 Bush Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

208 and 210 J Street,
SACRAMENTO.

CLARK'S

BIG TREE STATION,

—AT THE—

Mariposa Grove.

WASHBURN BROTHERS, Proprietors.

CLARK'S is on the direct road to the Yosemite, either by the Madera or Merced route. It is doubtful if there is a more delightful place in the world from April to November. There are hotel accommodations for 100 people, and no end of fine camping grounds on the banks of a mountain stream.

For full information concerning routes of travel, hunting, fishing, etc., see page 73 of this book.

THE PACIFIC GROVE RETREAT,

Near Monterey, Cal.,

THE CHRISTIAN SEA-SIDE RESORT.

OPEN FOR THE RECEPTION OF

VISITORS, TOURISTS AND CAMPERS,

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT GROUNDS

—OF THE—

"Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle," and an Association of Methodist Ministers.

PARTIES wishing to visit the Grove during WINTER can be made as comfortable as at any season of the year.

NEW COTTAGES AND TENTS have been constructed so as to be able to accommodate all who may desire to visit the Grove during SUMMER.

THE GROUNDS, comprising 100 acres, situated on the beautiful Bay of Monterey, have been divided into desirable building lots, and are for sale at greatly reduced rates, several hundred having been sold during the past season.

COACHES from the Grove connect with the S. P. R. R. train that leaves San Francisco at 10.40 A. M. Parties wishing to go by the 3.30 P. M. train should send a Postal Card to the Superintendent by the 10.40 A. M. train, when a Coach will be in waiting at the Depot to take them to the Grove.

For further information address—

J. O. JOHNSON, Supt.,

Pacific Grove, Monterey, Cal.

Also see pages from 161 to 171 of this Guide.

SANTA CRUZ, CALIFORNIA,

THE "NEWPORT OF THE PACIFIC."

THE PACIFIC OCEAN HOUSE,

The principal hotel in the city, containing 100 rooms, with splendid ball-room 55 x 65 feet, and all modern improvements; also extensive grounds containing swings and croquet grounds for the accommodation of guests. Street cars pass the door for the bathing beach every five minutes. Sportsmen will find good hunting and fishing. Trout and Quail in abundance. Coach and carriages attend all steamers and trains to convey passengers to and from the hotel, free of charge.

The "Pacific Ocean House" is Open All the Year Round.

Rates: $2.00, $2.50 and $3.00 per day,

with Special Contracts for Families, and a Winter Tariff, offering great advantages to invalids and permanent boarders.

SUPERIOR LIVERY IN DIRECT CONNECTION WITH THIS HOTEL.

E. J. SWIFT, PROP'R.